822 D. 2.

Ellis Lloyd Jones Hall.

THE ELLIS LLWYD JONES HALL

DEKKER'S

DRAMATIC WORKS

THE

Honeſt Whore,

With,

The Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife.

Tho: Dekker.

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop in Paules church-yard. 1604.

[Of the firſt part of *The Honeſt Whore* there are other editions bearing date 1605, 1615, 1616, and 1635. That of 1605 is the moſt correct, and has formed the baſis of the preſent text. Of the ſecond part no earlier impreſſion than that of 1630 is known to exiſt.]

THE HONEST WHORE.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Hearſe, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the ſides, attended by Gaſparo Trebatzi, *Duke of* Millan, Caſtruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto Fluello, *and others at another doore. Enter* Hipolito *in diſcontented appearance*: Matheo *a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.*

Duke.

BEhold, yon Commet ſhewes his head againe :
Twice hath he thus at croſſe-turnes throwne on us
Prodigious lookes : Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turn'd wilde ;
Go on in Gods name.

All. On afore there ho.

Duke. Kinſmen and friends, take from your manly ſides
Your weapons to keepe backe the deſperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito. I pry thee deare *Matheo.*

Matheo. Come y'are mad.
Hip. I do arreſt thee murderer: ſet downe.
Villaines ſet downe that ſorrow, 'tis all mine.
Duke. I do beſeech you all, for my bloods ſake
Send hence your milder ſpirits, and let wrath
Joyne in confederacy with your weapons points;
If he proceed to vex us, let your ſwords
Seeke out his bowels: funerall griefe loathes words.
All. Set on.
Hip. Set downe the body.
Mat. O my Lord!
Y'are wrong: i'th open ſtreet? you ſee ſhee's dead.
Hip. I know ſhe is not dead.
Duke. Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleeve theſe gentlemen? pray ſpeake:
Thou doſt abuſe my child, and mockſt the teares
That here are ſhed for her: If to behold
Thoſe roſes withered, that ſet out her cheekes:
That paire of ſtarres that gave her body light,
Darkned and dim for ever: All thoſe rivers
That fed her veines with warm and crimſon ſtreames
Frozen and dried up: if theſe be ſignes of death,
Then is ſhe dead. Thou unreligious youth,
Art not aſham'd to emptie all theſe eyes
Of funerall teares (a debt due to the dead)
As mirth is to the living: Sham'ſt thou not
To have them ſtare on thee? hark, thou art curſt
Even to thy face, by thoſe that ſcarce can ſpeake.
Hip. My Lord.
Duke. What wouldſt thou have? is ſhe not dead?
Hip. Oh, you ha kild her by your cruelty.
Du. Admit I had, thou kill'ſt her now againe;
And art more ſavage then a barbarous Moore.
Hip. Let me but kiſſe her pale and bloodleſſe lip.
Duke. O fie, fie, fie.
Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.
Mat. As you regard your honour.
Hip. Honour! ſmoake.
Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, ſpare her now.
Duke. I, well done ſir, you play the gentleman:

Steale hence : 'tis nobly done : away : Ile joyne
My force to yours, to ſtop this violent torment :
Paſſe on. *Exeunt with Funerall.*

Hip. *Mathæo* thou doſt wound me more.

Mat. I give you phyſick noble friend, not wounds.

Duke. O well ſaid, well done, a true gentleman :
Alack, I know the ſea of lovers rage
Comes ruſhing with ſo ſtrong a tide : it beates
And beares downe all reſpects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her ?

Duke. Na, na, be but patient :
For why deaths hand hath ſued a ſtrict divorce
Twixt her and thee : what's beautie but a coarſe ?
What but faire ſand-duſt are earths pureſt formes :
Queenes bodies are but trunkes to put in wormes.

Mathæo. Speake no more ſentences, my good Lord, but ſlip hence ; you ſee they are but fits, Ile rule him I warrant ye. I, ſo, tread gingerly, your Grace is heere ſomewhat too long already. S'blood the jeſt were now, if having tane ſome knockes o'th pate already, he ſhould get looſe againe, and like a mad Oxe, toſſe my new blacke cloakes into the kennell. I muſt humour his Lordſhip : my Lord *Hipolito*, is it in your ſtomacke to goe to dinner ?

Hipolito. Where is the body ?

Mathæo. The body, as the Duke ſpake very wiſely, is gone to be worm'd.

Hipolito. I cannot reſt I'le meet it at next turne,
I'le ſee how my love lookes.
Mathæo holds him in's armes.

Mathæo. How your love lookes ? worſe then a ſcare-crow, wraſtle not with me : the great fellow gives the fall for a ducat.

Hipolito. I ſhall forget my ſelfe.

Mathæo. Pray do ſo, leave your ſelfe behind your ſelfe, and go whither you will. S'foot, do you long to have baſe rogues that maintaine a ſaint *Anthonies* fire in their noſes (by nothing but two peny Ale) make

ballads of you? if the Duke had but ſo much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he would ha beene a vext thing: he and his traine had blowne you up, but that their powder haz taken the wet of cowards: you'le bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow 'em, and then we ſhall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have Surgeons roll thee up like a babie in ſwadling clouts.

Hipolito. What day is to day, *Mathæo*?

Mathæo. Yea mary, this is an eaſie queſtion: why to day is. let me ſee, Thurſeday.

Hipolito. Oh, Thurſeday.

Mathæo. Heere's a coile for a dead commodity, ſfoote women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you ſhall have one woman lie upon many mens hands.

Hipolito. She died on monday then.

Mathæo. And that's the moſt villanous day of all the week to die in: and ſhe was well, and eat a meſſe of water-grewel on monday morning.

Hip. I, it cannot be,
Such a bright taper ſhould burne out ſo ſoone.

Mat. O yes my Lord, ſo ſoone: why I ha knowne them, that at dinner have beene as well, and had ſo much health, that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clock have beene found dead drunke.

Hip. On thurſeday buried! and on monday died,
Quick haſte birladie: ſure her winding ſheete
Was laid out fore her body, and the wormes
That now muſt feaſt with her, were even beſpoke,
And ſolemnly invited like ſtrange gueſts.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed my Lord, and like your Jeaſter or yong Courtier, will enter upon any mans trencher without bidding.

Hip. Curſt be that day for ever that rob'd her
Of breath, and me of bliſſe, henceforth let it ſtand
Within the Wizards booke (the kalendar)
Markt with a marginall finger, to be choſen
By theeves, by villaines, and black murderers,

As the beſt day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child with treaſon, ſacrilege,
Atheiſme, rapes, treacherous friendſhip, periurie,
Slaunder, (the beggars ſinne) lies, (ſinne of fooles)
Or any other damn'd impieties,
On *Monday* let 'em be delivered :
I ſweare to thee *Mathæo,* by my ſoule,
Hereafter weekly on that day I'le glew
Mine eie-lids downe, becauſe they ſhall not gaze
On any female cheeke. And being lockt up
In my cloſe chamber, there I'le meditate
On nothing but my *Infælices* end,
Or on a dead mans ſcull draw out mine owne.

Mat. You'll doe all theſe good workes now every monday, becauſe it is ſo bad : but I hope upon tueſday morning I ſhall take you with a wench.

Hip. If ever whilſt fraile blood through my veins runne,
On womans beames I throw affection,
Save her that's dead : or that I looſely flie
To th' ſhore of any other wafting eie,
Let me not proſper heaven. I will be true,
Even to her duſt and aſhes : could her tombe
Stand whilſt I liv'd, ſo long that it might rot,
That ſhould fall downe, but ſhe be ne're forgot.

Mat. If you have this ſtrange monſter, Honeſtie, in your belly, why ſo Jig-makers and Chroniclers ſhall picke ſomething out of you : but and I ſmell not you and a bawdy houſe out within theſe ten daies, let my noſe be as big as an Engliſh bag-pudding : Ile follow your Lordſhip though it be to the place aforenamed.

Exeunt.

Enter Fuſtigo *in ſome fantaſticke Sea-ſuite at one doore, a Porter meets him at another.*

Fuſt. How now Porter, will ſhe come ?

Porter. If I may truſt a woman ſir, ſhe will come.

Fuſt. There's for thy paines, godamercy, if ever I ſtand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou ſhalt earne my money before anie *Clariſſimo* in Millane; yet ſo god ſa me ſhee's mine owne ſiſter body and ſoule, as I am a chriſtian Gentleman; farewell, Ile ponder till ſhee come: thou haſt beene no bawd in fetching this woman, I aſſure thee.

Porter. No matter if I had ſir, better men than Porters are bawdes.

Fuſt. O God ſir, many that have borne offices. But Porter art ſure thou wentſt into a true houſe?

Porter. I thinke ſo, for I met with no thieves.

Fuſt. Nay, but art ſure it was my ſiſter *Viola.*

Porter. I am ſure by all ſuperſcriptions it was the party you ciphered.

Fuſt. Not very tall.

Porter. Nor very low, a midling woman.

Fuſt. 'Twas ſhe 'faith, 'twas ſhe, a pretty plumpe cheek like mine.

Porter. At a bluſh, a little very much like you.

Fuſt. Gods ſo, I would not for a duckat ſhe had kickt up her heeles, for I ha ſpent an abomination this voyage, marie I did it amongſt ſailers and gentlemen: there's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee ſtay, farewell honeſt porter.

Porter. I am in your debt ſir, God preſerve you.

Exit.

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not ſo neither, good porter; gods lid, yonder ſhe coms. Siſter *Viola*, I am glad to ſee you ſtirring: it's newes to have me here, iſt not ſiſter?

Viola. Yes truſt me; I wondred who ſhould be ſo bold to ſend for me: you are welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fuſt. Troth ſiſter I heard you were married to a very rich chuffe; and I was very ſorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me ſend: for you

know we Millaners love to ſtrut vpon Spaniſh leather. And how does all our friends?

Viola. Very well; you ha travelled enough now, I trow, to ſowe your wilde oates.

Fuſt. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate to throw at a horſe; troth ſiſter I ha ſowde my oates, and reapt 200. duckats if I had 'em here, marry I muſt entreat you to lend me ſome thirty or forty till the ſhip come, by this hand Ile diſcharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola. Theſe are your old oathes.

Fuſt. Why ſiſter do you thinke Ile forſweare my hand?

Viola. Well, well you ſhall have them: put your ſelfe into better faſhion, becauſe I muſt employ you in a ſerious matter.

Fuſt. Ile ſweate like a horſe if I like the matter.

Viola. You ha caſt off all your old ſwaggering humours.

Fuſt. I had not ſaild a league in that great fiſh-pond (the ſea) but I caſt up my very gall.

Viola. I am the more ſorry, for I muſt employ a true ſwaggerer.

Fuſt. Nay by this yron ſiſter, they ſhall find I am powder and touch-boxe, if they put fire once into me.

Viola. Then lend me your eares.

Fuſt. Mine eares are yours deare ſiſter.

Viola. I am married to a man that haz wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fuſt. A Linnen Draper I was told ſiſter.

Viola. Very true, a grave Citizen, I want nothing that a wife can wiſh from a husband: but heere's the ſpite, hee haz not all things belonging to a man.

Fuſt. Gods my life, hee's a very mandrake, or elſe (God bleſſe us) one a theſe whiblins, and that's worſe, and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body ſiſter, are baſtards by a ſtatute.

Vio. O you runne over me too faſt brother; I have

heard it often ſaid, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am ſure my husband is a man in print, for all things elſe, ſave only in this, no tempeſt can move him.

Fuſt. Slid, would he had beene at ſea with us, he ſhould ha beene mov'd, and mov'd agen, for Ile be ſworne la, our drunken ſhip reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola. No loſſe of goods can increaſe in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance ſowre, the ſtubburnnes of no ſervant ſhake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Dove, no more ſting than an Ant: Muſitian will he never be, (yet I finde much muſicke in him) but he loues no frets, and is ſo free from anger that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, becauſe it wants that vertue which all womens tongues have (to anger their husbands) Brother mine can by no thunder, turne him into a ſharpneſſe.

Fuſt. Belike his blood, ſiſter, is well brewd then.

Viola. I proteſt to thee, *Fuſtigo*, I love him moſt affectionately, but I know not ——— I ha ſuch a tickling within mee ——— ſuch a ſtrange longing; nay, verily I doe long.

Fuſtigo. Then y'are with child ſiſter, by all ſignes and tokens; nay, I am partly a Phyſitian, and partly ſomething elſe. I ha read *Albertus Magnus*, and *Ariſtotles* Emblemes.

Viola. Y'are wide ath bow hand ſtill brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eate up a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the briſtling quills may ſticke about his lips like a flemiſh muſtacho, and be ſhot at me: I ſhall be leaner than the new Moone, unleſſe I can make him horne mad.

Fuſt. Sfoote halfe a quarter of an houre does that: make him a cuckold.

Viola. Puh, he would count ſuch a cut no unkindneſſe.

Fuſt. The honeſter Citizen he; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

Viola. Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no Frenchman, to fret at the loſſe of a little ſcalde haire. No brother, thus it ſhall bee, you muſt be ſecret.

Fu. As your Mid-wife I proteſt ſiſter, or a Barber-ſurgeon.

Viola. Repaire to the *Tortoys* here in S. *Chriſtophers* ſtreete, I will ſend you mony, turne your ſelfe into a brave man: inſteed of the armes of your miſtreſſe, let your ſword and your military ſcarfe hang about your necke.

Fuſt. I muſt have a great Horſe-mans French feather too ſiſter.

Viala. O, by any means, to ſhew your light head, elſe your hat will ſit like a coxcombe: to be briefe, you muſt be in all points a moſt terrible wide-mouth'd ſwaggerer.

Fuſt. Nay, for ſwaggering points let me alone.

Viola. Reſort then to our ſhop, and (in my husbands preſence) kiſſe me, ſnatch rings, jewels, or any thing, ſo you give it backe agen brother in ſecret.

Fuſt. By this hand ſiſter.

Viola. Sweare as if you came but new from knighting.

Fuſt. Nay, Ile ſweare after 400. a yeare.

Viola. Swagger worſe then a Lievetenant among freſh-water ſouldiers, call me your love, your ingle, your coſen, or ſo; but ſiſter at no hand.

Fuſt. No, no, it ſhall be cozen, or rather coz, that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wives and their mad-caps, that man'em to the garden; to call you one a mine Aunts, ſiſter, were as good as call you arrant whore; no, no, let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Viola. H'az heard I have a brother, but never ſaw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fuſt. The beſt in *Millan* I warrant.

Viola. Take up wares, but pay nothing, rifle my boſome, my pocket, my purſe, the boxes for mony to dice withall; but brother, you muſt give all backe agen in ſecret.

Fuſtigo. By this welken that heere roares I will, or elſe let me never know what a ſecret is : why ſiſter do you thinke Ile cunny-catch you, when you are my cozen ? Gods my life, then I were a ſtarke Aſſe, if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.

Viola. Be circumſpect, and do ſo then, farewell.

Fuſt. The *Tortoys* ſiſter ? Ile ſtay there, forty duckats. *Exit.*

Viola. Thither Ile ſend : this law can none deny, Women muſt have their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gaſparo *the Duke*, *Doctor* Benedict, *two ſervants.*

Duke. Give charge that none do enter, lock the doores ;
And fellowes, what your eyes and eares receive,
Upon your lives truſt not the gadding aire
To carry the leaſt part of it : the glaſſe, the houre-glaſſe.

Doctor. Here my Lord.

Duke. Ah, 'tis neere ſpent.
But Doctor *Benedict* does your Art ſpeake truth ?
Art ſure the ſoporiferous ſtreame will ebbe,
And leave the Criſtall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at firſt) juſt at the houre ?

Doctor. Juſt at the houre my Lord.

Duke. Uncurtaine her :
Softly, ſee Doctor what a coldiſh heate
Spreads over all her body.

Doctor. Now it workes :
The vitall ſpirits that by a ſleepie charme
Were bound up faſt, and threw an icie ruſt
On her exterior parts, now gin to breake ;
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke. Some ſtooles : you cal'd
For muſick, did you not ? Oh ho, it ſpeakes,
It ſpeakes, watch firs her waking, note thoſe ſands.
Doctor ſit downe : A Dukedome that ſhould wey
Mine owne downe twice, being put into one ſcale,
And that fond deſperate boy *Hipolito*,

Making the weight up, ſhould not (at my hands)
Buy her i'th tother, were her ſtate more light
Than hers, who makes a dowry up with almes.
Doctor Ile ſtarve her on the Appenine
Ere he ſhall marry her : I muſt confeſſe,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man,
Did not mine enemies blood boile in his veines,
Whom I would court to be my ſon-in-law ?
But Princes whoſe high ſpleenes for empery ſwell,
Are not with eaſie Art made parallel.

2 Ser. She wakes my Lord.

Duke. Look Doctor *Benedict*,
I charge you on your lives maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my ſelfe averre,
For you ſhall beare her hence to *Bergamo.*

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreames ?

Doctor. Lady.

Inf. Ha.

Duke. Girle.
Why *Infælica*, how iſt now, ha, ſpeake ?

Inf. I'me well, what makes this Doctor here ? I'me well.

Duke. Thou wert not ſo even now, ſicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midſt of feaſting ;
And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
Had toucht thy lips, a ſencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To ſee ſuch beautie alter.

Inf. I remember
I ſate at banquet, but felt no ſuch change.

Duke. Thou haſt forgotten then how a meſſenger
Came wildely in with this unſavory newes,
That he was dead.

Inf. What meſſenger ? who's dead ?

Duke. Hipolito, alack, wring not thy hands.

Inf. I ſaw no meſſenger, heard no ſuch newes.

Doctor. Truſt me you did ſweet Lady.

Duke. La you now.

2 Ser. Yes indeed Madam.

Duke. La you now, tis well, good knaves.
Inf. You ha ſlaine him, and now you'le murder me.
Duke. Good *Infelica* vex not thus thy ſelfe,
Of this the bad report before did ſtrike
So coldly to thy heart, that the ſwift currents
Of life were all frozen up.
Inf. It is untrue,
'Tis moſt untrue, O moſt unnaturall father!
Duke. And we had much to doe by Arts beſt cunning,
To fetch life back againe.
Doctor. Moſt certaine Ladie.
Duke. Why la you now, you'le not beleeve me, friends
Sweate we not all? had we not much to do?
2 *Ser.* Yes indeede, my Lord, much.
Duke. Death drew ſuch fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* alive agen,
I'de kneele and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband, now I ſore repent
My ſharpneſſe to him, and his family;
Nay, do not weep for him, we all muſt die:
Doctor, this place where ſhe ſo oft hath ſeene
His lively preſence, hurts her, does it not?
Doctor. Doubtleſſe my Lord it does.
Duke. It does, it does:
Therefore ſweet girle thou ſhalt to *Bergamo.*
Inf. Even where you will, in any place there's woe.
Duke. A coach is ready, *Bergamo* doth ſtand
In a moſt wholeſome aire, ſweet walkes, there's deere,
I, thou ſhalt hunt and ſend us veniſon,
Which like ſome goddeſſe in the *Ciprian* groves,
Thine owne faire hand ſhall ſtrike; ſirs, you ſhall teach her
To ſtand, and how to ſhoote, I, ſhe ſhall hunt:
Caſt off this ſorrow. In girle, and prepare
This night to ride away to *Bergamo.*
Inf. O moſt unhappy maide. *Exit.*

Duke. Follow her cloſe.
No words that ſhe was buried on your lives,
Or that her ghoſt walkes now after ſhee's dead ;
Ile hang you if you name a funerall.

1 *Ser.* Ile ſpeake Greeke, my Lord, ere I ſpeake that deadly word. (*Exeunt.*

2 *Ser.* And Ile ſpeake Welch, which is harder then Greek.

Duke. Away, look to her ; Doctor *Benedict*,
Did you obſerve how her complexion altered
Upon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor. It may my Lord.

Duke. May ? how ? I wiſh his death.

Doctor. And you may have your wiſh ; ſay but the word,
And 'tis a ſtrong Spell to rip up his grave :
I have good knowledge with *Hipolito* ;
He calls me friend, Ile creepe into his boſome,
And ſting him there to death ; poiſon can do't.

Duke. Performe it ; Ile create thee ehalfe mine heire.

Doctor. It ſhall be done, although the fact be foule.

Duke. Greatneſſe hides ſin, the guilt upon my ſoule
Exeunt.

Enter Caſtruchio, Pioratto, *and* Fluello.

Caſt. Signior *Pioratto*, ſignior *Fluello*, ſhalls be merry ? ſhalls play the wags now ?

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the child of laughter.

Caſt. Truth I have a pretty ſportive conceit new crept into my braine, will move excellent mirth.

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where ſhall the ſceane of mirth lie ?

Caſt. At ſignior *Candido's* houſe, the patient man, nay the monſtrous patient man ; they ſay his blood is immoveable, that he haz taken all patience from a man, and all conſtancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes ſo many whores now a daies.

Caſt. I, and ſo many knaves too.

Pio. Well ſir.

Caſt. To conclude, the report goes, he's ſo milde, ſo affable, ſo ſuffering, that nothing indeed can move him: now do but think what ſport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an Engliſh cuckold.

Flu. O, 'twere admirable mirth, that: but how wilt be done Signior?

Cast. Let me alone, I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will ſting him i'faith, if he have but a thimblefull of blood in's belly, or a ſpleene not ſo big as a taverne token.

Pio. Thou ſtirre him? thou move him? thou anger him? alas, I know his approved temper: thou vex him? why hee haz a patience above mans injuries: thou maiſt ſooner raiſe a ſpleene in an Angell, than rough humour in him: why Ile give you inſtance for it. This wonderfully temper'd ſignior *Candido* upon a time invited home to his houſe certaine Neapolitane Lords, of curious taſte, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheere fitting for ſuch honourable trencher-men. Shee (juſt of a womans nature, covetous to try the uttermoſt of vexation, and thinking at laſt to get the ſtart of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurniſht, not onely of dainty, but of ordinary diſhes. He (according to the mildneſſe of his breaſt) entertained the Lords, and with courtly diſcourſe beguiled the time (as much as a Cittizen might do:) to conclude, they were hungry Lords, for there came no meate in; their ſtomackes were plainely gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have ſeiz'd a man) there was matter enough yfaith to vexe any Citizen in the woeld, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu. I, ile ſweare fort: sfoot, had it beene my caſe, I ſhould ha plaid mad trickes with my wife and family: firſt, I would ha ſpitted the men, ſtew'd the maides, and bak't the miſtreſſe, and ſo ſerved them in.

Pio. Why 'twould ha tempted any blood but his,

And thou to vexe him ? thou to anger him
With ſome poore ſhallow jeſt ?

Caſt. Sbloud Signior *Pioratto* (you that diſparage my conceit) Ile wage a hundred duckats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him, and galles him.

Pio. Done, 'tis a lay, joyne gols on't : witnes ſignior *Fluello.*

Caſt. Witneſſe : 'tis done :
Come, follow me : the houſe is not farre off,
Ile thruſt him from his humour, vex his breaſt,
And win a hundred duckats by one jeſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Candidoes *wife*, George, *and two Prentiſes in the ſhop.*

Wife. Come, you put up your wares in good order here, doe you not think you, one peece caſt this way, another that way ? you had need have a patient maſter indeed.

George. I, Ile be ſworne, for we have a curſt miſtreſſe.

Wife. You mumble, do you mumble ? I would your maſter or I could be a note more angry : for two patient folkes in a houſe ſpoile all the ſervants that ever ſhall come under them.

1 *Pren.* You patient ! I, ſo is the devill when hee is horne-madde.

Enter Caſtruchio, Fluello, *and* Pioratto.

All three. Gentlemen, what do you lack ? what iſt you buy ?
See fine hollands, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George. What iſt you lacke ?

2 *Prentiſe.* What iſt you buy ?

Caſt. Where's ſignior *Candido* thy Maiſter ?

George. Faith ſignior, hee's a little negotiated, he'l appeare preſently.

Caſt. Fellow, let's ſee a lawne, a choice one ſirra.

George. The beſt in all *Millan*, Gentlemen, and

this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine callicoes too for dublets, the onely ſweet faſhion now, moſt delicate and courtly, a meeke gentle callico, cut upon two double affable taffetaes, ah moſt neate, feate, and unmatchable.

Flu. A notable voluble-tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Caſt. What, and is this ſhe faiſt thou?

George. I, and the pureſt ſhe that ever you fingerd ſince you were a gentleman: looke how even ſhe is, looke how cleane ſhe is, ha, as even as the brow of *Cinthia*, and as cleane as your ſonnes and heires when they ha ſpent all.

Caſt. Puh, thou talk'ſt, pox on't 'tis rough.

George. How? is ſhe rough? but if you bid pox on't ſir, twil take away the roughneſſe preſently.

Flu. Ha ſignior; haz he fitted your French curſe?

George. Looke you Gentleman, here's another, compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare Virgins with Harlots.

Caſt. Puh, I ha ſeene better, and as you terme them, evener and cleaner.

George. You may ſee further for your mind, but truſt me, you ſhall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Caſt. O here he comes, let's make as tho we paſſe,
Come, come, wee'll try in ſome other ſhop,

Cand. How now; what's the matter?

George. The gentlemen find fault with this lawne, fall out with it, and without a cauſe too.

Cand. Without a cauſe!
And that makes you to let 'em paſſe away:
Ah: may I crave a word with you gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

Caſt. Makes the better for the ieſt.

Cand. I pray come neare, y'are very welcome gallants,
Pray pardon my mans rudeneſſe, for I feare me
Ha's talkt above a Prentiſe with you,-Lawnes!
Looke you kind gentlemen this! no :-I this:
Take this upon my honeſt-dealing faith,
To be a true weaue, not too hard, nor ſlack,
But eene as farre from falſhood, as from black.

Caſt. Well, how doe you rate it?

Cand. Very conſcionably, 18.s. a yard.

Caſt. That's too deare: how many yards does the whole piece containe thinke you?

Cand. Why ſome 17 yards, I thinke, or there abouts, How much would ſerve your turne? I pray.

Caſt. Why let me ſee—would it were better too.

Cand. Truth, tis the beſt in *Millan* at few words.

Caſt. Well: let me have then a whole peny-worth.

Cand. Ha, ha: y'are a merry Gentleman.

Caſt. A pennorth I ſay.

Cand. Of Lawne!

Caſt. Of lawne? I of lawne, a pennorth, sblood doſt not heare? a whole pennorth, are you deafe?

Cand. Deafe? no Sir: but I muſt tell you,
Our wares do ſeldome meete ſuch cuſtomers,

Caſt. Nay, and you and your lawnes be ſo ſqueamiſh,
Fare you well.

Cand. Pray ſtay, a word, pray Signior: for what purpoſe is it I beſeech you?

Caſt. 'Sblood, whats that to you: Ile have a peny-worth.

Cand. A penny-worth! why you ſhall: Ile ſerve you preſently.

2. *Pren.* Sfoot a penny-worth Miſtreſſe!

Miſt. A penny-worth! call you theſe gentlemen?

Caſt. No, no: not there.

Can. What then kinde Gentleman, what at this corner here?

Caſt. No nor there neither.

Ile have it juſt in the middle, or elſe not.

Can. Juſt in the middle : ha-you ſhall too : what ? Have you a ſingle penny ?

Caſt. Yes here's one.

Cand. Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed jeſt.

Wife. What will he ſpoile the lawne now ?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a foole of you : Gentlemen, you might ha found ſome other Citizen to have made a kind gull on, beſides my husband.

Cand. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman,
Do not regard her language.—O kinde ſoule :
Such words will drive away my cuſtomers.

Wife. Cuſtomers with a murren : call you theſe cuſtomers ?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Pox a your patience.

George. Sfoot miſtreſſe, I warrant theſe are ſome cheating companions.

Cand. Looke you Gentleman, there's your ware, I thanke you, I have your money ; heare, pray know my ſhop, pray let me have your cuſtome.

Wife. Cuſtome quoth a.

Cand. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need ſo.

Pio. Harke in thine eare, th'aſt loſt an hundred duckats.

Caſt. Well, well, I know't : iſt poſſible that *Homo*
Should be nor man, nor woman : not once mov'd ;
No not at ſuch an injurie, not at all !
Sure hee's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you ſmother it :
Y'are vext ifaith--confeſſe.

Cand. Why Gentlemen
Should you conceit me to be vext or mov'd ?
He haz my ware, I have his money for't,
And that's no Argument I am angry : no :
The beſt Logitian cannot proue me ſo.

Flu. Oh, but the hatefull name of a penny-worth of lawne,
And then cut out i'th middle of the peece :
Pah, I gueſſe it by my ſelfe, would move a lambe
Were he a Linnen-draper-twould i'faith.
Can. Well, give me leave to anſwere you for that :
We're ſet here to pleaſe all cuſtomers,
Their humours and their fancies :-offend none :
We get by many, if we leeſe by one.
May be his minde ſtood to no more then that,
A penie-worth ſerves him, and 'mongſt trades tis found,
Denie a pennorth, it may croſſe a pound.
Oh, he that meanes to thrive, with patient eye
Muſt pleaſe the devill if he come to buy.
Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe,
How bleſt were men, if women could be ſo.
Cand. And to expreſſe how well my breaſt is pleaſ'd,
And ſatisfied in all :-*George* fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
Ile drinke unto that Gentleman, who lately
Beſtowed his monie with me.
Wife. Gods my life,
We ſhall haue all our gaines drunke out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawne.
Enter Geor.
Cand. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.
Wife. I begin to him !
Cand. *George* fil't up againe :
Twas my fault, my hand ſhooke. *Exit George.*
Pio. How ſtrangely this doth ſhow ?
A patient man link't with a waſpiſh ſhrow.
Flu. A ſilver and gilt beaker : I have a trick to work upon that beaker, ſure 'twill fret him, it cannot chuſe but vexe him. Sig. *Caſtruchio*, in pittie to thee I have a conceit, will ſave thy 100 duckats yet, 'twill doo't, and worke him to impatience.
Caſt. Sweete *Fluello*, I ſhould be bountiful to that conceit.
Flu. Well 'tis enough. *Enter George.*

Can. Here Gentlemen to you,
I wiſh your cuſtome, y'are exceeding welcome.
Can. I pledge you Sig. *Candido*;-here you, that muſt receive a 100 Duccats.
Pior. Ile pledge them deepe ifaith *Caſtruchio.*
Signior *Fluello.*
Flu. Come: play't off to me,
I am your laſt man.
Cand. *George* ſupply the cup.
Flu. So, ſo, good honeſt *George,*
Heere Signor *Candido,* all this to you.
Cand. O you muſt pardon me, I uſe it not.
Flu. Will you not pledge me then?
Cand. Yes, but not that:
Great love is ſhowne in little.
Flu. Blurt on your ſentences,—Sfoot you ſhall pledge me all.
Cand. Indeed I ſhall not.
Flu. Not pledge me? S'blood, Ile carrie away the beaker then.
Cand. The beaker? oh! that at your pleaſure ſir.
Flu. Now by this drinke I will.
Caſt. Pledge him, he'll do't elſe.
Flu. So: I ha done you right on my thumb naile,
What will you pledge me now?
Cand. You know me ſir, I am not of that ſin.
Flu. Why then farewell:
Ile beare away the beaker by this light.
Cand. That's as you pleaſe, tis very good.
Flu. Nay it doth pleaſe me, and as you ſay, tis a very good one.
Fare-well Signior *Candido.*
Pio. Farewell *Candido.*
Cand. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.
Caſt. Heart not mov'd yet?
I thinke his patience is above our wit. *Exeunt.*
George. I told you before Miſtreſſe, they were all cheaters.

Wife. Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope you will not let 'em ſneake away ſo with a ſilver and gilt beaker, the beſt in the houſe too: go fellowes make hue and cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie ſtill, all will be well:

Come hither *George,* hye to the Conſtable,
And in calme order wiſh him to attach them,
Make no great ſtirre, becauſe they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment.
'Tis but a ſize above a jeſt thou know'ſt,
Therefore purſue it mildly, go be gone,
The Conſtable's hard by, bring him along,—make haſt againe.

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcock, are you not now? (*Exit George.*
See what your patience comes to: everie one ſaddles you, and rides you, you'll be ſhortly the common ſtone-horſe of *Millan*: a woman's well holp't up with ſuch a meacocke; I had rather have a husband that would ſwaddle me thrice a day, then ſuch a one, that will be gul'd twice in halfe an houre: Oh I could burne all the wares in my ſhop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife,
That is, be patient: for a wife and husband
Share but one ſoule between them: this being knowne,
Why ſhould not one ſoule then agree in one? (*Exit.*

Wife. Hang your agreements: but if my beaker be gone.—

Enter Caſtruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, here they come.

George.—The Conſtable ſir, let 'em come along with me, becauſe there ſhould be no wondring: he ſtaies at dore.

Caſt. Conſtable goodman *Abram.*

Flu. Now Signor *Candido,* Sblood why doe you attach us?

Caſt. Sheart! attach us!
Cand. Nay ſweare not gallants,
Your oathes may move your ſoules, but not move me,
You have a ſilver beaker of my wives.
Flu. You ſay not true: 'tis gilt.
Cand. Then you ſay true.
And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.
Caſt. I hope y'are not angry ſir.
Cand. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.
Flu. No, but a little mov'd.
Cand. I mov'd! 'twas you were mov'd, you were brought hither.
Caſt. But you (out of your anger and impatience)
Caus'd us to be attacht.
Cand. Nay you miſplace it.
Out of my quiet ſufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath: had I ſhowne anger,
I ſhould have then purſude you with the law,
And hunted you to ſhame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds,
The more's the pittie; many looſe their lives
For ſcarce ſo much coine as will hide their palme:
Which is moſt cruell, thoſe have vexed ſpirits
That purſue lives, in this opinion reſt,
The loſſe of Millions could not move my breſt.
Flu. Thou art a bleſt man, and with peace doſt deale,
Such a meeke ſpirit can bleſſe a Common-weale.
Cand. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.
Caſt. I never heard a carter yet ſay nay
To ſuch a motion. Ile not be the firſt.
Pio. Nor I.
Flu. Nor I.
Cand. The Conſtable ſhall beare you company.
George call him in, let the world ſay what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.
Exeunt.

Enter Roger *with a ſtoole, cuſhin, looking-glaſſe and chafing-diſh, thoſe being ſet down, he pulls out of his pocket, a viol with white cullor in it; and two boxes, one with white, another red painting, he places all things in order and a candle by them, ſinging with the ends of old Ballads as he does it. At laſt* Bellafront (*as he rubs his cheek with the cullors*) *whiſtles within.*

Ro. Anon forſooth.

Bell. What are you playing the rogue about?

Ro. About you forſooth: I'me drawing up a hole in your white ſilke ſtocking.

Bell. Is my glaſſe there? and my boxes of complexion?

Ro. Yes forſooth: your boxes of complexion are here I thinke: yes 'tis here: her's your two complexions, and if I had all the foure complexions, I ſhould nere ſet a good face upon't, ſome men I ſee are borne under hard-favoured planets as well as women: zounds I looke worſe now then I did before, and it makes her face gliſter moſt damnably, ther's knavery in dawbing I hold my life, or elſe this is onely female *Pomatum.*

Enter Bellafronte *not full ready, without a gowne, ſhe ſits downe, with her bodkin curles her haire, colours her lips.*

Bell. Where's my ruffe and poker you block-head?

Ro. Your ruffe, your poker, are ingendring together upon the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court cup-bord.

Bell. Fetch 'em: Is the pox in your hammes, you can goe no faſter?

Ro. Woo'd the pox were in your fingers, unleſſe you could leave ſinging; catch. *Exit.*

Bell. Ile catch you, you dog by and by: do you grumble? She ſings.

Cupid *is a God, as naked as my naile,*
Ile whip him with a rod, if he my true love faile.

Ro. There's your ruffe, ſhall I poke it?

Bell. Yes honeſt *Ro.* no ſtay: prithee good boy, hold here,

Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arife, downe
I never ſhall arife.

Ro. Troth M. then leave the trade if you ſhall never riſe.

Bell. What trade goodman *Abram?*

Ro. Why that of downe and ariſe or the falling trade.

Bell. Ile fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you doe I know who ſhall ſmart for't: Troth Miſtreſſe, what doe I looke like now?

Bell. Like as you are; a panderly Sixpenny Raſcall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that: infaith I looke like an old Proverbe, *Hold the candle before the devill.*

Bell. Uds life, Ile ſtick my knife in your guts and you prate to me ſo: what? *She ſings.*

Well met, pug, the pearle of beauty: umh, umh.
How now ſir knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh,
Marry muffe ſir, are you growne ſo dainty; fa, la, la, &c.
Is it you ſir? the worſt of twenty, fa, la, la, leera la.

Pox on you, how doſt thou hold my glaſſe?

Ro. Why, as I hold your doore: with my fingers.

Bell. Nay pray thee ſweete honie *Ro.* hold up handſomely. *Sing pretty wantons warble, &c.* We ſhall ha gueſts to day. I lay my little maiden-head, my noſe itches ſo.

Ro. I ſaid ſo too laſt night, when our Fleas twing'd me.

Bell. So, Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gowne, have I my fall?
Where's my fall *Roger?* *One knockes.*

Ro. Your fall forſooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, ſome foole or other knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole miſtreſſe?

Bell. And all theſe bables lying thus? away with it quickly, I, I, knock, and be damn'd, whoſoever you be. So: give the freſh Salmon line now: let him come a ſhoare, hee ſhall ſerve for my breakefaſt, tho he go againſt my ſtomacke.

Roger fetch in Fluello, Caſtruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.

Caſt. How does my ſweet acquaintance?

Pio. Save thee little Marmoſet: how doſt thou good pretty rogue?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty raſcall.

Flu. *Roger*, ſome light I pray thee.

Ro. You ſhall Signior, for we that live here in this vale of miſerie, are as darke as hell.

Exit for a candle.

Caſt. Good Tobacco, *Fluello?*

Flu. Smell. (*Enter Roger.*

Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaies with my noſe already.

Ro. Here's another light Angell, Signior.

Bell. What? you pyed curtal, what's that you are neighing?

Ro. I ſay God ſend us the light of heaven, or ſome more Angels.

Bell. Goe fetch ſome wine, and drinke halfe of it.

Ro. I muſt fetch ſome wine gentlemen and drinke halfe of it.

Flu. Here *Roger*.

Caſt. No let me ſend prithee.

Flu. Hold you cankerworme.

Ro. You ſhall ſend both, if you pleaſe Signiors.

Pio. Stay, what's beſt to drinke a mornings?

Ro. Hypocras ſir, for my miſtres, if I fetch it, is moſt deare to her.

Flu. Hypocras ! ther then, here's a teſton for you, you ſnake.

Ro. Right ſir, heres iij.s. vj.d. for a pottle and a manchet. *Ex.*

Caſt. Her's moſt *Herculanian Tobacco*, ha-ſome acquaintance ?

Bell. Fah, not I, makes your breath ſtinke, like the piſſe of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where ſupt you laſt night ?

Caſt. At a place ſweete acquaintance where your health danc'd the Canaries yfaith : you ſhould ha bin there.

Bell. I there among your Punkes, marry, fah, hang'em : I ſcorn't : will you never leave ſucking of eggs in other folkes hens neaſts ?

Caſt. Why in good troth, if you'le truſt me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board, aske *Fluello.*

Flu. No faith Coz, none but cocks, ſignior *Malavella* drunk to thee.

Bell. O, a pure beagle ; that horſe-leach there ?

Flu. And the knight, *S. Oliver Lollio* ſwore he would beſtow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his faſt with thee.

Bell. With me ! Ile choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher, it's the dreamingſt ſnotty-noſe.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lollio* for a foole, but hee's a ſubtill foole.

Bell. I, and he has fellowes : of all filthy dry-fiſted knights, I cannot abide that he ſhould touch me.

Caſt. Why wench, is he ſcabbed ?

Bell. Hang him, hee'l not live to be ſo honeſt, nor to the credite to have ſcabbes about him, his betters have 'em : but I hate to weare out any of his courſe Knight-hood, becauſe hee's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fac'd all with conny before, and within

nothing but Fox: this ſweet *Oliver* will eate Mutton till he be ready to burſt, but the leane jawde-ſlave will not pay for the ſcraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him, ſet him beneath the ſalt, and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.

Flu. *Lord Ello*, the Gentleman-Uſher came into us too, marry 'twas in our cheeſe, for he had bin to borrow money for his Lord, of a Cittizen.

Caſt. What an Aſſe is that Lord, to borrow money of a Citizen!

Bell. Nay, Gods my pitty, what an Aſſe is that Citizen to lend monie to a Lord!

Enter Matheo and Hipolito, who ſaluting the Company, as a ſtranger walkes off. Roger comes in ſadly behinde them, with a pottle pot, and ſtands aloofe off.

Matheo. Saue you Gallants, ſignior *Fluello*, exceedingly well met, as I may ſay.

Fluello. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may ſay.

Ma. And how fares my little pretty Miſtreſſe?

Bell. Ee'ne as my little pretty ſervant; ſees three court diſhes before her, and not one good bit in them: how now? why the devill ſtand'ſt thou ſo? Art in a trance?

Ro. Yes forſooth.

Bell. Why doſt not fill out their wine?

Ro. Forſooth 'tis fild out already: all the wine that the ſignior has beſtow'd upon you is caſt away, a Porter ranne a litle at me, and ſo fac'd me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'me a curſt to let ſuch a withered Artichocke faced-Raſcall grow under my noſe: now you looke like an old he-cat, going to the gallowes: Ile be hang'd if he ha not put up the mony to cony-catch us all.

Ro. No truely forſooth, tis not put up yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen haſt thou ſerved thus?

Ro. None but five hundred, beſides prentiſes and ſerving-men.

Bell. Doſt thinke Ile pocket it up at thy hands?

Ro. Yes forſooth, I feare you will pocket it up.

Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace good ſervant, I ſhall ha the mother preſently, I'me ſo vext at this horſe-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a ſcal'd pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay, ſweet *Bellafronte*, for a little pigs-waſh!

Caſt. Here *Roger*, fetch more, a miſchance. Y'faith Acquaintance.

Bell. Out of my ſight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.

Ro. For the tother pottle? yes forſooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that, ſervant? your Friend?

Ma. Gods ſo a ſtoole, a ſtoole, if you love me miſtreſſe, entertaine this Gentleman reſpectively, and bid him welcome.

Bell. Hee's very welcome, pray Sir ſit.

Hip. Thankes Lady.

Flu. Count *Hipolito*, iſt not? cry you mercie ſignior, you walke here all this while, and we not heard you? let mee beſtow a ſtoole upon you, beſeech you, you are a ſtranger heere, we know the faſhions ath' houſe.

Caſt. Pleaſe you be heere my Lord. *Tobacco.*

Hip. No good *Caſtruchio.*

Flu. You have abandoned the Court I ſee my Lord ſince the death of your Miſtreſſe, well ſhe was a delicate piece-beſeech you ſweete, come let us ſerve under the collors of your acquaintance ſtill: for all that, pleaſe you to meete here at my lodging of my coz, I ſhall beſtow a banquet upon you.

Hip. I never can deſerve this kindneſſe ſir.
What may this Ladie be, whom you call coz?

Flu. Faith ſir a poore gentlewoman, of paſſing

good carriage, one that has ſome ſuits in law, and lies here in an Atturnies houſe.

Hip. Is ſhe married?

Flu. Ha, as all your Puncks are, a Captaines wife, or ſo, never ſaw her before my Lord?

Hip. Never truſt me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, you'll ſwear ſhe is the prettieſt, kindeſt, ſweeteſt, moſt bewitching honeſt Ape under the pole. A skinne, your ſatten is not more ſoft, nor lawne whiter.

Hip. Belike then ſhee's ſome ſale curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your beſt faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pittie that ſhee's a good wench.

Ma. Thou ſhalt ha iſaith miſtreſſe: How now ſignors, what, whiſpering? did not I lay a wager I ſhould take you within ſeven daies in a houſe of vanity.

Hip. You did, and I beſhrew your heart, you have won.

Ma. How do you like my miſtreſſe?

Hip. Well, for ſuch a miſtreſſe: better, if your miſtreſſe be not your maiſter.
I muſt breake manners gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. S'foot you ſhall not leave us.

Bell. The gentleman likes not the taſt of our company.

Omn. Beſeech you ſtay.

Hip. Truſt me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

Hip. Perhaps I ſhall.

Mat. Perhaps? fah! I know you can ſweare to me you wil.

Hip. Since you will preſſe me on my word, I will.
Exit.

Bell. What ſullen picture is this ſervant?

Mat. It's Count *Hypolito*, the brave Count.

Pio. As gallant a ſpirit, as any in *Millan* you ſweet Jew.

Flu. Oh he's a moſt eſſentiall gentleman, coz.

Caſt. Did you never heare of Count *Hipolito* acquaintance?

Bell. Marie muffe a your Counts, and be no more life in 'em.

Ma. He's ſo malcontent! ſirra *Bellafronta*, & you be honeſt gallants, let's ſup together, and have the Count with us: thou ſhalt ſit at the upper end punck.

Bell. Punck, you ſouc'd gurnet?

Mat. Kings truce: come, Ile beſtow the ſupper to have him but laugh.

Caſt. He betraies his youth too groſly to that tyrant malancholy.

Mat. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman! ſome whore! what ſweet Jewell iſt?

Pio. Wo'd ſhe heard you.

Flu. Troth ſo wud I.

Caſt. And I by heaven.

Bell. Nay good ſervant, what woman?

Ma. Pah.

Bell. Prithee tell me; a buſſe and tell me: I warrant he's an honeſt fellow, if he take on thus for a wench: good rogue who?

Ma. By th' Lord I will not, muſt not, faith miſtreſſe: iſt a match ſirs? this night, at *Th' antilop*: I, for there's beſt wine, and good boyes.

Omn. It's done at Th' antilop.

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot? by th' Lord you ſhall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not: ſhaall!

Flu. Why then put it off till Fryday; wut come then coz?

Bell. Well. *Enter Roger.*

Ma. Y'are the waſpiſheſt Ape. *Roger*, put your miſtreſſe in minde to ſup with us on Friday next: y'are beſt come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waſtcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that ſteales out at the back gate of her ſweet knights lodging.

Bell. Go, go, hang your ſelfe.

Caſt. It's dinner time *Mathæo*, ſhal's hence?

Omn. Yes, yes, farewell wench. *Exeunt.*

Bell. Farewell boyes: *Roger* what wine ſent they for?

Ro. Baſtard wine, for if it had beene truely begotten, it wud not ha beene aſham'd to come in, here's vi.s. to pay for nurſing the baſtard.

Bell. A company of rookes! O good ſweet *Roger*, run to the Poulters, and buy me ſome fine larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks?

Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deere.

Ro. Ile buy but one, ther's one already here.

Exit.

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Is the gentleman (my friend) departed miſtreſſe?

Bell. His back is but new turn'd ſir.

Hip. Fare you well.

Bell. I can direct you to him.

Hip. Can you? pray.

Bell. If you pleaſe ſtay, he'll not be abſent long.

Hip. I care not much.

Bell. Pray ſit forſooth.

Hip. I'me hot.

If I may uſe your roome, Ile rather walke.

Bell. At your beſt pleaſure whew-ſome rubbers there.

Hip. Indeed Ile none:—indeed I will not, thanks. Pretty-fine lodging. I perceive my friend
Is old in your acquaintance.

Bell. Troth ſir, he comes
As other Gentlemen, to ſpend ſpare houres;
If your ſelfe like our roofe (ſuch as it is)
Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like; what welcome ſhould I find?

Bell. Such as my preſent fortunes can afford.

Hip. But would you let me play *Mathæo's* part?

Bell. What part?

Hip. Why imbrace you : dally with you, kiſſe :
Faith tell me, will you leave him and love me ?
Bell. I am in bonds to no man ſir.
Hip. Why then,
Y'are free for any man : if any me.
But I muſt tell you Lady, were you mine,
You ſhould be all mine : I could brooke no ſharers,
I ſhould be covetous, and ſweep up all.
I ſhould be pleaſures uſurer : 'faith I ſhould.
Bell. O fate !
Hip. Why ſigh you Lady ? may I know ?
Bell. T'has never bin my fortune yet to ſingle
Out that one man, whoſe love could fellow mine.
As I have ever wiſht it : O my Stars !
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
That would have purchas'd ſin alone, to himſelfe,
For his owne private uſe, although ſcarce proper ;
Indifferent handſome : meetly leg'd and thyed :
And my allowance reaſonable-yfaith,
According to my body-by my troth,
I would have beene as true unto his pleaſures,
Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
As ever a poore gentlewoman could be.
Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
And ſcarce a day old in this ſubtle world :
'Twere prettie Art, good bird-lime, cunning net,
But come, come, 'faith-confeſſe : how many men
Have drunke this ſelfe-ſame proteſtation,
From that red ticing lip ?
Bell. Indeed not any.
Hip. Indeed ? and bluſh not !
Bell. No, in truth not any.
Hip. Indeed ! intruth !—how warily you ſweare.
'Tis well : if ill it be not : yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you
But in light collors, I do know indeed,
You could not ſweare indeed, But thunder oathes
That ſhould ſhake heaven, drowne the harmonious
ſpheres,
And pierce a ſoule (that lov'd her Makers honour)

With horror and amazement.
Bell. Shall I ſweare ?
Will you beleeve me then ?
Hip. Worſt then of all,
Our ſins by cuſtome, ſeeme (at laſt) but ſmall.
Were I but o're your threſhold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,
Should have this golden hook, and laſcivious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you :
I ha ſeene letters ſent from that white hand,
Tuning ſuch muſicke to *Matheos* eare.
Bell. *Mathæo* ! that's true, but beleeve it, I
No ſooner had laid hold upon your preſence,
But ſtraight mine eie conveid you to my heart.
Hip. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know Lady,
This is the common paſſion of you all,
To hooke in a kind gentleman, and then
Abuſe his coine, conveying it to your lover,
And in the end you ſhew him a french trick,
And ſo you leave him, that a coach may run
Betweene his legs for bredth.
Bell. O by my ſoule !
Not I : therein ile prove an honeſt whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.
Hip. If any be diſpos'd to truſt your oath,
Let him : Ile not be he, I know you feigne
All that you ſpeake, I : for a mingled harlot,
Is true in nothing but in being falſe.
What ! ſhall I teach you how to loath your ſelfe ?
And mildly too : not without ſenſe or reaſon.
Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my ſelfe
If you not love me.
Hip. Then if your gracious bloud be not all waſted,
I ſhall aſſay to do't.
Lend me your ſilence, and attention,—You have no
ſoule,
That makes you weigh ſo light : heavens treaſure
bought it :
And halfe a crowne hath ſold it :—for your body

Is like the common-ſhore, that ſtill receives
All the townes filth. The ſin of many men
Is within you, and thus much I ſuppoſe,
That if all your committers ſtood in ranke,
They'd make a lane, (in which your ſhame might dwell)
And with their ſpaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, ſhall I urge it more, there has beene knowne
As many by one harlot, maym'd and diſmembred,
As would ha ſtuft an Hoſpitall: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right:
O y'are as baſe as any beaſt that beares,
Your body is ee'ne hir'd, and ſo are theirs.
For gold and ſparkling jewels, (if he can)
You'l let a Jew get you with Chriſtian:
Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
Looke uglier then a dead mans skull.
Could the devill put on a humane ſhape,
If his purſe ſhake out crownes, up then he gets,
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
So that y'are crueller then Turkes, for they
Sell Chriſtians only, you ſell your ſelves away.
Why thoſe that love you, hate you: and will terme you
Lickeriſh damnation; wiſh themſelves halfe ſunke
After the ſin is laid out, and ee'ne curſe
Their fruitleſſe riot (for what one begets
Another poiſons) luſt and murder hit,
A tree being often ſhooke, what fruit can knit?

Bell. O me unhappy!

Hip. I can vex you more;
A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
Swallows both Engliſh, Spaniſh, fulſome Dutch,
Back-doord Italian, laſt of all the French,
And he ſticks to you 'faith: gives you your diet,
Brings you acquainted, firſt with monſier Doctor
And then you know what follows.

Bell. Miſery.
Ranke, ſtinking, and moſt loathſome miſery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
That with one poiſon ſwels, with thouſands more

The other ſtocks her veines : harlot, fie, fie,
You are the miſerableſt creatures breathing,
The very ſlaves of nature : marke me elſe,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eat, but to ſupply your blood with ſin :
And this ſtrange curſe ee'ne haunts you to your graues.
From fooles you get, and ſpend it upon ſlaves :
Like Beares and Apes, y'are baited and ſhew tricks
For money ; but your Bawd the ſweetneſſe licks.
Indeed you are their Journey-women, and do
All baſe and damn'd workes they liſt ſet you to :
So that you ne're are rich ; for do but ſhew me,
In preſent memory, or in ages paſt,
The faireſt and moſt famous Courtezan,
Whoſe fleſh was dear'ſt : that rais'd the price of ſin,
And held it up ; to whoſe intemperate boſome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worſt has bin a Knight,
The mean'ſt a Gentleman, have offred up
Whole Hecatombs of ſighs, and rain'd in ſhowres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at laſt
Diſeaſes ſuckt her marrow, then grew ſo poore,
That ſhe has beg'd ee'ne at a beggars doore.
And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coaſt to coaſt, has leapt on forraine ſhores,
And had more worſhip, then the outlandiſh whores :
When ſeverall Nations have gone over her,
When for each ſeverall City ſhe has ſeene,
Her maidenhead has bin new, and bin ſold deare :
Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknowne,
And undefam'd ; backe comes ſhe to her owne,
And there both miſerably lives and dies,
Scorn'd even of thoſe that once ador'd her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life thus ran,
Her pride ſhould end there, where it firſt began.
What do you weepe to heare your ſtory read ?
Nay, if you ſpoile your cheeks, Ile read no more.

Bell. O yes, I pray proceed :
Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep indeed.

Hip. To gives thoſe teares a reliſh, this I adde,

Y'are like the *Jewes*, ſcatter'd, in no place certain,
Your dayes are tedious, your houres burdenſome:
And wer't not for full ſuppers, midnight Revels,
Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drowne,
And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,
And on your eye-lids hang ſo heavily,
They have no power to looke ſo high as heaven,
You'de ſit and muſe on nothing but deſpaire,
Curſe that devill *Luſt*, that ſo burnes up your blood,
And in ten thouſand ſhivers breake your glaſſe
For his temptation. Say you taſte delight,
To have a golden Gull from Rize to Set,
To meat you in his hot luxurious armes,
Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dreame
Of Warrants, Whips, and Beadles, and then ſtart
At a dores windy creake: think every Weezle
To be a Conſtable, and every Rat
A long taild Officer: Are you now not ſlaves?
Oh you have damnation without pleaſure for it!
Such is the ſtate of Harlots: To conclude,
When you are old, and can well paint no more,
You turne Bawd, and are then worſe then before:
Make uſe of this: farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray ſtay.

Hip. I ſee *Matheo* comes not: time hath bard me,
Would all the Harlots in the towne had heard me.
Exit.

Bell. Stay yet a little longer, no: quite gone!
Curſt be that minute (for it was no more,
So ſoone a maid is chang'd into a whore)
Wherein I firſt fell, be it for ever blacke.
Yet why ſhould ſweet *Hipolito* ſhun mine eyes;
For whoſe true love I would become pure-honeſt,
Hate the worlds mixtures, and the ſmiles of gold?
Am I not faire? why ſhould he flie me then?
Faire creatures are deſir'd, not ſcorn'd of men.
How many Gallants have drunke healths to me,
Out of their dagger'd armes, and thought them bleſt,

Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigall feaſts !
And does *Hipolito* deteſt my love ?
Oh, ſure their heedleſſe luſts but flattred me,
I am not pleaſing, beautifull nor young.
Hipolito hath ſpied ſome ugly blemiſh,
Eclipſing all my beauties ; I am foule :
Harlot ! I, that's the ſpot that taints my ſoule :
His weapon left heere ? O fit inſtrument[1]
To let forth all the poiſon of my fleſh !
Thy Maſter hates me, cauſe my blood hath rang'd :
But when 'tis forth, then he'll beleeve I'me chang'd.
Hip. Mad woman, what art doing ? *Enter Hip.*
Bell. Either love me,
Or cleaue my boſome on thy Rapiers point :[2]
Yet doe not neither ; for thou then deſtroi'ſt
That which I love thee for (thy vertues) here, here
Th'art crueller, and kilſt me with diſdaine :
To die ſo, ſheds no blood, yet 'tis worſe paine. *Exit*
Not ſpeak to me ! not looke ! not bid farewell ?[3] *Hip.*
Hated ! this muſt not be, ſome meanes Ile try.
Would all Whores were as honeſt now, as I. *Exeunt.*

SCENA VII.

Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two prentiſes in the ſhop : Fuſtigo enters, walking by.

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack ? a fine Holland, a fine Cambrick, ſee what you buy.

1. *Pren.* Holland for ſhirts, Cambrick for bands, what iſt you lack ?

Fuſt. Sfoot, I lack 'em all, nay more, I lack monie to buie 'em : let me ſee, let me looke againe : maſſe this is the ſhop ; What Coz ! ſweet Coz ! how doſt

1 What ! has he left his weapon here behind him
And gone forgetfull ? O fit inſtrument.—1604.
2 Or ſplit my heart upon thy Rapiers point. —1604.
3 Not ſpeake to me ! not bid farewell ? a ſcorne !—1604.

i'faith, ſince laſt night after candlelight? we had good ſport i'faith, had we not? and when ſhal's laugh agen?

Wife. When you will, Cozen.

Fuſt. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian: I ſee yonders thy husband.

Wife. I, there's the ſweet youth, God bleſſe him.

Fuſt. And how iſt Cozen? and how, how iſt thou ſquall?

Wife. Well, Cozen, how fare you?

Fuſt. How fare I? troth for ſixpence a meale, wench, as well as heart can wiſh, with Calves chaldrons, and chitterlings, beſides, I have a Punck after ſupper, as good as a roſted Apple.

Cand. Are you my wives Cozen?

Fuſt. I am ſir, what haſt thou to do with that?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

Fuſt. The Divels dung in thy teeth: Ile be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I: What ring's this Coz? very pretty & fantaſticall i'faith, lets ſee it.

Wife. Puh! nay you wrench my finger.

Fuſt. I ha ſworne Ile ha't, and I hope you will not let my oathes be crackt in the ring, will you? I hope ſir, you are not malicolly at this for all your great lookes: are you angry?

Cand. Angry? not I ſir, nay if ſhe can part
So eaſily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geor. Suffer this, ſir, and ſuffer all, a whorſon Gull, to—

Cand. Peace *George*, when ſhe has reapt what I have ſowne,
She'll ſay, one graine taſtes better of her owne,
Then whole ſheaves gather'd from anothers land:
Wit's never good, till bought at a deare hand.

George. But in the meane time ſhe makes an Aſſe of ſome body.

2. *Pren.* See, ſee, ſee, ſir, as you turne your back, they do nothing but kiſſe.

Cand. No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip,

I ſhall not feele his kiſſes, no nor miſſe
Any of her lip : no harme in kiſſing is.
Looke to your buſineſſe, pray, make up your wares.

Fuſt. Troth Coz, and wel remembred, I would thou wouldſt give me five yards of Lawne, to make my Punck ſome falling bands a the faſhion, three falling one upon another : for that's the new edition now : ſhe's out of linnen horribly too, troth ſhe' as never a good ſmock to her back neither, but one that has a great many patches in't, and that I'me fain to weare my ſelfe for want of ſhift too : prithee put me into wholeſome naperie, and beſtow ſome clean commodities upon us.

Wife. Reach me thoſe Cambricks, and the Lawnes hither.

Can. What to do, wife ? to laviſh out my goods upon a foole ?

Fuſt. Foole ! Sneales eate the foole, or I'le ſo batter your crowne, that it ſhall ſcarce go for five ſhillings.

2. *Pren.* Do you heare ſiir ? y'are beſt be quiet, and ſay a foole tels you ſo.

Fuſt. Nailes, I think ſo, for thou telſt me.

Cand. Are you angry ſir, becauſe I nam'd the foole ?
Truſt me, you are not wife, in mine owne houſe,
And to my face to play the Antick thus :
If you'll needs play the madman, chooſe a ſtage
Of leſſer compaſſe, where few eyes may note
Your actions errour : but if ſtill you miſſe,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiſſe.

Fuſt. Zwoundes Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I were a ſcuruy Tragedian.

2. *Pren.* Sirra *George*, I ha thought upon a device, how to breake his pate, beat him ſoundly, and ſhip him away.

Geor. Doo't.

2. *Pren.* Ile go in, paſſe through the houſe, give ſome of our fellow Prentices the watch-word when they ſhall enter, then come and fetch my maſter in

by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilſt we cudgell the Gull out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't: away, doo't.

Wife. Muſt I call twice for theſe cambricks and lawnes?

Cand. Nay ſee, you anger her, *George* prithee diſpatch.

2. *Pren.* Two of the choiceſt peeces are in the warehouſe, ſir.

Cand. Go fetch them preſently. *Exit* 1 *Prentiſe.*

Fuſt. I, do, make haſte, ſirra.

Car. Why were you ſuch a ſtranger all this while, being my wives cozen?

Fuſt. Stranger? no ſir, Ime a naturall Milaner borne.

Can. I perceive ſtill it is your natural guiſe to miſtake me, but you are welcome ſir, I much wiſh your acquaintance.

Fuſt. My acquaintance? I ſcorne that i'faith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I meane, Coz, the poſts of his gate are a painting too.

Enter the 2. *Prentiſe.*

2. *Pren.* *Signior Pandulfo* the Marchant, deſires conference with you.

Can. *Signior Pandulfo?* Ile be with him ſtraight, Attend your miſtris and the Gentleman. *Exit.*

Wife. When do you ſhew thoſe peeces?

Fuſt. I, when do you ſhew thoſe peeces?

Omn. Preſently ſir, preſently, we are but charging them.

Fuſt. Come ſirra: you Flat-cap, where be theſe whites?

Geor. Flat-cap: harke in your eare ſir, y'are a flat foole, an Aſſe, a Gull, and I'le thrum you: do you ſee this cambrick ſir?

Fuſt. Sfoot Cuz, a good jeſt, did you heare him? he told me in my eare, I was a flat Foole, an Aſſe,

a Gull, and Ile thrum you: do you ſee this Cambrick ſir?

Wife. What, not my men, I hope?

Fuſt. No, not your men, but one of your men ifaith.

1. *Pr.* I pray ſir, come hither, what ſay you to this? here's an excellent good one.

Fuſt. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off ſome halfe ſcore yards.

2. *Pren.* Let your whores cut, y'are an impudent coxcombe, you get none, and yet Ile thrum you,—A very good Cambrick ſir.

Fuſt. Agen, agen, as God judge me: Sfoot Cuz, they ſtand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

2. *Pren.* A word I pray ſir, you muſt not be angry, Prentiſes have hot bloods, young fellowes,—What ſay you to this peece? Looke you, 'tis ſo delicate, ſo ſoft, ſo even, ſo fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fuſt. Sfoot I think ſo, if a Knight marry my Punck, a Lady ſhall weare it: cut me off 20 yards: th'art an honeſt lad.

1. *Pren.* Not without monie, gull, and Ile thrum you too.

Omn. Gull, we'll thrum you.

Fuſt. O Lord ſiſter, did you not heare ſomething crie thump? zounds your men here make a plaine Aſſe of me.

Wife. What, to my face ſo impudent?

Georg. I, in a cauſe ſo honeſt, we'll not ſuffer
Our Maiſters goods to vaniſh mony leſſe.

Wife. You will not ſuffer them.

2. *Pren.* No, and you may bluſh,
In going about to vex ſo mild a breaſt,
As is our Maiſters.

Wife. Take away thoſe pieces.
Cozen, I give them freely.

Fuſt. Maſſe, and Ile take 'em as freely.

Omn. We'll make you lay 'em downe againe more freely.

Wife. Help, help, my brother wil be murdered.

Enter Cam.

Can. How now, what coile is here? forbeare, I ſay.

Geor. He cals us Flatcaps, and abuſes us.

Cand. Why, ſirs? do ſuch examples flow from me?

Wife. They are of your keeping ſir, alas poore brother.

Fuſt. I faith they ha pepperd me, ſiſter: look, doſt not ſpin? call you theſe Prentiſes? Ile nere play at cards more when clubs is trump: I have a goodly coxcomb, ſiſter, have I not?

Cand. Siſter and brother, brother to my wife.

Fuſt. If you have any skill in Heraldry, you may ſoon know that, break but her pate, and you ſhall ſee her blood and mine is all one.

Cand. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon: Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen?

Fuſt. Becauſe it's a common thing to call Coz, and Ningle now adayes all the world over.

Cand. Cozen! A name of much deceit, folly, and ſin,
For under that common abuſed word,
Many an honeſt tempred Citizen
Is made a monſter, and his wife train'd out
To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fuſt. Troth brother, my ſiſter would needs ha me take upon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double Gulles on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman? blabbing now you foole?

Cand. O my wife did but exerciſe a jeſt upon your wit.

Fuſt. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of ſence afford,
The name of Cozen is a bloudy word,

Fuſt. Ile nere call Coz againe whilſt I live, to

have ſuch a coyle about it: this ſhould be a Coronation day; for my head runs Claret luſtily.

Exit. *Enter an Officer.*

Cand. Go wiſh the Surgeon to have great reſpect. How now, my friend, what, do they ſit to day?

Offi. Yes ſir, they expect you at the Senate-houſe.

Can. I thanke your paines, Ile not be laſt man there. *Exit Offi.*

My gowne, *George*, go, my gowne. A happy land,
Where grave men meet each cauſe to underſtand,
Whoſe conſciences are not cut out in bribes,
To gull the poore mans right: but in even ſcales,
Peize rich and poore, without corruptions veyles.
Come, where's the gowne?

Geor. I cannot find the key ſir.

Cand. Requeſt it of your Miſtreſſe.

Wife. Come not to me for any key.
Ile not be troubled to deliver it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble, but for my gowne.

Wife. Mothes ſwallow downe your gowne:
You ſet my teeth on edge with talking on't.

Cand. Nay prithee, ſweet, I cannot meet without it,
I ſhould have a great fine ſet on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb: tuſh, fine me no fines.

Cand. Beleeve me (ſweet) none greets the Senate-houſe,
Without his robe of reverence, that's his Gowne.

Wife. Well then y'are like to croſſe that cuſtome once,
You get nor key, nor gowne, and ſo depart:
This trick will vex him ſure, and fret his heart.

Exit.

Cand. Stay, let me ſee, I muſt have ſome deuice,
My cloake's too ſhort: fye, fye, no cloke will do't:
It muſt be ſomething faſhioned like a gowne,

With my armes out: oh *George*, come hither *George*:
I prithee lend me thine advice.

Geor. Troth ſir, were it any but you, they would breake open cheſt.

Can. O no, break open cheſt! that's a theeves office:
Therein you counſell me againſt my bloud:
'Twould ſhew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to embrace. Maſſe, I have got it:
Go, ſtep up, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,
The ſaddeſt colour'd Carpet, honeſt *George*,
Cut thou a hole i'th'middle for my necke,
Two for mine armes, nay prithee look not ſtrange.

Geo. I hope you do not thinke ſir, as you meane.

Cand. Prithee about it quickly, the houre chides me:
Warily *George*, ſoftly, take heed of eyes, *Exit George.*
Out of two evils hee's accounted wiſe,
That can pick out the leaſt; the Fine impos'd
For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'bove foure.
Thus have I choſen the leſſer evill yet,
Preſerv'd my patience, foyl'd her deſperate wit.

Geo. Here, ſir, here's the Carpet. *Enter George.*

Cand. O well done, *George*, wee'l cut it juſt i' th' midſt:
Tis very well I thank thee, helpe it on.

Geor. It muſt come over your head, ſir, like a wenches peticoat.

Cand. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it muſt indeed.
Fetch me a night-cap: for Ile gird it cloſe,
As if my health were queazy: 'twill ſhew well
For a rude careleſſe night-gowne, wil't not think'ſt?

Geor. Indifferent well, ſir, for a night-gowne, being girt and pleated.

Cand. I, and a night-cap on my head.

Ge. That's true ſir, Ile run and fetch one, and a ſtaffe. *Ex. Ge.*

Can. For thus they cannot chuſe but conſter it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparrell without appetite,
And puts on heedleſſe raiment without forme.
Enter Geo.
So, ſo, kind *George*, be ſecret now: and prithee do not laugh at me till I'me out of ſight.

Geo. I laugh? not I ſir.

Cand. Now to the Senate-houſe:
Methinkes, Ide rather weare, without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. *Exit.*

Geo. Now, looks my M. juſt like one of our carpet knights, only he's ſomewhat the honeſter of the two.
Enter Candidoes wife.

Wife. What, is your Maiſter gone?

Geo. Yes forſooth, his backe is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in his cloake? did he not vex and ſweare?

Geor. No, but hee'l make you ſweare anon: no, indeed, he went away like a lambe.

Wife. Key ſinke to hell; ſtill patient, patient ſtill! I am with child to vex him: prithee *George*,
If e're thou look'ſt for favour at my hands,
Uphold one jeſt for me.

Geo. Againſt my maſter?

Wi. Tis a meere jeſt in fayth: ſay wilt thou doo't?

Ge. Well, what iſt?

Wife. Here, take this key, thou know'ſt where all things lie.
Put on thy Maſters beſt apparell, Gowne,
Chaine, Cap, Ruffe, every thing, be like himſelfe,
And 'gainſt his comming home, walke in the ſhop,
Fayne the ſame carriage, and his patient looke,
Twill breed but a jeſt thou know'ſt, ſpeake, wilt thou?

Geo. Twill wrong my maſters patience.

Wife. Prythee *George.*

Geor. Well, if you'l ſave me harmleſſe, and put me under covert barne, I am content to pleaſe you, provided it may breed no wrong againſt him.

Wife. No wrong at all: here take the Key, be gone:
If any vex him, this: if not this, none. *Exeunt.*

SCENA VIII.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger*, *Roger*, where's your miſtris, where's your miſtris? there's the fineſt, neateſt Gentleman at my houſe, but newly come over: Oh where is ſhe, where is ſhe, where is ſhe?

Rog. My miſtris is abroad, but not amongſt 'em: my miſtris is not the whore now that you take her for.

Bawd. How? is ſhe not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger?* you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Rog. I tell you, *Madona Finger-locke*, I am not ſad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three and thirty dayes: I had wont to get ſixteene pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras: but now thoſe dayes are paſt. We had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke*, ſhe within dores, and I without, as any poore yong couple in *Millan*.

Bawd. Gods my life, and is ſhe chang'd now?

Rog. I ha loſt by her ſqueamiſhneſſe, more then would have builded twelve bawdy houſes.

Baw. And had ſhe no time to turn honeſt but now? what a vile woman is this? twenty pound a night, Ile be ſworne, *Roger*, in good gold and no ſilver: why here was a time, if ſhe ſhould ha pickt out a time, it could not be better! gold enough ſtirring; choice of men, choice of haire, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing: it cannot ſink into my head, that ſhe ſhould be ſuch an Aſſe. *Roger*, I never beleeve it.

Rog. Here ſhe comes now. *Enter Bellafronte.*

Baw. O ſweet *Madona*, on with your looſe gowne,

your felt and your fether, there's the ſweeteſt, propreſt, gallanteſt Gentleman at my houſe, he ſmells all of Muske and Amber greece, his pocket full of crownes, flame-coloured doublet, red ſatin hoſe, Carnation ſilk ſtockings, and a leg and a body, oh!

Bell. Hence, thou our ſexes monſter, poyſonous Bawd,
Luſts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Goſſip of hell: were all the Harlots ſinnes
Which the whole world containes, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art baſeſt.
What ſerpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is deteſtable: for thou liv'ſt
Upon the dregs of Harlots, guard'ſt the dore,
Whilſt couples goe to dauncing: O courſe devill!
Thou art the baſtards curſe, thou brandſt his birth,
The lechers French diſeaſe: for thou dry-fuckſt him:
The Harlots poyſon, and thine owne confuſion.

Baw. Mary come up with a pox, have you no body to raile againſt, but your Bawd now?

Bell. And you, knave Pandar, kinſman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bell. Of the ſame blood and making, neere allied,
Thou, that ſlave to ſixpence, baſe mettal'd villaine.

Rog. Sixpence? nay that's not ſo: I never tooke under two ſhillings foure-pence, I hope I knowmy fee.

Bell. I know not againſt which moſt to inveigh:
For both of you are damn'd ſo equally.
Thou neuer ſpar'ſt for oathes, ſwear'ſt any thing,
As if thy ſoule were made of ſhoe-leather.
God dam me, Gentlemen, if ſhe be within,
When in the next roome ſhe's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to ſweare, every man in his vocation: I hope my betters ſwear and dam themſelves, and why ſhould not I?

Bell. *Roger*, you cheat kind Gentlemen.

Rog. The more gulles they.

Bell. Slave, I caſheer thee.

Baw. And you doe caſheer him, he ſhall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shall I? then blurt a your ſervice.

Bell. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you! I dare the divell himſelfe to match thoſe two. *Exit.*

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne ſo holy, ſo pure, ſo honeſt with a pox?

Rog. Scurvie honeſt Punck! but ſtay *Madona*, how muſt our agreement be now? for you know I am to have all the commings in at the hall dore, and you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True *Rog.* except my vailes.

Rog. Vailes, what vailes?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, and light to lie downe a little, then *Roger* that's my fee, and you may walk abroad; for the Coach-man himſelfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a ſo? in truth I have almoſt forgot, for want of exerciſe: But how if I fetch this Citizens wife to that Gull, and that *Madona* to that Gallant, how then?

Ba. Why then, *Roger*, you are to have ſixpence a lane, ſo many lanes, ſo many ſixpences.

Ro. Iſt ſo? then I ſee we two ſhall agree and live together.

Ba. I *Roger*, ſo long as there be any Tavernes and bawdy houſes in Millain. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IX.

Enter Bellafronte *with Lute, Pen, inke, and paper being placed before her.*

Song.

THe Courtiers flattering Jewels,
(Temptations onely fuels)
The Lawyers ill-got monies,
That ſuck up poore Bees Honyes:
The Citizens ſonne's ryot,
The gallant coſtly dyet:

Silks and Velvets, Pearles and Ambers,
Shall not draw me to their Chambers.
Silks and Velvets, &c. Shee writes.

Oh 'tis in vaine to write: it wil not pleaſe,
Inke on this paper would ha but preſented
The foule blacke ſpots that ſtick upon my ſoule,
And rather make me loathſomer, then wrought
My loves impreſſion in *Hipolitoes* thought.
No, I muſt turne the chaſte leaves of my breſt,
And pick out ſome ſweet means to breed my reſt.
Hipolito, beleeve me I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Mathæo, Caſtruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.

Mat. You, goody Puncke, *ſubaudi* Cockatrice, O yare a ſweet whore of your promiſe, are you not think you? how well you came to ſupper to us laſt night; mew, a whore and breake her word! nay you may bluſh, and hold downe your head at it well enough: Sfoot, aske theſe Gallants if we ſtaid not till we were as hungry as Sergeants.

Flu. I, and their Yeomen too.

Caſtr. Nay faith *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you forgat your ſelfe too much: we had excellent cheere, rare vintage, and were drunke after ſupper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcocks (ſweete Rogue) a brace of Gulles, dwelling here in the City, came in, and paid all the ſhot.

Mat. Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:
I pray depart the houſe: beſhrew the doore
For being ſo eaſily intreated: faith,
I lent but little eare unto your talke,
My minde was buſied otherwiſe in troth,
And ſo your words did unregarded paſſe:
Let this ſuffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was ! no Ile be ſworne thou art not : for thou wert honeſt at five, and now th'art a Puncke at fifteene : thou wert yeſterday a ſimple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching baggage to day.

Bell. I'le ſay Ime worſe, I pray forſake me then,
I doe deſire you leave me, Gentlemen.
And leave your ſelves : O be not what you are,
(Spend-thrifts of ſoule and body)
Let me perſwade you to forſake all Harlots,
Worſe then the deadlieſt poyſons, they are worſe :
For o're their ſoules hangs an eternall curſe,
In being ſlaves to ſlaves, their labours periſh,
Th'are ſeldome bleſt with fruit ; for ere it bloſſoms,
Many a worme confounds it.
They have no iſſue but foule ugly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graves :
For ſtead of children, they breed ranke diſeaſes,
And all you Gallants can beſtow on them,
Is that French Infant, which ne'r acts, but ſpeakes :
What ſhallow ſonne and heire then, fooliſh gallant,
Would waſte all his inheritance, to purchaſe
A filthy loath'd diſeaſe ? and pawne his body
To a dry evill : that uſurie's worſt of all,
When th'Intreſt will eate out the Principall.

Mat. Sfoot. ſhe gulles em the beſt : this is alwaies her faſhion, when ſhe would be rid of any company that ſhee cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

Flu. Whats heere ? Inſtructions, Admonitions, and Caveats ? Come out, you ſcabbard of Vengeance.

Mat. *Fluello*, ſpurne your hounds when they foiſte, you ſhal not ſpurne my Puncke, I can tell you my blood is vext.

Flu. Pox a your blood : make it a quarrell.

Mat. Y'are a ſlave, will that ſerve turne ?

Omnes. Sblood, hold, hold.

Caſt. *Mathæo*, *Fluello*, for ſhame put up.

Bell. O how many thus
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out

Their ſoules in brothell houſes, fell downe and died
Juſt at their harlots foot, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. *Mathæo*, we ſhall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, ſaving at Church:
Pray take heede we meete not there.

Flu. Adue Damnation.

Caſtr. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pia. There's more deceit in women, then in hell.
Exeunt.

Mat. Ha, ha, thou doſt gull em ſo rarely, ſo naturally: if I did not thinke thou hadſt beene in earneſt: thou art a ſweete Rogue for't yfaith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, ſignior *Mathæo*?
I pray depart my houſe: you may beleeve me,
In troth I have no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How is this?

Bell. Indeed I love you not: but hate you worſe
Then any man, becauſe you were the firſt
Gave money for my ſoule: you brake the Ice,
Which after turnd a puddle; I was led
By your temptation to be miſerable:
I pray ſeeke out ſome other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray ſeeke out none at all.

Mat. Is't poſſible to be impoſſible! an honeſt whore! I have heard many honeſt Wenches turne Strumpets with a wet finger, but for a Harlot to turne honeſt, is one of *Hercules* Labours. It was more eaſie for him in one night to make fifty queanes, then to make one of them honeſt againe in fifty yeares. Come, I hope thou doſt but jeſt.

Bell. Tis time to leave off jeſting, I had almoſt
Jeſted away ſalvation: I ſhall love you,
If you will ſoone forſake me.

Mat. God be with thee.

Bell. O tempt no more women:
Shunne their weighty curſe,
Women (at beſt) are bad, make them not worſe
You gladly ſeeke our Sexes overthrow:
But not to raiſe our States for all your wrongs:
Will you vouchſafe me but due recompence,

To marry with me?

Mat. How! marry with a Puncke, a Cockatrice, a Harlot? mary foh, Ile be burnt thorow the noſe firſt.

Bell. Why la? theſe are your othes: you love to undoe us,
To put heaven from us, whilſt our beſt houres waſte:
You love to make us lewd, but never chaſte.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this: this ground upon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy religion. *Exit.*

Bell. Thy Luſt and Sinne ſpeake ſo much:
Go thou my ruine,
The firſt fall my ſoule tooke; by my example
I hope few maidens now will put their heads
Under mens girdles: who leaſt truſts, is moſt wiſe:
Mens othes doe caſt a miſt before our eyes,
My beſt of wit, be ready, now I goe,
By ſome device to greet *Hipolito.*

SCENA X.

Enter a ſervant ſetting out a Table, on which he places a Scull, a Picture, a Booke, and a Taper.

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now muſt I to my huſwifry: would I had beene created a Shoomaker, for all the Gentle-craft are Gentlemen every Monday by their Coppie, and ſcorne (then) to worke one true ſtitch. My maſter means ſure to turne me into a ſtudent, for heere's my Booke, here my Deske, here my Light, this my cloſe chamber, and heere my Puncke: ſo that this dull drowſie firſt day of the weeke, makes me halfe a Prieſt, halfe a Chaundler, halfe a Painter, halfe a Sexton, I and halfe a Bawd: for all this day my office is to doe nothing but keepe the doore. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman (ſo ſoone as ever my backe is turnd) will be naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windows ſhut?

Ser. Cloſe ſir, as the fiſt of a Courtier that hath ſtood in three reignes.

Hip. Thou art a faithfull ſervant, and obſerv'ſt
The Kalender, both of my ſolemne vowes,
And ceremonious ſorrow: Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the ſound
Of any womans voice pierce through that doore.

Ser. If they doe (my Lord) Ile pierce ſome of them: What will your Lordſhip have to breakfaſt?

Hip. Sighs.

Ser. What to dinner?

Hip. Teares.

Ser. The one of them (my Lord) will fill you too full of wind, the other wet you too much. What to ſupper?

Hip. That which now thou canſt not get me, the conſtancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then ever was Oſtend.

Hip. Prethee away.

Ser. Ile make away my ſelfe preſently, which few ſervants will doe for their Lords; but rather helpe to make them away: Now to my doore-keeping, I hope to picke ſomething out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My *Infelices* face, her brow, her eie,
The dimple on her cheeke: and ſuch ſweet skill,
Hath from the cunning workmans pencill flowne,
Theſe lips looke freſh and lively as her owne,
Seeming to move and ſpeake. Las! now I ſee,
The reaſon why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read,
Falſe colours laſt after the true be dead.
Of all the Roſes grafted on her cheekes,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the Muſicke ſet upon her tongue,
Of all that was paſt womans excellence,
In her white boſome; look! a painted boord,
Circumſcribes all: Earth can no bliſſe affoord.
Nothing of her but this? this cannot ſpeake,
It has no lap for me to reſt upon,
No lip worth taſting: here the wormes will feed,
As in her coffin: hence then idle Art,

True love's beſt pictur'd in a true-loves heart.
Here art thou drawne ſweet maide, till this be dead,
So that thou liv'ſt twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here?
Perhaps this ſhrewd pate was mine enemies:
Las! ſay it were: I need not feare him now:
For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
His frownes (tho dagger-pointed) all his plot,
(Tho ne're ſo miſchievous) his *Italian* pilles,
His quarrels, and (that common fence) his law,
See, ſee, they're all eaten out; here's not left one:
How cleane they're pickt away! to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals then to reare great names
On tops of ſwelling houſes? or to weare out
Their fingers ends (in durt) to ſcrape up gold!
Not caring ſo (that ſumpter-horſe) the backe
Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what courſe
Yea rags moſt beggarly, they cloath the ſoule:
Yet (after all) their *Gayneſſe* lookes thus foule.
What fooles are men to build a gariſh tombe,
Onely to ſave the carcaſe whilſt it rots,
To maintain't long in ſtinking, make good carrion,
But leave no good deeds to preſerve them found,
For good deeds keep men ſweet, long above ground,
And muſt all come to this; fooles, wife, all hither,
Muſt all heads thus at laſt be laid together:
Draw me my picture then, thou grave neate workeman,
After this faſhion, not like this; theſe colours
In time kiſſing but aire, will be kiſt off:
But here's a fellow; that which he layes on,
Till doomes day, alters not complexion:
Death's the beſt Painter then: They that draw ſhapes,
And live by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes.
They come but neere the life, and there they ſtay,
This fellow drawes life too: his Art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his ſervant.

Ser. Here's a perſon would ſpeake with you Sir.
Hip. Hah!

Ser. A Parſon, ſir, would ſpeake with you.

Hip. Vicar?

Ser. Vicar? no ſir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? of man or woman? locke the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, 'tis a male-varlet ſure my Lord, for a womans tayler ne're meaſur'd him,

Hip. Let him give thee his meſſage and be gone.

Ser. Hee ſayes hee's Signior *Matheoes* man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How doſt thou know it?

Ser. Cauſe has nere a beard: 'tis his boy I thinke, ſir, whoſo-e're paid for his nurſing.

Hip. Send him and keepe the dore. *Reads.*

Fata ſi liceat mihi,
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem Zephyro levi vela.

Ide ſaile were I to chooſe, not in the Ocean,
Cedars are ſhaken, when ſhrubs do feele no bruize.

Enter Bellafront like a Page.

How? from *Mathæo*?

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Art ſick?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do:

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooe.

Hip. This paper does ſpeake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,
Matter of life it ſpeakes, and therefore writ
In hidden character, to me inſtruction
My Maiſter gives, and (leſſe you pleaſe to ſtay
Till you both meet) I can the text diſplay.

Hip. Do ſo; read out.

Bell. I am already out:

Looke on my face, and read the ſtrangeſt ſtory!

Hip. What villaine, ho? *Enter his ſervant.*

Ser. Call you my Lord?

Hip. Thou ſlave, thou haſt let in the devil.

Ser. Lord bleſſe us, where? hee's not cloven my Lord that I can ſee: beſides the divell goes more like a Gentleman than a Page, good my Lord *Boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou haſt let in a woman, in mans ſhape. And thou art damn'd for't.

Ser. Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my rapier,—do not: I ſhall kill thee. Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runnes upon me thus: Slave: thruſt her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I ſhall never be able to thruſt her hence without helpe: come Mer-maid you muſt to Sea agen.

Bell. Here me but ſpeake, my words ſhall be all muſick:
Heare me but ſpeake.

Hip. Another beates the dore,
T'other Shee-devill, looke.

Ser. Why then hell's broke looſe. *Exit.*

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come on,
One woman ſerves for man's damnation.
Beſhrew thee, thou doſt make me violate,
The chaſteſt and moſt ſanctimonious vow,
That e're was entred in the court of heaven:
I was on meditations ſpotleſſe wings,
Upon my journey thither; like a ſtorme
Thou beatſt my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground: and like a theefe doſt ſtand,
To ſteale devotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother; if thy heart,
Be not all Marble (or if't Marble be)
Let my teares ſoften it, to pittie me,
I do beſeech thee do not thus with ſcorne,
Deſtroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beſeech thee,
Get thee ſome other ſuite, this fits thee not:
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot love thee, nor I muſt not: See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my ſoule's bound in heavie penalties.

Bell. Shee's dead you told me, ſhe'le let fall her ſuite.

Hip. My vowes to her, fled after her to heaven,
Were thine eyes cleare as mine, thou mightſt behold her,
Watching upon yon battlements of Starres,
How I obſerve them: ſhould I breake my bond,
This boord would rive in twaine, theſe wooden lippes
Call me moſt perjur'd villaine, let it ſuffice,
I ha ſet thee in the path; iſt not a ſigne
I love thee, when with one ſo moſt moſt deare,
Ile have thee fellowes? All are fellowes there.

Bell. Be greater then a King, ſave not a body,
But from eternall ſhipwracke keepe a ſoule,
If not, and that againe, ſinnes path I tread,
The griefe be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Staie and take Phiſick for it, read this booke,
Aske counſell of this head what's to be done,
He'le ſtrike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you turne Turke againe, oh do it not,
Tho heaven cannot allure you to doe well,
From doing ill let hell fright you: and learne this,
The ſoule whoſe boſome Luſt did never touch,
Is Gods faire Bride, and maidens ſoules are ſuch:
The ſoule that leaving Chaſtities white ſhore,
Swims in hot ſenſuall ſtreames, is the divels whore.
How now, who comes? *Enter his ſervant.*

Ser. No more knaves my Lord that weare ſmocks: heeres a letter from Doctor *Benedict*: I would not enter his man, tho he had haires at his mouth, for feare he ſhould be a woman, for ſome women have beards, mary they are halfe witches. Slid you are a ſweet youth to weare a cod-peece, and have no pins to ſticke upon it.

Hip. Ile meet the Doctor, tell him, yet to night
I cannot: but at morrow riſing Sunne
I will not faile: goe woman, fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Bell. The loweſt fall can be but into hell:
It does not move him I muſt therefore fly
From this undoing Cittie, and with teares
Waſh off all anger from my fathers brow,
He cannot ſure but joy, ſeeing me new borne,
A woman honeſt firſt, and then turne whore,
Is (as with me) common to thouſands more:
But from a ſtrumpet to turne chaſte, that ſound
Has oft beene heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit.*

11. SCE. *Enter Fuſtigo, Crambo, and Poli.*

Fu. Hold up your hands gentlemen, here's one, two, three: (nay I warrant they are ſound Piſtols, and without flawes. I had them of my ſiſter (and I know ſhe uſes to put nothing that's crackt) foure, five, ſixe, ſeaven, eight and nine, by this hand bring me but a peece of his blood, and you ſhall have nine more: Ile lurke in a Taverne not farre off, and provide ſupper to cloſe up the end of the Tragedy: The Linnen-Drapers remember, ſtand to't, I beſeech you, and play your parts perfectly.

Cra. Looke you ſignior, tis not your gold that wee weigh.

Fuſt. Nay, nay, weigh it and ſpare not, if it lacke one graine of corne, Ile give you a buſhell of wheate to make it up.

Cram. But by your favour ſignior, which of the ſervants is it, becauſe we'll puniſh juſtly.

Fuſti. Mary 'tis the head man, you ſhall taſt him by his tongue, a prettie tall prating fellow, with a Tuſcalonian beard.

Poli. Tuſcalonian! very good.

Fuſt. Gods life, I was ne'r ſo thrumbed ſince I was a Gentleman: my coxcombe was dry beaten, as if my haire had beene hemp.

Cram. We'll dry beate ſome of them.

Fuſt. Nay, it grew ſo high, that my ſiſter cried out murder, very manfully: I have her conſent (in a manner) to have him pepperd: elſe Ile not doo't, to win more then ten cheaters do at a rifling: breake but his pate, or ſo, only his mazer, becauſe Ile have his head in a cloth as well as mine, he's a Linnen Draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine Action of Batterie againſt him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the Lawiers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but inſconce your ſelfe 'ith Taverne, provide no great cheare, a couple of Capons, ſome Feſants, Plovers, an Oringeado-pie, or ſo: but how bloodie ſoere the day be, ſally you not forth.

Fuſt. No, no, nay if I ſtir, ſome bodie ſhall ſtinke: Ile not budge: Ile lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Wel, wel, to the Taverne, let not our ſupper be raw, for you ſhall have blood enough, your belly full.

Fuſt. Thats all, ſo god ſa me, I thirſt after, blood for blood, bump for bump, noſe for noſe, head for head, plaiſter for plaiſter, and ſo farewell: what ſhall I call your names becauſe Ile leave word, if any ſuch come to the Barre?

Cram. My name is Corporall *Crambo.*

Poh. And mine, Lieutenant *Poh.* *Exeunt.*

Cram. *Poli* is as tall a man as ever opened Oiſter:

I would not be the Divell to meete *Poh*, Farewell.

Fuſt. Nor I, by this light, if *Poh* be ſuch a *Poh.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Candidoes wife in her Shop, and the two Prentiſes.

Wife. Whats a clocke now?

2. *Pren.* Tis almoſt twelve.

Wife. That's well,

The Senate will leave wording prefently :
But is *George* ready ?

2. *Pren.* Yes forſooth, he's furbuſht.

Wife. Now as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and reſpects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maiſter,
Let not your lookes betray it with a ſmile,
Or jeering glaunce to any cuſtomer,
Keepe a true ſetled countenance ; and beware
You laugh not whatſoe'r you heare or ſee.

2. *Pren.* I warrant you miſtris, let us alone for keeping our countenance : for if I liſt, theres neuer a foole in all *Milaine* ſhal make me laugh, let him play the foole neuer ſo like an aſſe, whether it be the fat Court foole, or the leane Citty foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe *George.*

2. *Pren.* I heare him comming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, let me ſee
How courtſie would become him : gallantly !
Beſhrew my bloud, a proper ſeemely man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thanke you Miſtris, my back's broad enough, now my Maſters gown's on.

Wife. Sure, I ſhould thinke twere the leaſt of ſin,
To miſtake the Maſter, and to let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of Errors that ifaith.

2. *Pren.* Whiſt, whiſt, my Maſter.

Enter Candido, and Exit prefently.

Wife. You all know your tasks : Gods my life !
What's that he has got on's backe ? who can tell ?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man,
What, has he loſt his cloake too ?
This is the maddeſt faſhion that ere I ſaw.
What ſaid he *George* when he paſſed by thee ?

Geor. Troth miſtris nothing : not ſo much as a Bee, he did not hum : not ſo much as a bawd, he did not hem : not ſo much as a Cuckold, he did not ha : neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely ſtared me in the face, paſſed along, and made haſte in, as if my lookes had wrought with him, to give him a ſtoole.

Wi. Sure hee's vext now, this trick has mov'd his ſpleene,
Hee's angerd now, becauſe he uttred nothing :
And wordleſſe wrath breakes out more violent,
May be hee'l ſtrive for place, when he comes downe :
But if thou loveſt me *George*, afford him none.

Geo. Nay let me alone to play my maſters prize, as long as my miſtris warrants me : I am ſure I have his beſt clothes on, and I ſcorne to give place to any that is inferiour in apparell to me, that's an Axiome, a Principle, and is obſerv'd as much as the faſhion ; let that perſwade you then, that Ile ſhoulder with him for the upper hand in the ſhop, as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wife. Spoke with the ſpirit of a Maiſter, though with the tongue of a Prentiſe.

Enter Candido *like a Prentiſe.*

Why how now mad-man, what in your trickſi-coats ?

Cand. O peace good miſtris.

Enter Crambo *and* Poli.

See what you lacke, what is't you buy ? pure Callicoes, fine Hollands, choiſe Cambrickes, neate Lawnes : ſee what you buy : pray come neare, my maiſter will uſe you well, he can afford you a penny-worth.

Wife. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne ifaith.

Cand. Pray ſee your choice here Gentlemen.

Wife. O fine foole ! what, a mad-man ! a patient madman ! who ever heard of the like ? Well ſir, Ile fit you and your humour preſently : what, croſſe points !

Ile untie em all in a trice, Ile vex you ifaith : boy, take your cloke, quick, come. *Exit.*

Cand. Be covered *George*, this Chaine and welted gowne
Bare to this coate : then the world's upſide downe.

George. Umh, umh, hum.

Cram. That's the ſhop, and there's the fellow.

Poh. I but the maſter is walking in there.

Cram. No matter, wee'l in.

Poh. Sbloud, doſt long to lie in Limbo ?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you, Gentlemen, your choice : Cambrickes ?

Cram. No ſir, ſome ſhirting.

Cand. You ſhall.

Cram. Have you none of this ſtrip'd Canvas for doublets ?

Cand. None ſtrip'd ſir, but plaine.

2. *Pren.* I thinke there be one peece ſtrip'd within.

Geo. Step ſirra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, Ile make but one ſpreading, here's a peece of cloth, fine, yet ſhall weare like iron, tis without fault, take this upon my word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better than you ſirra.

Cand. I, and a number more : O that each ſoule
Where but as ſpotleſſe as this innocent white,
And had as few brakes in it.

Cram. Twould have ſome then :
There was a fray here laſt day in this ſhop.

Cand. There was indeed, a little flea-biting.

Poh. A Gentleman had his pate broke :
Call you that but a flea-biting ?

Cand. He had ſo.

Cram. Zounds do you ſtand to it ? *He ſtrikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot, clubs, clubs, prentices, downe with em, Ah you rogues, ſtrike a Citizen in's ſhop ?

Can. None of you ſtirre I pray, forbeare good *George.*

Cram. I beſeech you ſir, wee miſtooke our markes, deliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds ſir, cry clubs.

Cand. I ſay you ſhall not, pray be patient,
Give them their weapons : ſirs, y'are beſt be gone,
I tell you here are boyes more tough then Beares :
Hence, leſt more fiſts doe walke about your eares.

Both. We thanke you ſir. *Exeunt.*

Cand. You ſhall not follow them :
Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,
Troth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,
I thanke em for't : beſides, I had decreed
To have a veine prickt, I did meane to bleed :
So that there's monie ſav'd : they are honeſt men,
Pray uſe 'em well, when they appeare agen.

George. Yes ſir, wee'l uſe 'em like honeſt men.

Cand. I, well ſaid *George*, like honeſt men, tho they be arrant knaves, for that's the phraſe of the Citie ; helpe to lay up theſe wares.

Enter his wife with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he ſtands.

Off. What in a Prentices coate ?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heede.

Cand. How now ! what news with them ?
What make they with my wife ?
Officers, is ſhe attach'd ? Looke to your wares.

Wife. He talkes to himſelfe : oh hee's much gone indeed.

Off. Pray plucke up a good heart, be not ſo feare-full :
Sirs hearke, wee'l gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees I pray : Oh me !
What makes he with the Lawne in his hand ?
Hee'l teare all the ware in my ſhop.

Off. Feare not, wee'l catch him on a ſudden.

Wife. You had need do ſo, pray take heed of your warrant.

Off. I warrant miſtris : Now ſignior *Candido*.

Cand. Now ſir, what news with you ſir?

Wife. What news with you he ſaies? Oh hee's far gone!

Off. I pray feare nothing, let's alone with him, Signior, you looke not like your ſelfe me thinkes, (Steale you a tother ſide,) y'are chang'd, y'are altred.

Cand. Chang'd ſir, why true ſir, is change ſtrange, tis not the faſhion unleſſe it alter. Monarkes turne to beggars, beggars creepe into the neſts of Princes, maſters ſerve their Prentices, Ladies their ſerving-men, men to turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.

Can. I, and women turne to men, you ſay true, ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Off. Have we caught you ſir?

Cand. Caught me! well, well, you have caught me.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

George. A reſcue (prentiſes) my maſters catch-pol'd.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or have your legs 'gartered with yrons, we have from the Duke a warrant ſtrong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray reſt quiet, I deſire no reſcue.

Wife. La, he deſires no reſcue, las poore heart, He talkes againſt himſelfe.

Cand. Well, what's the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme,
Pray make ſure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why, why?

Wife. Look how his head goes, ſhould he get but looſe,
Oh twere as much as all our lives were worth.

Off. Feare not, we'll make all ſure for our owne ſafetie.

Cand. Are you at leiſure now? well, what's the matter?
Why doe I enter into bonds thus? ha!

Off. Becauſe y'are mad, put feare upon your wife.

Wife. O I, I went in danger of my life every minute.

Cand. What, am I mad ſay you, and I not know it?

Off. That prooves you mad, becauſe you know it not.

Wife. Pray talke to him as little as you can,
You ſee he's too farre ſpent.

Cand. Bound with ſtrong cord,
A ſiſters threed yfaith had beene enough,
To lead me any where: wife, doe you long?
You are mad too, or elſe you doe me wrong.

George. But are you mad indeed maiſter?

Cand. My wife ſaies ſo,
And what ſhe ſaies *George*, is all truth you know:
And whither now, to Bethlem monaſterie, ha! whither?

Off. Faith ee'n to the mad-mens pound.

Can. A God's name, ſtill I feele my patience ſound.
Exit.

Ge. Come we'l ſee whither he goes, if the maſter be mad, we are his ſervants, and muſt follow his ſteps, wee'l be mad-caps too: farewel miſtris, you ſhal have us all in Bedlam. *Exeunt.*

Wife. I thinke I have fitted you now, you and your cloths,
If this move not his patience, nothing can,
I'le ſweare then I have a Saint, and not a man.

SCENA XIII.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Caſtruchio, Pioratto.

Du. Give us a little leave; Doctor, your newes.

Doct. I ſent for him my Lord, at laſt he came,
And did receive all ſpeech that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health:
My credit with him wrought it: for ſome men
Swallow even empty hooks, like fooles that feare

No drowning where tis deepeſt, cauſe tis cleare:
In th'end we ſat and eat: a health I dranke
To *Infelices* ſweete departed ſoule,
This traine I knew would take.
Du. Twas excellent.
Doct. He fell with ſuch devotion on his knees.
To pledge the ſame.
Du. Fond ſuperſtitious foole!
Doct. That had he beene inflam'd with zeale of prayer,
He could not poure't out with more reverence:
About my neck he hung, wept on my cheeke,
Kiſt it, and ſwore he would adore my lippes,
Becauſe they brought forth *Infelices* name.
Du. Ha, ha, alacke, alacke.
Doct. The Cup he lifts up high, and thus he ſaid;
Here noble maid: drinks, and was poiſoned.
Du. And died?
Doct. And died, my Lord.
Du. Thou in that word
Haſt peec'd mine aged houres out with more yeares,
Then thou haſt taken from *Hipolito.*
A noble youth he was, but leſſer branches
Hindring the greaters growth, muſt be lopt off,
And feede the fire: Doctor we'are now all thine,
And uſe us ſo: be bold.
Doct. Thankes gracious Lord:
My honored Lord:
Du. Hum.
Doct. I doe beſeech your grace to bury deepe,
This bloodie act of mine.
Du. Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, looke you to't: me it ſhall not move,
The'yre curſt that ill do, not that ill doe love.
Do. You throw an angry forehead on my face:
But be you pleas'd backward thus far to looke,
That for your good, this evill I undertooke.
Du. I, I, we conſter ſo:
Doct. And onely for your love.

Du. Confeſt : tis true.
Doct. Nor let it ſtand againſt me as a bar,
To thruſt me from your preſence : nor beleeve
(As Princes haue quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not ſpare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can gold not do ?)
I may be hir'd to worke the like on you.
Du. Which to prevent.
Doct. Tis from my heart as far.
Du. No matter Doctor, cauſe Ile feareles ſleep,
And that you ſhall ſtand clear of that ſuſpition,
I baniſh thee for ever from my Court.
This principle is old, but true as Fate,
Kings may love treaſon, but the traitor hate. *Exit.*
Do. Iſt ſo ? nay then Duke, your ſtale principle,
With one as ſtale, the Doctor thus ſhall quit,
He fals himſelfe that digs anothers pit :
How now ! where is he ? will he not meet me ?

Enter the doctors man.

Doctors man. Meet you ſir, he might have met with three Fencers in this time, and have received leſſe hurt then by meeting one Doctor of Phiſicke : Why ſir, he has walkt under the old Abbey wall yonder this houre, till hee's more cold then a Cittizens countrie houſe in Janiuere, you may ſmell him behind ſir : la you, yonder he comes.
Do. Leave me. *Enter Hipolito.*
Do. man. Itch lurch if you will *Exit.*
Do. O my moſt noble friend !
Hip. Few but your ſelfe,
Could have intic'd me thus, to truſt the Aire
With my cloſe ſighs : you ſent for me, what news ?
Do. Come, you muſt doff this blacke, die that pale cheek
Into his owne colour, goe, attire you ſelfe
Freſh as a Bridegroome when he meets his Bride,
The Duke has done much treaſon to thy Love,

Tis now reveal'd, tis now to be reveng'd :
Be merrie, honour'd friend, thy Lady lives.
Hip. What Lady ?
Do. *Infælice*, ſhe's reviv'd,
Reviv'd : Alacke ! death never had the heart,
To take breath from her.
Hip. Umh : I thanke you ſir,
Phiſicke prolongs life, when it cannot ſave :
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave,
You doe ſome wrong to mocke me.
Do. By that love
Which I haue ever borne you, what I ſpeake
Is truth : the maiden lives, that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning, was all counterfet :
A ſleepie draught coſned the world and you :
I was his miniſter, and then chambred up,
To ſtop diſcoverie.
Hip. O treacherous Duke !
Do. He cannot hope ſo certainely for bliſſe,
As he beleeves that I have poiſon'd you :
He woo'd me too't, I yeelded, and confirm'd him
In his moſt bloodie thoughts.
Hip. A very deuill !
Do. Here did he cloſely coach to Bergamo,
And thither
Hip. Will I ride, ſtood Bergamo
In the Low Countries of blacke hell, Ile to her.
Do. You ſhall to her, but not to Bergamo :
How Paſſion makes you flie beyond your ſelfe ·
Much of that wearie journey I ha cut off,
For ſhe by letters hath intelligence,
Of your ſuppoſed death, her owne interment,
And all thoſe plots, which that falſe Duke her father
Has wrought againſt you ; and ſhee'l meete you.
Hip. O when ?
Doc. Nay ſee : how covetous are your deſires,
Earely to morrow morne.
Hip. O where good father ?

Doc. At Bethlem monaſterie: are you pleas'd now?

Hip. At Bethlem monaſterie! the place well fits,
It is the Schoole where thoſe that looſe their wits,
Practiſe againe to get them: I am ſicke
Of that diſeaſe, all Love is lunatike.

Doc. Wee'l ſteale away this night in ſome diſguiſe:
Father *Anſelmo*, a moſt reverend Frier,
Expects our comming, before whom wee'l lay
Reaſons ſo ſtrong, that he ſhall yeeld in bands
Of holy wedlocke to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is ſuch happineſſe,
That to beleeve it, tis impoſſible.

Doc. Let all your joyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reveale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am ſo well acquainted with deſpaire,
I know not how to hope: I beleeve all.

Doc. Wee'l hence this night, much muſt be done, much ſaid:
But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes,
Your Lady ſhall ere morning fill theſe armes.

Hipol. Heavenly Phiſitian! far thy fame ſhall ſpread,
That makſt two Lovers ſpeak when they be dead.

Exeunt.

Candido's wife, and George: Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch good *George*, watch which way the Duke comes.

Geo. Here comes one of the butter-flies, aske him.

Wife. Pray ſir, comes the Duke this way?

Pio. Hee's upon comming miſtris. *Exit.*

Wife. I thanke you ſir: *George*, are there many mad folkes where thy maiſter lies?

Geo. O yes, of all countries ſome, but eſpecially mad Greeks they ſwarme: troth miſtris, the world is altered with you, you had not wont to ſtand thus with

a paper humbly complaining: but you're well enough ſerv'd: provender prickt you, as it does many of our Cittie-wives beſides.

Wife. Doſt thinke *George* we ſhall get him forth?

George. Truly miſtris I cannot tel, I thinke you'l hardly get him forth: why tis ſtrange! Sfoot I haue knowne many women that haue had mad raſcalls to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means poſſible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame man into a madman, why the divell himſelfe was never uſde ſo by his dam.

Wife. How does he talke *George*! ha! good *George* tell me.

George. Why youre beſt goe ſee.

Wife. Alas, I am afraid.

George. Afraid! you had more need be aſham'd, he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But *George*, hee's not ſtarke mad, is he? he does not rave, he is not horne-mad, *George*, is he?

George. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Juſtice of peace, of a thouſand matters, and to no purpoſe.

Wife. Ile to the Monaſtery: I ſhal be mad till I enjoy him, I ſhall be ſicke untill I ſee him, yet when I doe ſee him, I ſhall weepe out mine eyes.

George. I, Ide faine ſee a woman weepe out her eyes, that's as true as to ſay, a mans cloake burnes, when it hangs in the water: I know you'l weepe miſtris, but what ſaies the painted cloth?

Truſt not a woman when ſhe cries,
For ſheel pumpe water from her eyes:
With a wet finger, and in faſter ſhowers,
Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wife. I but *George*, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying, all women have not teares at will, unleſſe they have good cauſe.

George. I but miſtris how eaſily will they finde a cauſe, and as one of our cheeſe-trenchers ſayes very learnedly:

As out of wormewood Bees ſucke Honey,
As from poore Clients Lawyers firke money.
As Parſley from a roſted cunny:
So, tho the day be ne'r ſo funny,
If wives will have it raine, downe then it drives,
The calmeſt husbands make the ſtormeſt wives.

Wife. Tame *George*, but I ha done ſtorming now.

Geo. Why that's well done: good miſtris, throw aſide this faſhion of your humour, be not ſo fantaſticall in wearing it: ſtorme no more, long no more. This longing has made you come ſhort of many a good thing that you might have had from my maiſter: Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezi.

Wife. O I beſeech you pardon my offence,
In that I durſt abuſe your Graces Warrant,
Deliver forth my husband, good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. *Candido* my Lord.

Duke. Where is he?

Wife. Hee's among the lunatickes,
He was a man made up without a gall,
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meeke bloud into fury, yet like a monſter,
I often beate at the moſt conſtant rocke
Of his unſhaken patience, and did long
To vex him.

Duke. Did you ſo?

Wife. And for that purpoſe,
Had warrant from your Grace, to carry him
To *Bethlem Monaſtery*, whence they will not free him,
Without your Graces hand that ſent him in.

Du. You haue longd faire, tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence, and keepe you there:
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

Geo. And pleaſe your Grace, hee's not ſtarke mad, but only talkes like a yong Gentleman, ſomewhat fantaſtically, that's all: there's a thouſand about your Court, City, and Country madder then he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you ſhall have our hand.
Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawne my Lord.
Duke. Get pen and inke, get pen and inke.
Enter Caſtruchio.
Caſt. Where is my Lord the Duke?
Duke. How now! more mad men?
Caſt. I haue ſtrange newes my Lord.
Duke. Of what? of whom?
Caſtr. Of *Infelice*, and a marriage.
Duke. Ha! where? with whom?
Caſt. *Hipolito.*
Geor. Here my Lord.
Du. Hence with that woman, void the roome.
Flu. Away, the Duke's vext.
Geo. Whoop, come miſtris, the Duke's mad too.
Du. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead? *Exeunt.*
Caſtr. He that can make any man dead, the doctor: but my Lord, hee's as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quicke: *Hipolito*, the Doctor, and one more rid hence this evening; the Inne at which they light is Bethlem monaſtery: *Infelice* comes from *Bergamo* and meets them there: *Hipolito* is mad, for he means this day to be married, the after noone is the houre, and Frier *Anfelmo* is the knitter.
Du. From *Bergamo*? iſt poſſible? it cannot be. It cannot be.
Caſt. I will not ſweare my Lord,
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whoſe braines worke in the plot.
Duke. What's he?
Caſt. *Mathæo.*
Flu. *Mathæo* knowes all.
Pior. Hee's *Hipolitoes* boſome.
Duke. How farre ſtands Bethlem hence?
Omnes. Six or ſeaven miles.
Du. Iſt ſo? not married till the afternoone:
Stay, ſtay, lets worke out ſome prevention: how!
This is moſt ſtrange, can none but mad-men ſerve
To dreſſe their wedding dinner? all of you
Get preſently to horſe, diſguiſe your ſelves

Like Countrie Gentlemen,
Or riding Citizens, or ſo : and take
Each man a ſeverall path, but let us meete
At Bethlem monaſtery, ſome ſpace of time
Being ſpent betweene the arrivall each of other,
As if we came to ſee the Lunatickes.
To horſe, away, be ſecret on your lives.
Love muſt be puniſht that unjuſtly thrives. *Exeunt.*

Flu. Be ſecret on your lives ! *Caſtruchio,*
Y'are but a ſcurvie ſpaniell ; honeſt Lord,
Good Lady : Zounds their love is juſt, tis good,
And I'le prevent you tho I ſwim in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anſelmo, Hipolito, Mathæo, Infelice.

Hip. Nay, nay, reſolve good father, or deny.
Anſ. You preſſe me to an act, both full of danger,
And full of happines : for I behold
Your fathers frowns, his threats, nay perhaps death
To him that dare doe this : yet noble Lord,
Such comfortable beames break through theſe cloudes
By this bleſt mariage, that your honor'd word
Being pawnd in my defence, I will tie faſt
The holy wedding knot.
Hip. Tuſh, feare not the Duke.
Anſ. O ſon ! wiſely to feare, is to be free from feare.
Hip. You have our words, and you ſhall have our lives,
To guard you ſafe from all enſuing danger.
Mat. I, I, chop em up, and away.
Anſ. Stay, when iſt fit for me, and ſafeſt for you,
To entertaine this buſineſſe ?
Hip. Not till the evening.
Anſ. Be it ſo, there is a Chappell ſtands hard by,
Upon the weſt end of the Abbey wall,
Thither convey your ſelves, and when the Sunne
Hath turn'd his backe upon this upper world,
I'le marrie you ; that done, no thundring voice
Can breake the ſacred bond, yet Ladie, here you are moſt ſafe.

Infe. Father, your love's moſt deere.

Mat. I, well ſaide, locke us into ſome little roome by our ſelves, that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good *Mathæo* no, lets make no noiſe.

Mat. How! no noiſe! doe you know where you are? ſfoot amongſt al the mad-caps in *Millan*: ſo that to throw the houſe out at window will be the better, & no man will ſuſpect that we lurke heere to ſteale mutton: the more ſober we are, the more ſcuruy tis. And tho the Frier tell us, that here we are ſafeſt, I am not of his minde, for if thoſe lay here that had loſt their monie, none would ever looke after them, but heere are none but thoſe that have loſt their wits, ſo that if hue and cry be made, hither they'l come, and my reaſon is, becauſe none goes to be married till he be ſtarke mad.

Hip. Muffle your ſelves, yonders *Fluello.*

Enter Fluello.

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord, theſe cloakes are not for this raine, the tempeſt is too great: I come ſweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why what's the matter?

Flu. What's the matter? you have matterd it faire: the Duke's at hand.

Omnes. The Duke?

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads; and we are blown up with our own underminings. Sfoot, how comes he? what vilaine durſt betraie our being here?

Flu. *Caſtruchio* told the Duke, and *Mathæo* here told *Caſtruchio.*

Hip. Would you betraie me to *Caſtruchio*?

Ma. Sfoote, he damn'd himſelf to the pit of hell, if he ſpake on't agen.

Hip. So did you ſweare to me: ſo were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a man ſhall not beleeve oathes: he tooke bread and ſalt

by this light, that he would never open his lips.

Hip. Oh God, oh God.

Anſ. Son be not deſperate, haue patience, you ſhal trip your enemie downe by his owne ſlights ; How far is the Duke hence ?

Flu. He's but new ſet out, *Caſtruchio, Pioratto* and *Sinezi* come along with him : you have time enough yet to preuent them, if you have but courage.

Anſ. Ye ſhall ſteale ſecretly into the Chappell,
And preſently be married : if the Duke
Abide here ſtill, ſpite of ten thouſand eyes,
You ſhall ſcape hence like Friers.

Hip. O bleſt diſguiſe ! O happy man !

Anſ. Talke not of happineſſe till your clos'd hand
Have her by'th forehead, like the lock of Time :
Be nor too ſlow, nor haſty, now you clime
Up to the Tower of bliſſe, onely be wary
And patient, thats all : if you like my plot,
Build and diſpatch : if not farewell, then not.

Hip. O yes, we doe applaud it : we'll diſpute
No longer, but will hence and execute.
Fluello you'll ſtay here, let us be gone,
The ground that frighted Lovers tread upon,
Is ſtucke with thornes.

Anſ. Come then, away, tis meete, *Exeunt.*
To eſcape thoſe thorns, to put on winged feet.

Mat. No words I pray *Fluello*, for it ſtands us upon.

Flu. Oh ſir, let that be your leſſon :
Alas poore Lovers ! on what hopes and feares,
Men toſſe themſelves for women : When ſhe's got
The beſt has in her that which pleaſeth not.

Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Caſtruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi from ſeverall doores muffled.

Du. Who's there ?

Caſt. My Lord.

Du. Peace ; ſend that Lord away.
A Lordſhip will ſpoile all, lets be all fellowes.
What's he ?

Caſt. *Fluello,* or elſe *Sinezi* by his little legs.

Omnes. All friends, all friends.

Du. What, met upon the very point of time? Is this the place?

Pio. This is the place my Lord.

Du. Dream you on Lordſhips! come no more Lords I pray:
You have not ſeene theſe Lovers yet?

Omn. Not yet.

Duke. *Caſtruchio,* art thou ſure this wedding feate Is not till afternoone?

Caſt. So it is given out my Lord.

Du. Nay, nay, tis like, theeves muſt obſerue their houres,
Lovers watch minutes like Aſtronomers,
How ſhall the *interim* houres by us be ſpent?

Flu. Lets all goe ſee the madmen.

Omn. Maſſe content. *Enter Towne like a ſweeper.*

Du. O here comes one, queſtion him, queſtion him.

Flu. Now honeſt fellow, doſt thou belong to the houſe?

Tow. Yes forſooth, I am one of the implements, I ſweepe the mad-mens roomes, and fetch ſtraw for 'em, and buy chaines to tie em, and rods to whip em, I was a mad wag my ſelfe here once, but I thank father *Anſelm,* he laſht me into my right minde agen.

Du. *Anſelmo* is the Frier muſt marry them,
Queſtion him where he is.

Caſt. And where is father *Anſelmo* now?

Town. Marrie he's gone but eene now.

Du. I, wel done, tell me, whither is he gone?

Tow. Why to God a mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow's a foole, talkes idely.

Pio. Sirra are all the mad folks in *Millan* brought hither?

Tow. How all! ther's a queſtion indeed: why if all the mad folkes in *Millan* ſhould come hither, there would not be left ten men in the Cittie.

Du. Few Gentlemen or Courtiers here, ha.

Tow. O yes, abundance, aboundance, lands no ſooner fall into their hands, but ſtraight they run out a their wits: Cittizens ſons & heirs are free of the houſe by their fathers copy: Farmers ſons come hither like geeſe (in flocks) & when they ha ſold all their corn fields, here they ſit and pick the ſtrawes.

Si. Me thinkes you ſhould have women here aſwell as men.

Tow. O I, a plague on 'em, ther's no ho with 'em, they're madder then March hares.

Flu. Are there no Lawyers amongſt you?

Tow. O no, not one: never any Lawyer, we dare not let a Lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faſter then we can recover 'em.

Du. And how long iſt e're you recover any of theſe?

Tow. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into 'em, an Aldermans ſonne will be mad a great while, a very great while, eſpecially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen: a puritane there's no hope of him, unleſſe he may pull downe the Steeple, and hang himſelfe i'th bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceive all ſorts of fiſh come to your net.

Tow. Yes intruth, we have blockes for all heads, we have good ſtore of wild-Oates heere: for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is mad at the Countrie man, the Shoomaker is mad at the Cobler, the Cobler at the Carman, the puncke is mad that the marchants wife is no whore, the marchants wife is mad that the Punck is ſo common a whore: gods ſo, here's father *Anſelmo*, pray ſay nothing that I tel tales out of the Schoole. *Exit.*

Omn. God bleſſe you father.

Anſel. I thanke you gentlemen. *Enter Anſelmo.*

Caſt. Pray may we ſee ſome of thoſe wretched ſoules,
That here are in your keeping?

Anſ. Yes, you ſhall.
But gentlemen, I muſt diſarme you then,
There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
All humourd not alike : we have here ſome,
So apiſh and phantaſticke, play with a feather,
And tho twould grieve a ſoule to ſee Gods image
So blemiſht and defac'd, yet doe they act
Such anticke and ſuch pretty lunacies,
That ſpite of Sorrow they will make you ſmile :
Others agen we have like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, untameable as flies,
And theſe have oftentimes from ſtrangers ſides
Snatcht rapiers ſuddenly, and done much harme,
Whom if you'l ſee, you muſt be weaponleſſe.
Omn. With all our hearts.
Anſ. Here, take theſe weapons in,
Stand off a little pray ; ſo, ſo, tis well :
Ile ſhew you here a man that was ſometimes
A very grave and wealthy Cittizen,
Has ſerv'd a prentiſhip to this misfortune,
Beene here ſeven yeares, and dwelt in *Bergamo.*
Duke. How fell he from his wits ?
Anſ. By loſſe at Sea ;
Ile ſtand aſide, queſtion him you alone,
For if he ſpy me, hee'l not ſpeake a word,
Unleſſe hee's throughly vext. *Diſcovers an old man wrapt in a net.*
Flu. Alas poore ſoule !
Caſt. A very old man.
Duke. God ſpeed father.
1. *Mad.* God ſpeed the Plough, thou ſhalt not ſpeed me.
Rio. We ſee you old man, for all you dance in a net.
1. *Mad.* True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter, and I ſhall not ſee thee.
Anſ. O, doe not vex him pray.
Caſt. Are you a Fiſherman father ?
1. *Mad.* No, I am neither fiſh nor fleſh.

Flu. What do you with that net then?

1. *Mad.* Doſt not ſee foole? there's a freſh Salmon in't: if you ſtep one foot furder, you'l be over ſhooes, for you ſee I am over head and eares in the ſalt-water: and if you fal into this whirle-poole where I am, y'are drown'd: y'are a drownd Rat. I am fiſhing here for five ſhips, but I cannot have a good draught, for my Net breakes ſtill, and breakes, but Ile breake ſome of your neckes and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay, wheres the wind? wheres the wind? wheres the winde? wheres the winde? Out you Gulles, you Gooſe-caps, you Gudgeon-eaters! do you looke for the wind in the heavens? ha, ha, ha, ha, no, no, looke there, looke there, looke there, the winde is alwayes at that doore: hearke how it blowes, puffe, puffe, puffe.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Mad.* Do you laugh at Gods creatures? do you mock old age, you Rogues? Is this gray beard and head counterfet that you cry, ha, ha, ha? Sirra, art not thou my eldeſt ſonne?

Pior. Yes indeed father.

1. *Mad.* Then th'art a foole, for my eldeſt ſon had a polt-foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a peare colour'd beard: I made him a Scholler, and he made himſelfe a foole. Sirra, thou there: hold out thy hand.

Du. My hand, wel, here tis.

1. *Mad.* Looke, looke, looke, looke: has he not long nailes, and ſhort haire?

Flu. Yes, monſtrous ſhort haire, and abhominable long nailes.

1. *Mad.* Ten-peny nailes, are they not?

Flu. Yes ten-peny nailes.

1. *Mad.* Such nailes had my ſecond boy: kneele downe thou varlet, and aske thy father bleſſing: Such nailes had my middlemoſt ſon, and I made him a Promoter: and he ſcrapt, and ſcrapt, and ſcrapt, til he got the divel and all: but he ſcrapt thus and thus and thus and it went under his legs, till at length a

companie of Kites, taking him for carrion, ſwept up all, all, all all, all, all, all. If you love your lives, looke to your ſelves: ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee, the Turkes Gallies are fighting with my ſhips, Bownce goes the guns: oooh! cry the men: romble, romble goe the waters: Alas, there; tis ſunke, tis ſunke: I am undone, I am undone, you are the damn'd Pirates have undone me: you are by the Lord, you are, you are, ſtop 'em, you are.

Anſ. Why how now ſirra! muſt I fall to tame you!

1. *Mad.* Tame me! no, Ile be madder then a roaſted Cat: ſee, ſee, I am burnt with gunpowder, theſe are our cloſe fights.

Anſ. Ile whip you if you grow unruly thus.

1. *Mad.* Whip me! out you toad? whip me: what juſtice is this, to whip me becauſe I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poore man: a very poore man: I am ſtarv'd, and have had no meate by this light, ever ſince the great floud, I am a poore man.

Anſ. Well, well, be quiet, and you ſhall have meate.

1. *Mad.* I, I pray do; for looke you, here be my guts: theſe are my ribs—you may looke through my ribs—ſee how my guts come out: theſe are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

Anſel. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitteous ſight.

Caſt. Father, I ſee you have a buſie charge.

Anſ. They muſt be uſde like children, pleaſed with toyes,
And anon whipt for their unrulineſſe:
Ile ſhew you now a paire quite different
From him that's gone: he was all words, and theſe
Unleſſe you urge em, ſeldome ſpend their ſpeech,
But ſave their tongues: la you, this hithermoſt
Fell from the happy quietnes of minde,
About a maiden that he lov'd, and died:
He followed her to Church, being full of teares,
And as her body went into the ground,
He fell ſtarke mad. This is a married man,
Was jealous of a faire, but as ſome ſay,
A very vertuous wife, and that ſpoil'd him.

2. *Mad.* All theſe are whoremongers, & lay with my wife : whore, whore, whore, whore, whore.

Flu. Obſerve him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer Shoomaker, you puld on my wifes pumps, and then crept into her pantofles : lie there, lie there : this was her Tailer ; you cut out her looſe-bodied Gowne, and put in a yard more then I allowed her, lie there by the Shoomaker : O maiſter Doctor ! are you here ? you gave me a Purgation, and then crept into my wives chamber, to feele her pulſes, and you ſaid, and ſhe ſaid, and her maide ſaid, that they went pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat : Doctor, Ile put you anone into my wifes Urinall ; heigh, come aloft Jacke : this was her ſchoole-maiſter, and taught her to play upon the Virginals, and ſtill his Jacks leapt up, up : you prickt her out nothing but bawdy leſſons, but Ile pricke you all, Fidler-Doctor : Tayler-ſhoomaker ; ſhoomaker, Fidler, Doctor, Tayler : ſo, lie with my wife agen now.

Caſtr. See how he notes the other, now he feeds.

2. *Mad.* Give me ſome porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile give thee none.

2. *Mad.* Give me ſome porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile not giue thee a bit.

2. *Mad.* Give me that flap-dragon.

3. *Mad.* Ile not give thee a ſpoonefull : thou lieſt, its no Dragon, tis a Parrat, that I bought for my ſweet heart, and Ile keepe it.

2. *Mad.* Here's an almond for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Hang thy ſelfe.

2. *Mad.* Here's a rope for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Eate it, for Ile eate this.

2. *Mad.* Ile ſhoote at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ?

2. *Mad.* Ile run a tilt at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ? doe and thou dar'ſt.

2. *Mad.* Bownce.

3. *Mad.* O oh! I am ſlaine! murder, murder, murder, I am ſlaine, my braines are beaten out.

Anſ. How now you villains! bring me whips: Ile whip you.

3. *Mad.* I am dead, I am ſlaine, ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you doe now ſirra? you ha kill'd him.

2. *Mad.* Ile anſwer't at Seſſions: he was eating of almond Butter, and I long'd for't: the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him, Ile anſwert at Seſſions, ſo my wife may be burnt ith hand too.

Anſ. Take 'hem in both: bury him, for he's dead.

3. *Mad.* Indeede, I am dead, put me I pray into a good pit hole.

2. *Mad.* Ile anſwer't at Seſſions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Anſ. How now huſwife, whither gad you?

Bell. A nutting forſooth: how do you gaffer? how do you gaffer? there's a French curſie for you too.

Flu. Tis *Bellafronte.*

Pio. Tis the puncke by'th Lord.

Duke. Father, what's ſhe I pray?

Anſ. As yet I know not,
She came in but this day, talkes little idlely,
And therefore has the freedome of the houſe.

Bell. Doe not you know me? nor you, nor you, nor you?

Omn. No indeed.

Bell. Then you are an Aſſe, and you an Aſſe, and you are an Aſſe, for I know you.

Anſ. Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They are Fiſh-wives, will you buy any Gudgeons? gods ſanty, yonder come Friers, I know them too: how doe you Frier?

Enter Hipolito, Mathæo, and Infælice diſguiſd in the habites of Friers.

Anſ. Nay, nay, away, you muſt not trouble Friers:

The Duke is heere, ſpeake nothing.

Bell. Nay indeed you ſhall not goe: wee'll run at barley-breake firſt, and you ſhall be in hell.

Mat. My puncke turn'd mad whore, as all her fellowes are!

Hip. Say nothing, but ſteal hence, when you ſpie time.

Anſ. I'le locke you up, if y'are unruly, fie.

Bell. Fie, marrie ſo: they ſhall not goe indeed till I ha tolde 'hem their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.

Bell. I pray, good father, and I'le give you my bleſſing.

Anſ. Well then, be briefe, but if you are thus unruly,
I'le have you lockt up faſt.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me ſee, 1. 2. 3. and 4. I'le begin with the little Frier firſt, heer's a fine hand indeed, I never ſaw Frier have ſuch a daintie hand: heere's a hand for a Ladie, heere's your fortune,
You love a Frier better than a Nun,
Yet long you'l love no Frier, nor no Friers ſonne.
Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet I am afraid,
For all y'are holy, you'll not die a maid: God give you joy.
Now to you Frier *Tucke.*

Mat. God ſend me good lucke.

Bell. You love one, and one loves you:
You are a falſe knave, and ſhe's a Jew,
Here is a Diall that falſe ever goes.

Mat. O your wit drops!

Bell. Troth ſo does your noſe;
Nay lets ſhake hands with you too:
Pray open, here's a fine hand:
Ho Frier ho, God be here;
So he had need: you'l keepe good cheare,
Here's a free table, but a frozen breaſt,
For you'l ſtarve thoſe that love you beſt.
Yet you have good fortune, for if I am no liar,

Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier,
Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Diſcovers them.*
Du. Are holy habits clokes for villanie?
Draw all your weapons.
Hip. Doe, draw all your weapons,
Duke. Where are your weapons? draw.
Omn. The Frier has guld us of 'em.
Mat. O rare tricke!
You ha learn'd one mad point of Arithmeticke.
Hip. Why ſwels your ſpleene ſo hie? againſt what boſom
Would you your weapons draw, hers, tis your daughters:
Mine, tis your ſonnes.
Du. Sonne?
Mad. Sonne, by yonder Sunne.
Hip. You cannot ſhed blood here but tis your owne,
To ſpill your owne blood were damnation:
Lay ſmooth that wrinkled brow, and I willl throw
My ſelfe beneath your feet:
Let it be rugged ſtill and flinted ore,
What can come forth but ſparkles that will burne
Your ſelfe and us? ſhe's mine, my claime's moſt good,
She's mine by marriage, tho ſhe's yours by blood.
I have a hand (deare Lord) deepe in this act,
For I foreſaw this ſtorme, yet willingly
Put forth to meet it: Oft have I ſeene a father
Waſhing the wounds of his deare ſonne in tears,
A ſonne to curſe the ſword that ſtrucke his father,
Both ſlaine i'th quarrell of your families,
Thoſe ſcars are now tane off: And I beſeech you
To ſeale our pardon, all was to this end,
To turne the ancient hates of your two houſes
To freſh greene friendſhip, that your Loves might looke
Like the Springs forehead, comfortably ſweet:
And your vext ſoules in peacefull union meete,
Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs
And happineſſe ſhall crowne your ſilver haires.

Flu. You ſee (my Lord) theres now no remedie.
Omn. Beſeech your Lordſhip.
Du. You beſeech faire, you have me in place fit
To bridle me, riſe Frier, you may be glad
You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad,
Since Fate hath conquerd, I muſt reſt content,
To ſtrive now, would but adde new puniſhment:
I yeeld unto your happineſſe, be bleſt,
Our families ſhall henceforth breath in reſt.
Omn. O happy change!
Du. Yours now is my content,
I throw upon your joyes my full conſent.
Bel. Am not I a good girle, for finding the Frier in the wel? Gods ſo, you are a brave man: will not you buy me ſome ſugar plums, becauſe I am ſo good a fortune teller.
Du. Would thou hadſt wit (thou pretty ſoule) to aske,
As I have will to give.
Bell. Prettie ſoule, a pretty ſoule is better then a prety bodie: doe not you know my prettie ſoule? I know you: Is not your name *Mathæo*?
Mat. Yes lamb.
Bell. Baa Lamb! there you lie, for I am mutton: looke fine man, he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and were you never mad? Yes I warrant, I had a fine jewell once, a verie fine jewell, and that naughty man ſtole it away from me, a very fine and a rich jewell.
Du. What jewell pretty maide?
Bell. Maide, nay that's a lie: O 'twas a very rich jewell, called a Maiden head, and had not you it leerer.
Mat. Out you mad aſſe! away.
Du. Had he thy Maiden-head?
He ſhall make thee amends, and marrie thee.
Bell. Shall he? O brave *Arthur* of *Bradley* then?

Du. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman,
I know he will.

Mat. I thinke I rifled her of ſome ſuch paltry jewell.

Du. Did you? then marry her, you ſee the wrong
Has led her ſpirits into a lunacie.

Mat. How, marry her my Lord? sfoote marry a madwoman: let a man get the tameſt wife he can come by, ſhee'll be mad enough afterward, doe what he can.

Du. Nay then, father *Anſelmo* here ſhall do his beſt,
To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may chooſe.

Du. Nay then Law ſhall compell: I tell you ſir,
So much her hard fate moves me, you ſhould not breath
Under this aire, unleſſe you married her.

Mat. Well then, when her wits ſtand in their right place,
I'le marrie her.

Bell. I thanke your Grace: *Mathæo*, thou art mine:
I am not mad, but put on this diſguiſe,
Onely for you my Lord: for you can tell
Much wonder of me, but you are gone: farewell.
Mathæo, thou didſt firſt turne my ſoule blacke,
Now make it white agen: I doe proteſt,
I'm pure as fire now, chaſte as *Cynthias* breſt.

Hip. I durſt be ſworne *Mathæo* ſhe's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, guld, muſt I ſaile in your flie-boat,
Becauſe I helpt to reare your maine-maſt firſt?
Plague found you for't, tis well.
The Cockolds ſtampe goes currant in all nations,
Some men ha hornes giv'n them at their creations,
If I be one of thoſe, why ſo: tis better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that ſimpers, and at firſt will ſcarce

Be tempted forth over the threſhold doore,
Yet in one ſennight, zounds, turnes arrant whore:
Come wench, thou ſhalt be mine, give me thy gols,
Wee'l talke of legs hereafter: ſee my Lord,
God give us joy.

Omn. God give you joy.

Enter Candidoes wife, and George.

Geo. Come miſtris, we are in Bedlam now, mas and ſee, we come in pudding time, for here's the Duke.

Wife. My husband good my Lord.

Duke. Have I thy husband?

Caſt. Its *Candido* my Lord, he's here among the lunaticks: father *Anſelmo,* pray fetch him forth: this mad woman is his wife, and tho ſhe were not with child, yet did ſhe long moſt ſpitefully to have her husband mad: and becauſe ſhee would be ſure he ſhould turne Jew, ſhe placed him here in Bethlem, yonder he comes.

Enter Candido with Anſelmo.

Duke. Come hither Signior, are you mad?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why I know that.

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad that know
You are not mad, and that you are the Duke:
None is mad here but one. How do you wife?
What do you long for now? pardon my Lord:
She had loſt her childes noſe elſe: I did cut out
Penyworths of lawne, the lawne was yet mine owne:
A carpet was my gowne, yet 'twas mine owne:
I wore my mans coate, yet the cloth mine owne:
Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was yet mine owne,
She ſayes for this Ime mad: were her words true,
I ſhould be mad indeed: O fooliſh skill!
Is patience madneſſe? Ile be a mad-man ſtill.

THE ELLIS LLWID

Wife. Forgive me, and Ile vex your ſpirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, wee'l have you friends, joyne hearts, joyne hands.

Cand. See my Lord, we are even,
Nay riſe, for ill deeds kneele unto none but heaven.

Duke. Signior, me thinkes patience has laid on you
Such heavy weight, that you should loath it.

Cand. Loath it!

Duke. For he whoſe breaſt is tender, blood ſo coole,
That no wrongs heate it, is a patient foole:
What comfort do you finde in being ſo calme?

Cand. That which greene wounds receive from ſoveraigne balme,
Patience my Lord: why tis the ſoule of peace:
Of all the vertues tis neer'ſt kin to heaven.
It makes men looke like gods: the beſt of men
That ere wore earth about him, was a ſufferer,
A ſoft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill ſpirit,
The firſt true Gentleman that ever breath'd,
The ſtock of Patience then cannot be poore:
All it deſires, it has, what Monarch more?
It is the greateſt enemy to Law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And ſo chaines up Lawyers and Womens tongues.
Tis the perpetuall priſoners liberty:
His walkes and orchards: tis the bond-ſlaves freedome,
And makes him ſeeme proud of each yron chaine,
As tho he wore it more for ſtate then paine:
It is the beggars muſicke, and thus ſings,
Although their bodies beg, their ſoules are kings.
O my dread Liege! It is the ſap of bliſſe
Reares us aloft; makes men and Angels kiſſe.
And laſt of all, to end a houſhold ſtrife,
It is the hony gainſt a waſpiſh wife.

Duke. Thou giv'ſt it lively colours: who dare ſay
Hee's mad, whoſe words march in ſo good array?
Twere ſinne all women ſhould ſuch husbands have,
For every man muſt then be his wifes ſlave.
Come therefore, you ſhall teach our Court to ſhine,
So calme a ſpirit is worth a golden Mine,
Wives (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,
In Bedlam muſt they dwell, elſe dwell they wrong.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST WHORE,

WITH THE HVMORS of the Patient Man, the Impatient Wife: the Honeſt Whore, perſwaded by ſtrong Arguments to turne Curtizan againe: her braue refuting thoſe Arguments.

And laſtly, the Comicall Paſſages of an Italian Bridewell, where the Scæne ends.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON,
Printed by *Elizabeth All-de*, for *Nathaniel Butter*.
An. Dom. 1630.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter at one doore Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, Aſtolfo, *with Seruingmen, or Pages attending on them; at another doore enter* Lodouico, *meeting them.*

Lodouico. Ood day, Gallants.

Omnes, Good morrow, ſweet *Lodouico.*

Lodo. How doeſt thou *Carolo.*

Carolo. Faith as the Phyſicions doe in a Plague, ſee the World ſicke, and am well my ſelfe.

Fontinell. Here's a ſweet morning, Gentlemen.

Lod. Oh, a morning to tempt *Ioue* from his Ningle Ganimed, which is but to giue Dary Wenches greene gownes as they are going a milking; what, is thy Lord ſtirring yet?

Aſtolfo. Yes, he will not be horſt this houre, ſure.

Bercaldo. My lady ſweares he ſhall, for ſhe longs to bee at Court.

Carolo. Oh, wee ſhall ride ſwitch and ſpurre, would we were there once.

Enter Bryan *the Footeman.*

Lod. How now, is thy Lord ready?

Bryan. No ſo crees ſa mee, my Lady will haue ſome little Tyng in her pelly firſt.

Caro. Oh, then they'le to breakefaſt.

Lod. Footman, does my Lord ride y'th Coach with my Lady, or on horſebacke?

Bry. No foot la, my Lady will haue me Lord ſheet wid her, my Lord will ſheet in de one ſide, and my Lady ſheet in de toder ſide. *Exeunt.*

Lod. My Lady ſheet in de toder ſide: did you euer here a Raſcall talke ſo like a Pagan? Is't not ſtrange that a fellow of his ſtarre, ſhould bee ſeene here ſo long in Italy, yet ſpeake ſo from a Chriſtian?

Enter Anthonio, Georgio, *a poore Scholler.*

Aſtol. An Iriſhman in Italy! that ſo ſtrange! why, the nation haue running heads.

Exchange Walke.

Lod. Nay *Carolo*, this is more ſtrange, I ha bin in *France*, theres few of them: Mary, *England* they count a warme chimny corner, and there they ſwarme like Crickets to the creuice of a Brew-houſe; but Sir, in *England* I haue noted one thing.

Omnes. What's that, what's that of *England*?

Lod. Mary this Sir, what's he yonder!

Bert. A poore fellow would ſpeake with my Lord.

Lod. In *England*, Sir, troth I euer laugh when I thinke on't: to ſee a whole Nation ſhould be mark't i'th forehead, as a man may ſay, with one Iron: why Sir, there all Coſtermongers are Iriſhmen.

Caro. Oh, that's to ſhow their Antiquity, as comming from *Eue*, who was an Apple-wife, and they take after the Mother.

Omnes. Good, good, ha, ha.

Lod. Why then, ſhould all your Chimny-ſweepers likewiſe be Iriſhmen? anſwer that now, come, your wit.

Caro. Faith, that's ſoone anſwered, for S. *Patricke* you know keepes Purgatory, hee makes the fire, and his Country-men could doe nothing, if they cannot ſweepe the Chimnies.

Omnes. Good agen.

Lod. Then, Sir, haue you many of them (like this fellow) (eſpecially thoſe of his haire) Footmen to Noblemen and others, and the Knaues are very faithfull where they loue, by my faith very proper men many of them, and as actiue as the cloudes, whirre, hah.

Omnes. Are they ſo?

Lod. And ſtout! exceeding ſtout; Why, I warrant, this precious wild Villaine, if hee were put to't, would fight more deſperately then ſixteene Dunkerkes.

Aſto. The women they ſay are very faire.

Lod. No, no, our Country Bona Robaes, oh! are the ſugreſt delicious Rogues.

Aſto. Oh, looke, he has a feeling of them.

Lod. Not I, I proteſt, there's a ſaying when they commend Nations: It goes, the Iriſhman for his hand, Welſhman for a leg, the Engliſhman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

Fron. I faith, they may make ſwabbers of them.

Lod. The Spaniard, let me ſee, for a little foot (I take it) the Frenchman, what a pox hath he? and ſo of the reſt.

Are they at breakfaſt yet? come walke.

Aſt. This *Lodouico*, is a notable tounged fellow.

Fron. Diſcourſes well.

Berc. And a very honeſt Gentleman.

Aſto. Oh! hee's well valued by my Lord.

Enter Bellafront *with a Petition.*

Fron. How now, how now, what's ſhe?

Bert. Let's make towards her.

Bella. Will it be long, ſir, ere my Lord come forth?

Aſt. Would you ſpeake with my Lord?

Lod. How now, what's this, a Nurſes Bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keepe it?

Bella. No ſir, my buſineſſe is vnto my Lord.

Lod. Hee's about his owne wife now, hee'le hardly diſpatch two cauſes in a morning.

Aſto. No matter what he ſaies, faire Lady, hee's a Knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

Fro. My Lord will paſſe this way preſently.

Bert. A pretty plumpe Rogue.

Aſt. A good luſty bouncing baggage.

Bert. Doe you know her?

Lod. A pox on her, I was ſure her name was in my Table-booke once, I know not of what cut her dye is now, but ſhe has beene more common then Tobacco: this is ſhe that had the name of the Honeſt Whore.

Omnes. Is this ſhe?

Lod. This is the Blackamore that by waſhing was turned white: this is the Birding Peece new ſcowred: this is ſhee that (if any of her religion can be ſaued) was ſaued by my Lord *Hipolito.*

Aſto. She has beene a goodly creature.

Lod. She has bin! that's the Epitaph of all Whores, I'm well acquainted with the poore Gentleman her Husband, Lord! what fortunes that man has ouerreached? She knowes not me, yet I haue beene in her company, I ſcarce know her, for the beauty of her cheeke hath (like the Moone) ſuffred ſtrange Eclipſes ſince I beheld it: but women are like Medlars (no ſooner ripe but rotten.)

A woman laſt was made, but is ſpent firſt,

Yet man is oft proued, in performance worſt.

Omnes. My Lord is come.

Enter Hypolito, Infæliche, *and two waiting women.*

Hip. We ha waſted halfe this morning: morrow *Lodouico.*

Lod. Morrow Madam.

Hip. Let's away to Horſe.

Omnes. I, I to Horſe, to Horſe.

Bela. I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, let your eye read o're this wretched Paper.

Hip. I'm in haſt, pray the good woman take ſome apter time.

Infæ. Good Woman doe.

Bel. Oh las! it does concerne a poore mans life.

Hip. Life! ſweet heart? Seat your ſelfe, I'le but read this and come.

Lod. What ſtockings haue you put on this morning, Madam? if they be not yellow, change them; that paper is a Letter from ſome Wench to your Husband.

Infæ. Oh ſir, that cannot make me iealous.

Exeunt

Hip. Your buſines, ſir, to me?

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Preſently ſir; are you *Mathæos* wife.

Bela. That moſt vnfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm ſorry theſe ſtormes are fallen on him, I loue *Mathæo.*

And any good ſhall doe him, hee and I
Haue ſealed two bonds of friendſhip, which are ſtrong
In me, how euer Fortune does him wrong;
He ſpeakes here hee's condemned. Is't ſo?

Bel. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed? Oh, his name's here; old *Iacomo*, ſonne to the *Florentine Iacomo*, a dog, that to meet profit, would to the very eyelids wade in blood of his owne children. Tell *Mathæo*, the Duke my father hardly ſhall deny his

ſigned pardon, 'twas faire fight, yes if rumors tongue goe true, ſo writes he here.
To morrow morning I returne from Court,
Pray be you here then. Ile haue done ſir ſtraight:
But in troth ſay, are you *Mathæos* wife?
You haue forgot me.

Bel. No, my Lord.

Hip. Your Turner,
That made you ſmooth to run an euen byas,
You know I loued you when your very ſoule
Was full of diſcord: art not a good wench ſtill?

Bel. Vmph, when I had loſt my way to heauen, you ſhewed it:
I was new borne that day. *Enter* Lodouico.

Lod. S'foot, my Lord, your Lady askes if you haue not left your Wench yet? When you get in once, you neuer haue done: come, come, come, pay your old ſcore, and ſend her packing, come.

Hip. Ride ſoftly on before, Ile oretake you.

Lod. Your Lady ſweares ſhe'll haue no riding on before, without ye.

Hip. Prethee good *Lodouico.*

Lod. My Lord pray haſten.

Hip. I come: to morrow let me ſee you, fare you well: commend me to *Mathæo*: pray one word more: Does not your father liue about the Court?

Bel. I thinke he does, but ſuch rude ſpots of ſhame
Stick on my cheeke, that he ſcarce knowes my name

Hip. *Orlando Friſcabaldo,* Is't not?

Bel. Yes my Lord.

Hip. What does he for you?

Bel. All he ſhould: when Children
From duty ſtart, Parents from loue may ſwarue.
He nothing does: for nothing I deſerue.

Hip. Shall I ioyne him vnto you, and reſtore you to wonted grace?

Bel. It is impoſſible. *Exit* Bellaf.

Hip. It ſhall be put to tryall: fare you well:

The face I would not looke on ! ſure then 'twas rare,
When in deſpight of griefe, 'tis ſtill thus faire.
Now, ſir, your buſineſſe with me.

Ant. I am bold to expreſſe my loue and duty to your Lordſhip in theſe few leaues.

Hip. A Booke !

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Are you a Scholler ?

Ant. Yes, my Lord, a poore one.

Hip. Sir, you honor me.
Kings may be Schollers Patrons, but faith tell me,
To how many hands beſides hath this bird flowne,
How many partners ſhare with me ?

An. Not one in troth, not one : your name I held more deare,
I'm not (my Lord) of that low Character.

Hip. Your name I pray ?

Ant. *Antonio Georgio.*

Hip. Of *Millan* ?

Ant. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Ile borrow leaue
To read you o're, and then we'll talke : till then
Drinke vp this gold, good wits ſhould loue good wine,
This of your loues, the earneſt that of mine.
How now, ſir, where's your Lady, not gone yet ?

Enter Bryan.

Bryan. I fart di Lady is runne away from dee, a mighty deale of ground, ſhe ſent me backe for dine owne ſweet face, I pray dee come my Lord away, wut tow goe now ?

Hip. Is the Coach gone ?
Saddle my Horſe the ſorrell.

Bryan. A pox a de Horſes noſe, he is a lowſy raſcally fellow, when I came to gird his belly, his ſcuruy guts rumbled, di Horſe farted in my face, and dow knoweſt, an Iriſhman cannot abide a fart, but I haue ſaddled de Hobby-horſe, di fine Hobby is ready, I

pray dee my good ſweet Lord, wit tow goe now, and I will runne to de Deuill before dee?

Hip. Well, ſir, I pray lets ſee you Maſter Scholler.

Bry. Come I pray dee, wut come ſweet face? Goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodouico, Carolo, Aſtolpho, Bercaldo.

Lod. Gods ſo, Gentlemen, what doe we forget?

Omnes. What?

Lod. Are not we all enioyned as this day, Thurſday is't not? I as that day to be at the Linnen-drapers houſe at dinner?

Car. *Signior Candido*, the patient man.

Aſto. Afore *Ioue*, true, vpon this day hee's married.

Berc. I wonder, that being ſo ſtung with a Waſpe before, he dares venture againe to come about the eaues amongſt Bees.

Lod. Oh 'tis rare ſucking a ſweet Hony-combe; pray Heauen his old wife be buried deepe enough, that ſhe riſe not vp to call for her daunce, the poore Fidlers Inſtruments would cracke for it, ſhee'd tickle them: at any hand let's try what mettle is in his new Bride, if there be none, we'll put in ſome; troth it's a very noble Citizen, I pitty he ſhould marry againe, Ile walke along, for it is a good old fellow.

Caro. I warrant, the Wiues of *Millan* would giue any fellow twenty thouſand Duckets, that could but haue the face to beg of the Duke, that all the Citizens in *Millan* might be bound to the peace of patience, as the Linnen-draper is.

Lod. Oh fy vpon't, 'twould vndoe all vs that are Courtiers, we ſhould haue no whoe with the wenches then.

Enter Hipollito.

Omnes. My Lord's come.

Hip. How now, what newes?

Omnes. None.

Lod. Your Lady is with the Duke her Father.

Hip. And we'll to them both preſently, whoe's that?

Enter Orlando Friſcobaldo.

Omnes. Signior Friſcabaldo.

Hip. Friſcabaldo, oh! pray call him, and leaue me, wee two haue buſineſſe.

Car. Ho *Signior*! *Signior Friſcabaldo.*
The Lord *Hipollito.* *Exeunt.*

Orla. My Noble Lord: my Lord *Hipollito*! the Dukes Sonne! his braue Daughters braue Husband! how does your honord Lordſhip! does your Nobility remember ſo poore a Gentleman as *Signior Orlando Friſcabaldo*! old mad *Orlando*!

Hip. Oh ſir, our friends! they ought to be vnto vs as our Iewels, as dearely valued, being locked vp, & vnſeene, as when we weare them in our hands. I ſee, *Friſcabaldo*, age hath not command of your blood, for all Times fickle has gone ouer you, you are *Orlando* ſtill.

Orl. Why my Lord, are not the fields mowen and cut downe, and ſtript bare, and yet weare they not pide coates againe? tho my head be like a Leeke, white: may not my heart be like the blade, greene?

Hip. Scarce can I read the Stories on your brow,
Which age hath writ there, you looke youthfull ſtill.

Orla. I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes.
My heart ſhall neuer haue a wrinkle in it, ſo long as I can cry Hem with a cleare voice.

Hip. You are the happier man, ſir.

Orla. Happy man! Ile giue you (my Lord) the true picture of a happy man; I was turning leaues ouer this morning, and found it, an excellent Italian Painter drew it, If I haue it in the right colours, Ile beſtow it on your Lordſhip.

Hip. I ſtay for it.

Orla. He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noone-day walkes by a priſon doore,

He that 'ith Sunne is neither beame nor moate,
He that's not mad after a Petticoate,
He for whom poore mens curſes dig no graue,
He that is neither Lords nor Lawyers ſlaue,
He that makes This his Sea, and That his Shore,
He that in's Coffin is richer then before,
He that counts Youth his Sword, and Age his Staffe,
He whoſe right hand carues his owne Epitaph,
He that vpon his death-bead is a Swan,
And Dead, no Crow, he is a happy man.

Hip. It's very well, I thanke you for this Picture.

Orla. After this Picture (my Lord) doe I ſtriue to haue my face drawne :
For I am not couetous,
Am not in debt,
Sit neither at the Dukes ſide,
Nor lie at his feete.
Wenching and I haue done, no man I wrong,
No man I feare, no man I fee ;
I take heed how farre I walke, becauſe I know yonders my home.
I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away ſaue a winding ſheete :
But like a good man, to leaue *Orlando* behind me.
I ſowed leaues in my Youth, and I reape now Bookes in my Age.
I fill this hand, and empty this. and when the bell ſhall toll for me, if I proue a Swan, & go ſinging to my neſt, why ſo ?
If a Crow ! throw me out for carrion, & pick out mine eyes,
May not old *Friſcabaldo* (my Lord) be merry now ! ha ?

Hip. You may, would I were partner in your mirth.

Orla. I haue a little,
Haue all things ;
I haue nothing ; I haue no wife, I haue no child, haue no chick, and why ſhould not I be in my Iocundare ?

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Orla. She's an old dweller in thoſe high Countries, Yet not from me,
Here, ſhe's here: but before me, when a Knaue and a Queane are married, they commonly walke like Serieants together: but a good couple are ſeldome parted.

Hip. You had a Daughter too ſir, had you not?

Orla. Oh my Lord! this old Tree had one Branch, (and but one Branch growing out of it) It was young, it was faire, it was ſtraight; I pruinde it daily, dreſt it carefully, kept it from the winde, help'd it to the Sunne, yet for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore Crabs; I hewed it downe, What's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

Hip. Then can I tell you whats become of it; That Branch is witherd.

Orl. So 'twas long agoe.

Hip. Her name I thinke was *Bellafront*, ſhe's dead.

Orlando. Ha? dead?

Hip. Yes, what of her was left, not worth the keeping,
Euen in my ſight was throwne into a Graue.

Orl. Dead! my laſt and beſt peace goe with her, I ſee deaths a good trencherman, he can eat courſe homely meat, as well as the daintieſt.

Hip. Why, *Friſcabaldo*, was ſhe homely?

Orla. O my Lord! a Strumpet is one of the Deuils Vines; all the ſinnes like ſo many Poles are ſtucke vpright out of hell, to be her props, that ſhe may ſpread vpon them. And when ſhe's ripe, euery Slaue has a pull at her, then muſt ſhe be preſt. The yong beautifull Grape ſets the teeth of Luſt on edge, yet to taſte that lickriſh Wine, is to drinke a mans owne damnation. Is ſhe dead?

Hip. Shee's turned to earth.

Orla. Wod ſhe were turn'd to heauen; Vmh, is ſhe dead! I am glad the world has loſt one of his Idols; no Whore-monger will at midnight beat at the

doores ; In her graue ſleepe all my ſhame, and her owne ; and all my ſorrowes, and all her ſinnes.

Hip. I'm glad you are wax, not marble ; you are made
Of mans beſt temper, there are now good hopes
That all theſe heapes of ice about your heart,
By which a fathers loue was frozen vp,
Are thawed in theſe ſweet ſhowres fetcht from your eyes,
We are ne'r like Angels till our paſſion dyes,
She is not dead, but liues vnder worſe fate,
I thinke ſhe's poore, and more to clip her wings,
Her Husband at this houre lies in the Iayle,
For killing of a man, to ſaue his blood,
Ioyne all your force with mine : mine ſhall be ſhowne,
The getting of his life perſerues your owne.

Orla. In my daughter you will ſay ! does ſhe liue then ? I am ſorry I waſted teares vpon a Harlot, but the beſt is I haue a handkercher to drinke them vp, ſope can waſh them all out agen.
Is ſhe poore ?

Hip. Truſt me, I thinke ſhe is.

Orla. Then ſhe's a right Strumpet ; I ne'r knew any of their trade rich two yeeres together ; Siues can hold no water, nor Harlots hoord vp money ; they haue many vents, too many ſluces to let it out ; Tauernes, Taylors, Bawds, Panders, Fidlers, Swaggerers, Fooles and Knaues, doe all waite vpon a common Harlots trencher : ſhe is the Gally-pot to which theſe Drones flye : not for loue to the pot, but for the ſweet ſucket within it, her money, her money.

Hip. I almoſt dare pawne my word, her boſome giues warmth to no ſuch Snakes ; when did you ſee her ?

Orla. Not ſeuenteene Summers.

Hip. Is your hate ſo old ?

Orla. Older ; it has a white head, and ſhall neuer dye till ſhe be buried,

Her wrongs ſhall be my bedfellow.

Hip. Worke yet his life, ſince in it liues her fame.

Orla. No, let him hang, and halfe her infamy departs out of the world: I hate him for her; he taught her firſt to taſte poyſon; I hate her for her ſelfe, becauſe ſhe refuſed my Phyſicke.

Hip. Nay but *Friſcabaldo.*

Orl. I deteſt her, I defie both, ſhe's not mine, ſhe's

Hip. Heare her but ſpeake.

Orl. I love no Maremaides, Ile not be caught with a quaill pipe.

Hip. Y'are now beyond all reaſon.

Orl. I am then a Beaſt, Sir, I had rather be a beaſt, and not diſhonor my creation, then be a doting father, & like Time, be the deſtruction of mine owne broode.

Hip. Is't dotage to relieue your child being poore?

Orl. Is't fit for an old man to keepe a whore?

Hip. 'Tis charity too.

Orl. 'Tis foolery; releeue her!

Were her cold limbes ſtretcht out vpon a Beere,
I would not ſell this durt vnder my nailes
To buy her an houres breath, nor giue this haire,
Vnleſſe it were to choke her.

Hip. Fare you well, for Ile trouble you no more.

Exit

Orl. And fare you well ſir, goe thy waies, we haue few Lords of thy making, that loue wenches for their honeſty; Las my Girle! art thou poore? pouerty dwells next doore to deſpaire, there's but a wall betweene them; deſpaire is one of hells Catch-poles; and leſt that Deuill arreſt her, Ile to her, yet ſhe ſhall not know me; ſhe ſhall drinke of my wealth, as beggers doe of running water, freely, yet neuer know from what Fountaines head it flowes. Shall a ſilly bird picke her owne breſt to nouriſh her yong ones and can a father ſee his child ſtarue? That were hard; The Pelican does it, and ſhall not I. Yes, I will victuall the Campe for her, but it ſhall be by ſome

ſtratagem ; that knaue there her husband will be hanged I feare, Ile keepe his necke out of the nooze if I can, he ſhall not know how.

Enter two Seruing-men.

Orl. How now knaues, whither wander you ?

1. To ſeeke your Worſhip.

Orl. Stay, which of you has my purſe, what money haue you about you ?

2. Some fifteene or ſixteene pounds, ſir.

Orl. Giue it me, I thinke I haue ſome gold about me ; yes, it's well ; leaue my Lodging at Court, and get you home. Come ſir, tho I neuer turned any man out of doores, yet Ile be ſo bold as to pull your Coate ouer your eares.

1. What doe you meane to doe ſir ?

Orl. Hold thy tongue knaue, take thou my Cloake, I hope I play not the paltry Merchant in this bartring ; bid the Steward of my houſe, ſleepe with open eyes in my abſence, and to looke to all things, whatſoeuer I command by Letters to be done by you, ſee it done. So, does it ſit well ?

2. As if it were made for your Worſhip.

Orl. You proud Varlets, you need not bee aſhamed to weare blue, when your Maſter is one of your fellowes ; away, doe not ſee me.

Both. This is excellent. *Exeunt.*

Orl. I ſhould put on a worſe ſuite too ; perhaps I will. My Vizard is on, now to this maske. Say I ſhould ſhaue off this Honor of an old man, or tye it vp ſhorter : Well, I will ſpoyle a good face for once. My beard being off, how ſhould I looke ? euen like
A Winter Cuckoo, or vnfeatherd Owle ;
Yet better loſe this haire, then loſe her ſoule. *Exit.*

Enter Candido, Lodouico, *and* Carolo. Lodouico *other Gueſts, and* Bride *with Prentiſes.*

Cand. O Gentlemen, ſo late, y'are very welcome, pray ſit downe.

Lod. *Carolo*, did'ſt ere ſee ſuch a neſt of Caps?
Aſto. Me thinkes
It's a moſt ciuill and moſt comely ſight.
Lod. What does he'ith middle looke like?
Aſto. Troth like a ſpire ſteeple in a Country Village ouerpeering ſo many thatcht houſes.
Lod. It's rather a long pike ſtaffe againſt ſo many bucklers without pikes; they ſit for all the world like a paire of Organs, and hee's the tall great roaring pipe 'ith middeſt.
Aſto. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Cand. What's that you laugh at, *Signiors*?
Lod. Troth ſhall I tell you, and aloude Ile tell it,
We laugh to ſee (yet laugh we not in ſcorne)
Amongſt ſo many Caps that long Hat worne.
Lodo. Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in *Millan*, and therefore I loue it, for the blocke was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a haire.
Cand. Indeed you are good obſeruers, it ſhewes ſtrange.
But Gentlemen, I pray neither contemne,
Nor yet deride a ciuill ornament;
I could build ſo much in the round Caps praiſe,
That loue this hye roofe, I this flat would raiſe.
Lod. Prethee ſweet Bridegrome doo't.
Cand. So all theſe gueſts will pardon me, Ile doo't.
Omnes. With all our hearts.
Cand. Thus then in the Caps honor,
To euery Sex and ſtate, both Nature, Time,
The Countries lawes, yea and the very Clime
Doe allot diſtinct habits, the ſpruce Courtier
Iets vp and downe in ſilke: the Warrier
Marches in buffe, the Clowne plods on in gray:
But for theſe vpper garments thus I ſay,
The Sea-man has his Cap, par'd without brim,
The Gallants head is featherd, that fits him;
The Soldier has his Murren, women ha Tires;
Beaſts haue their head-peeces, and men ha theirs.

Lod. Proceed.

Cand. Each degree has his faſhion, it's fit then,
One ſhould be laid by for the Citizen,
And that's the Cap which you ſee ſwels not hye,
For Caps are Emblems of humility ;
It is a Citizens badge, and firſt was worne
By'th Romanes ; for when any Bondmans turne
Came to be made a Freeman : thus 'twas ſaid,
He to the Cap was call'd ; that is, was made
Of Rome a Freeman, but was firſt cloſe ſhorne,
And ſo a Citizens haire is ſtill ſhort worne.

Lod. That cloſe ſhauing made Barbers a Company,
And now euery Citizen vſes it.

Cand. Of Geometricke figures the moſt rare,
And perfect'ſt are the Circle and the ſquare,
The Citty and the Schoole much build vpon
Theſe figures, for both loue proportion.
The City Cap is round, the Schollers ſquare,
To ſhew that Gouernment and learning are
The perfect'ſt limbes i'th body of a State :
For without them, all's diſproportionate.
If the Cap had no honor, this might reare it,
The Reuerend Fathers of the Law doe weare it.
It's light for Summer, and in cold it ſits
Cloſe to the ſcull, a warme houſe for the wits ;
It ſhewes the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
As if a man to looke on't were afraide,
Nor like a Drapers ſhop with broad darke ſhed,
For hee's no Citizen that hides his head.
Flat Caps as proper are to Citty Gownes,
As to Armors Helmets, or to Kings their Crownes.
Let then the City Cap by none be ſcornd,
Since with it Princes heads haue beene adornd.
If more the round Caps honor you would know,
How would this long Gowne with this ſteeple ſhow?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha : moſt vile, moſt vgly.

Cand. Pray *Signior* pardon me, 'twas done in ieſt.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there.

1. Wine : yes forſooth, wine for the Bride.
Car. You ha well ſet out the Cap, ſir.
Lod. Nay, that's flat.
Long. A health.
Lod. Since his Cap's round, that ſhall goe round. Be bare,
For in the Caps praiſe all of you haue ſhare
The Bride hits the Prentice on the lips.
Lod. The Bride's at cuffes.
Cand. Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I ſtand, I ſpied the error of my ſeruants,
She call'd for Claret, and you fill'd out Sacke ;
That cup giue me, 'tis for an old mans backe,
And not for hers. Indeed 'twas but miſtaken, aske all theſe elſe.
Omnes. No faith, 'twas but miſtaken.
1. Nay, ſhe tooke it right enough.
Cand. Good *Luke* reach her that glaſſe of Claret. Here. Miſtris Bride, pledge me there.
Bride. Now Ile none. *Exit Bride.*
Cand. How now ?
Lod. Looke what your Miſtris ayles.
1. Nothing, ſir, but about filling a wrong glaſſe, a ſcuruy tricke.
Cand. I pray you hold your tongue, my ſeruant there tells me ſhe is not well.
Omnes. Step to her, ſtep to her.
Lod. A word with you : doe ye heare ? This wench (your new wife) will take you downe in your wedding ſhooes, vnleſſe you hang her vp in her wedding garters.
Cand. How, hang her in her garters ?
Lod. Will you be a tame Pidgeon ſtill ? ſhall your backe be like a Tortoys ſhell, to let Carts goe ouer it, yet not to breake ? This Shee-cat will haue more liues then your laſt Puſſe had, and will ſcratch worſe, and mouze you worſe : looke toot.
Cand. What would you haue me doe, ſir ?
Lod. What would I haue you doe ? Sweare, ſwagger brawle, fling ; for fighting it's no matter, we

ha had knocking Puffes enow already ; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The Morall of which is, that a man muſt from his beginning be crooked to his wife ; be you like an Orange to her, let her cut you neuer ſo faire, be you ſowre as vineger ; will you be ruled by me ?

Cand. In any thing that's ciuill, honeſt, and iuſt.

Lod. Haue you euer a Prentices ſuit will fit me ?

Cand. I haue the very ſame which my ſelfe wore.

Lod. Ile ſend my man for't within this halfe houre, and within this two houres Ile be your Prentice : the Hen ſhall not ouercrowe the Cocke, Ile ſharpen your ſpurres.

Cand. It will be but ſome ieſt, ſir.

Lod. Onely a ieſt : farewell, come *Carolo. Exeunt.*

Omnes. Wee'l take our leaues, Sir, too.

Cand. Pray conceite not ill of my wiues ſodaine riſing. This young Knight, Sir *Lodouico*, is deepe ſeene in Phiſicke, and he tells me, the diſeaſe call'd the Mother, hangs on my wife, it is a vehement heauing and beating of the Stomacke, and that ſwelling did with the paine thereof crampe vp her arme, that hit his lips, and brake the glaſſe : no harme, it was no harme.

Omnes. No, *Signior*, none at all.

Cand. The ſtraighteſt arrow may flye wide by chance.

But come, we'll close this brawle vp in ſome dance.

Exeunt.

Enter Bellafront *and* Matheo.

Bell. Oh my ſweet Husband, wert thou in thy graue, and art aliue agen ? O welcome, welcome.

Mat. Doeſt know me ? my cloake prethee lay't vp. Yes faith, my winding ſheete was taken out of Lauender, to be ſtucke with Roſemary, I lacke but the knot

here, or here; yet if I had had it, I ſhould ha made a wry mouth at the world like a Playſe: but ſweeteſt villaine, I am here now, and I will talke with thee ſoone.

Bel. And glad am I th'art here.

Mat. Did theſe heeles caper in ſhackles? A my little plumpe rogue, Ile beare vp for all this, and flye hye. *Catzo Catzo.*

Bel. Matheo?

Mat. What ſayeſt, what ſayeſt? O braue freſh ayre, a pox on theſe Grates and gingling of Keyes, and rattling of Iron. Ile beare vp, Ile flye hye wench, hang Toſſe.

Bel. Matheo, prethee make thy priſon thy glaſſe,
And in it view the wrinkles, and the ſcarres,
By which thou wert disfigured, viewing them, mend them.

Mat. Ile goe viſit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boyes.

Bel. Thou doeſt not heare me?

Mat. Yes faith doe I.

Bel. Thou haſt beene in the hands of miſery, and tane ſtrong Phyſicke, prethee now be ſound.

Mat. Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inſide of a Tauerne lookes now. Oh when ſhall I bizle, bizle?

Bel. Nay ſee, th'art thirſty ſtill for poyſon, come, I will not haue thee ſwagger.

Mat. Honeſt Apes face.

Bel. 'Tis that ſharpned an axe to cut thy throate.
Good Loue, I would not haue thee ſell thy ſubſtance
And time (worth all) in thoſe damned ſhops of Hell;
Thoſe Dycing houſes, that ſtand neuer well,
But when they ſtand moſt ill, that foure-ſquared ſinne
Has almoſt lodg'd vs in the beggers Inne.
Beſides (to ſpeake which euen my ſoule does grieue)
A ſort of Rauens haue hung vpon thy ſleeue,
And fed vpon thee: good *Mat.* (if you pleaſe)

Scorne to ſpread wing amongſt ſo baſe as theſe ;
By them thy fame is ſpeckled, yet it ſhowes
Cleare amongſt them ; ſo Crowes are faire with Crowes.
Cuſtome in ſinne, giues ſinne a louely dye.
Blackneſſe in Mores is no deformity.

Mat. *Bellafront*, *Bellafront*, I proteſt to thee, I ſweare, as I hope my ſoule, I will turne ouer a new leafe, the priſon I confeſſe has bit me, the beſt man that ſayles in ſuch a Ship, may be lowſy.

Bel. One knockes at doore.

Mat. Ile be the Porter : they ſhall ſee, a Iayle cannot hold a braue ſpirit, Ile flye hye. *Exit.*

Bel. How wilde is his behauiour ! oh, I feare
He's ſpoyld by priſon, he's halfe damned comes there,
But I muſt ſit all ſtormes : when a full ſayle
His fortunes ſpred, he loued me : being now poore,
Ile beg for him, and no wife can doe more.

Enter Matheo, *and* Orlando *like a Seruingman.*

Mat. Come in pray, would you ſpeake with me, ſir ?

Orl. Is your name *Signior Matheo* ?

Mat. My name is *Signior Matheo.*

Orl. Is this Gentlewoman your wife, ſir ?

Mat. This Gentlewoman is my wife, ſir.

Orl. The Deſtinies ſpin a ſtrong and euen thread of both your loues : the Mothers owne face, I ha not forgot that, I'm an old man, ſir, & am troubled with a whoreſon ſalt rhewme, that I cannot hold my water. Gentlewoman, the laſt man I ſerued was your Father.

Bel. My Father ? any tongue that ſounds his name,
Speakes Muſicke to me : welcome good old man.
How does my father ? liues he ? has he health ?
How does my father ? I ſo much doe ſhame him,

So much doe wound him, that I ſcarce dare name him.

Orl. I can ſpeake no more.

Mat. How now old Lad, what doeſt cry?

Orl. The rhewme ſtill, ſir, nothing elſe; I ſhould be well ſeaſond, for mine eyes lye in brine: looke you, ſir, I haue a ſuite to you.

Math. What is't, my little white pate?

Orl. Troth, ſir, I haue a mind to ſerue your Worſhip.

Mat. To ſerue me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may ſay——

Orl. Nay looke you, ſir, I know when all ſinnes are old in vs, and goe vpon Crutches, that Couetouſneſſe does but then lie in her Cradle; 'Tis not ſo with me. Letchery loues to dwell in the faireſt lodging, and Couetouſneſſe in the oldeſt buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, ſir, is no Inne for ſuch a goſſip. If a Seruingman at my yeeres be not ſtored with bisket enough, that has ſayled about the world to ſerue him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him Eaſt-home; Ill pitty but all his daies ſhould be faſting daies: I care not ſo much for wages, for I haue ſcraped a handfull of gold together; I haue a little money, ſir, which I would put into your Worſhips hands, not ſo much to make it more.

Mat. No, no, you ſay well, thou ſayeſt well; but I muſt tell you: How much is the money, ſayeſt thou?

Orl. About twenty pound, Sir.

Mat. Twenty pound? Let me ſee: that ſhall bring thee in, after ten *per centum*, *per annum*.

Orl. No, no, no, ſir, no; I cannot abide to haue money ingender: fye vpon this ſiluer Lechery, fye; if I may haue meat to my mouth, and rags to my backe, and a flock-bed to ſnort vpon, when I die, the longer liuer take all.

Mat. A good old Boy, yfaith, if thou ſerueſt me,

thou ſhalt eat as I eat, drinke as *I* drinke, lye as *I* lye, and ride as *I* ride.

Orl. That's if you haue money to hire horſes.

Mat. Front. What doeſt thou thinke on't? This good old Lad here ſhall ſerue me.

Bel. Alas, *Matheo*, wilt thou load a backe
That is already broke?

Mat. Peace, pox on you, peace, there's a tricke in't, I flye hye, it ſhall be ſo, *Front.* as I tell you: giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt ſerue me yfaith: welcome: as for your money——

Orl. Nay, looke you ſir, I haue it here.

Mat. Peſh, keepe it thy ſelfe, man, and then th'art ſure 'tis ſafe.

Orl. Safe! and 'twere ten thouſand Duckets, your Worſhip ſhould be my caſh-keeper; I haue heard what your Worſhip is, an excellent dunghill Cocke, to ſcatter all abroad: but Ile venture twenty pound on's head.

Mat. And didſt thou ſerue my Worſhipfull Father-in-law, *Signior Orlando Friſcabaldo*, that mad man once?

Orl. I ſerued him ſo long, till he turned me out of doores.

Mat. It's a notable Chuffe, I ha not ſeene him many a day.

Orl. No matter and you ne'r ſee him; it's an arrant Grandy, a Churle, and as damnd a cut-throat.

Bel. Thou villaine, curb thy tongue, thou art a Iudas,
To ſell thy Maſters name to ſlander thus.

Mat. Away Aſſe, he ſpeakes but truth, thy father is a—

Bel. Gentleman.

Mat. And an old knaue, there's more deceit in him then in ſixteene Poticaries: it's a Deuill, thou maiſt beg, ſtarue, hang, damne; does he ſend thee ſo much as a cheeſe?

Orl. Or ſo much as a Gammon of Bacon,
Hee'll giue it his Dogs firſt.
Mat. A Iayle, a Iayle.
Orl. A Iew, a Iew, ſir.
Mat. A Dog.
Orl. An Engliſh Maſtiffe, ſir.
Mat. Pox rot out his old ſtinking garbage.
Bel. Art not aſhamed to ſtrike an abſent man thus?
Art not aſhamed to let this vild Dog barke,
And bite my Father thus? Ile not indure it;
Out of my doores, baſe ſlaue.
Mat. Your dores a vengeance? I ſhall liue to cut that old rogues throat, for all you take his part thus.
Orl. He ſhall liue to ſee thee hangd firſt.

Enter Hipollito.

Mat. Godsſo my Lord, your Lordſhip is moſt welcome,
I'm proud of this, my Lord.
Hip. Was bold to ſee you.
Is that your wife?
Mat. Yes ſir.
Hip. Ile borrow her lip.
Mat. With all my heart, my Lord.
Orl. Who's this, I pray ſir?
Mat. My Lord *Hipollito*: what's thy name?
Orl. *Pacheco.*
Mat. *Pacheco*, fine name; Thou ſeeſt *Pacheco*, I keepe company with no Scondrels, nor baſe fellowes.
Hip. Came not my Footman to you?
Bel. Yes my Lord.
Hip. I ſent by him a Diamond and a Letter,
Did you receiue them?
Bel. Yes my Lord, I did.
Hip. Read you the letter?

Bel. O're and o're tis read.

Hip. And faith your anſwer?

Bel, Now the time's not fit,
You ſee, my Husbands here.

Hip. Ile now then leaue you,
And chooſe mine houre; but ere I part away,
Harke, you remember I muſt haue no nay.
Matheo, I will leaue you.

Mat. A glaſſe of wine.

Hip. Not now, Ile viſit you at other times.
Y'are come off well then?

Mat. Excellent well, I thanke your Lordſhip: I owe you my life, my Lord; and will pay my beſt blood in any ſeruice of yours.

Hip. Ile take no ſuch deare payment, harke you *Matheo,* I know, the priſon is a gulfe, if money runne low with you, my purſe is yours; call for it.

Mat. Faith my Lord, I thanke my ſtarres, they ſend me downe ſome; I cannot ſinke, ſo long as theſe bladders hold.

Hip. I will not ſee your fortunes ebbe, pray try.
To ſtarue in full barnes were fond modeſty.

Mat. Open the doore, ſirra.

Hip. Drinke this, and anon I pray thee giue thy Miſtris this. *Exit.*

Orl. O Noble Spirit, if no worſe gueſts here dwell,
My blue coate ſits on my old ſhoulders well.

Mat. The onely royall fellow, he's bounteous as the Indies, what's that he ſaid to thee, *Bellafront*?

Bel. Nothing.

Mat. I prethee good Girle?

Bel. Why I tell you nothing.

Mat. Nothing? it's well: trickes, that I muſt be beholden to a ſcald hot-liuerd gotiſh Gallant, to ſtand with my cap in my hand, and vaile bonnet, when I ha ſpred as lofty ſayles as himſelfe, wud I had beene hanged. Nothing? *Pacheco,* bruſh my cloake.

Orl. Where is't, ſir?

Mat. Come, wee'll flye hye.
Nothing? there is a whore ſtill in thine eye. *Exit.*
Orl. My twenty pounds flyes high, O wretched woman,
This varlot's able to make *Lucrece* common.
How now Miſtris? has my Maſter dyed you into this ſad colour?
Bel. Fellow, be gone I pray thee, if thy tongue itch after talke ſo much, ſeeke out thy Maſter, th'art a fit inſtrument for him.
Orl. Zownes, I hope he will not play vpon me?
Bel. Play on thee? no, you two will flye together,
Becauſe you are rouing arrowes of one feather.
Would thou wouldſt leaue my houſe, thou ne'r ſhalt
Pleaſe me weaue thy nets ne'r ſo hye,
Thou ſhalt be but a ſpider in mine eye.
Th'art ranke with poyſon, poyſon temperd well,
Is food for health; but thy blacke tongue doth ſwell
With venome, to hurt him that gaue thee bread,
To wrong men abſent, is to ſpurne the dead.
And ſo did'ſt thou thy Maſter, and my Father.
Orl. You haue ſmall reaſon to take his part; for I haue heard him ſay fiue hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as euer ſtiffned tiffany neckcloathes in water-ſtarch vpon a Saturday 'ith afternoone.
Bel. Let him ſay worſe, when for the earths offence
Hot vengeance through the marble cloudes is driuen,
Is't fit earth ſhoot agen thoſe darts at heauen?
Orl. And ſo if your Father call you whore you'll not call him old knaue: *Frifcabaldo*, ſhe carries thy mind vp and downe; ſhe's thine owne fleſh, blood, and bone; troth Miſtris, to tell you true, the fire-workes that ran from me vpon lines againſt my good old Maſter, your father, were but to try how my young Maſter, your Husband loued ſuch ſquibs: but it's well knowne, I loue your father as my ſelfe; Ile ride for him at mid-night, runne for you by Owle-

light ; Ile dye for him, drudge for you ; Ile flye low, and Ile flye hye (as my Maſter ſaies) to doe you good, if you'll forgiue me.

Bel. I am not made of marble : I forgiue thee.

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good Stone-cutter might cut you : I hope the twenty pound I deliuered to my Maſter, is in a ſure hand.

Bel. In a ſure hand I warrant thee for ſpending.

Orl. I ſee my yong Maſter is a mad-cap, and a *bonus ſocius*, I loue him well, Miſtris : yet as well as I loue him, Ile not play the knaue with you ; looke you, I could cheate you of this purſe full of money ; but I am an old Lad, and I ſcorne to cunny-catch : yet I ha beene Dog at a Cony in my time.

Bel. A purſe, where hadſt it ?

Orl. The Gentleman that went away, whiſperd in mine eare, and charged me to giue it you.

Bel. The Lord *Hippollito* ?

Orl. Yes, if he be a Lord, he gaue it me.

Bel. 'Tis all gold.

Orl. 'Tis like ſo : it may be, he thinkes you want money, and therefore beſtowes his almes brauely, like a Lord.

Bel. He thinkes a ſiluer net can catch the poore,
Here's baite to choake a Nun, and turne her whore.
Wilt thou be honeſt to me ?

Orl. As your nailes to your fingers, which I thinke neuer deceiued you.

Bell. Thou to this Lord ſhalt goe, commend me to him,
And tell him this, the Towne has held out long,
Becauſe (within) 'twas rather true, then ſtrong.
To ſell it now were baſe ; Say 'tis no hold
Built of weake ſtuffe, to be blowne vp with gold.
He ſhall beleeue thee by this token, or this ;
If not, by this.

Orl. Is this all ?

Bel. This is all.

Orl. Mine owne Girle ſtill.

Bel. A Starre may ſhoote, not fall.

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. A Starre? nay, thou art more then the moone, for thou haſt neither changing quarters, nor a man ſtanding in thy circle with a buſh of thornes. Is't poſſible the Lord *Hipollito*, whoſe face is as ciuill as the outſide of a Dedicatory Booke, ſhould be a Muttonmunger? A poore man has but one Ewe, and this Grandy Sheepe-biter leaues whole Flockes of fat Weathers (whom he may knocke downe), to deuoure this. Ile truſt neither Lord nor Butcher with quicke fleſh for this tricke; the Cuckoo I ſee now ſings all the yeere, though euery man cannot heare him, but Ile ſpoyle his notes; can neither Loue-letters, nor the Deuils common Pick-lockes (Gold) nor Precious Stones make my Girle draw vp her Percullis: hold out ſtill, wench.

All are not Bawds (I ſee now) that keepe doores,
Nor all good wenches that are markt for Whores.

Exit.

Enter Candido, Lodouico *like a Prentice.*

Lod. Come, come, come, what do yee lacke, ſir? what doe ye lacke, ſir? what is't ye lacke ſir? is not my Worſhip well ſuited? did you euer ſee a Gentleman better diſguiſed?

Cand. Neuer, beleeue me, Signior.

Lod. Yes: but when he has bin drunke, there be Prentices would make mad Gallants, for they would ſpend all, and drinke, and whore, and ſo forth; and I ſee we Gallants could make mad Prentices. How does thy wife like me? Nay, I muſt not be ſo ſawcy, then I ſpoyle all: pray you how does my Miſtris like me?

Cand. Well: for ſhe takes you for a very ſimple fellow.

Lod. And they that are taken for ſuch, are com-

monly the arranteſt knaues: but to our Comedy come.

Cand. I ſhall not act it, chide you ſay, and fret,
And grow impatient: I ſhall neuer doo't.

Lod. S'blood, cannot you doe as all the world does? counterfet.

Cand. Were I a Painter, that ſhould liue by drawing nothing but Pictures of an angry man, I ſhould not earne my colours; I cannot doo't.

Lod. Remember y'are a Linnen Draper, and that if you giue your wife a yard, ſhe'll take an ell: giue her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a nayle.

Cand. Say I ſhould turne to Ice, and nip her loue
Now 'tis but in the bud.

Lod. Well, ſay ſhe's nipt.

Cand. It will ſo ouercharge her heart with griefe,
That like a Cannon, when her ſighes goe off,
She in her duty either will recoyle,
Or breake in pieces and ſo dye: her death,
By my vnkindneſſe might be counted murther.

Lod. Dye? neuer, neuer; I doe not bid you beat her, nor giue her blacke eyes, nor pinch her ſides: but croſſe her humours. Are not Bakers armes the skales of Iuſtice? yet is not their bread light? and may not you I pray bridle her with a ſharpe bit, yet ride her gently?

Cand. Well, I will try your pills, doe you your faithfull ſeruice, and bee ready ſtill at a pinch to helpe me in this part, or elſe I ſhall be out cleane.

Lod. Come, come, Ile prompt you.

Cand. Ile call her forth now, ſhall I?

Lod. Doe, doe, brauely.

Cand. *Luke*, I pray bid your Miſtris to come hither.

Lod. *Luke*, I pray bid your Miſtris to come hither.

Cand. Sirra, bid my wife come to me: why, when

Luke. Preſently, ſir, ſhe comes.——*within*——

Lod. La you, there's the eccho, ſhe comes.
Enter Bride.

Bride. What is your pleaſure with me?

Cand. Mary wife,
I haue intent, and (you ſee) this ſtripling here,
He beares good will and liking to my trade,
And meanes to deale in Linnen.

Lod. Yes indeed, ſir, I would deale in Linnen, if my Miſtris like me ſo well as I like her?

Cand. I hope to finde him honeſt, pray good wife looke that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. Y'are beſt to let him hire mee for his maide? I looke to his bed? looke too't your ſelfe.

Cand. Euen ſo
I ſweare to you a great oath.

Lod. Sweare, cry Zoundes.

Cand. I will not, goe to wife, I will not.

Lod. That your great oath?

Cand. Swallow theſe gudgeons.

Lod. Well ſaid.

Bride. Then faſt, then you may chooſe.

Cand. You know at Table
What trickes you played, ſwaggerd, broke glaſſes! Fie,
Fie, fie, fie: and now before my Prentice here
You make an aſſe of me; thou (what ſhall I call thee?)

Bride. Euen what you will.

Lod. Call her arrant whore.

Cand. Oh fie, by no meanes, then ſhe'll call me Cuckold, ſirrah, goe looke to'th ſhop: how does this ſhow?

Lod. Excellent well, Ile goe looke to the ſhop, ſir. Fine Cambricks, Lawnes, what doe you lacke.
Exit Lodouico.

Cand. A curſt Cowes milke I ha drunke once before,
And 'twas ſo ranke in taſte, Ile drinke no more.
Wife, Ile tame you.

Bride. You may, ſir, if you can,
But at a wraſtling I haue ſeene a fellow
Limbd like an Oxe, throwne by a little man.
Cand. And ſo you'll throw me. Reach me (Knaues) a yard.
Lod. A Yard for my Maſter.
1. *Pren.* My Maſter is growne valiant.
Cand. Ile teach you fencing trickes.
Omnes. Rare, rare ; a prize.
Lod. What will you doe, ſir?
Can. Mary, my good Prentice, nothing but breathe my wife.
Bride. Breathe me with your yard?
Lod. No, he'll but meaſure you out, forſooth.
Bride. Since you'll needes fence, handle your weapon well,
For if you take a yard, Ile take an ell.
Reach me an ell.
Lod. An ell for my Miſtris.
Keep the lawes of the Noble Science, ſir, & meaſure weapons with her; your yard is a plaine Heatheniſh weapon ; 'tis too ſhort, ſhe may giue you a handfull, & yet you'l not reach her.
Cand. Yet I ha the longer arme, come fall too't roundly,
And ſpare not me (wife) for Ile lay't on ſoundly.
If o're husbands their wiues will needes be Maſters,
We men will haue a law to win't at waſters.
Lod. 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?
Cand. For the breeches.
Bride. Husband I am for you, Ile not ſtrike in ieſt.
Cand. Nor I.
Bride. But will you ſigne to one requeſt?
Cand. What's that?
Bride. Let me giue the firſt blow.
Cand. The firſt blow, wife, ſhall I? *Prompt?*
Lod. Let her ha'te.
If ſhe ſtrike hard, in to her, and breake her pate.

Cand. A bargaine. Strike.
Bride. Then guard you from this blow,
For I play all at legges, but 'tis thus low. *She kneeles.*
Behold, I am ſuch a cunning Fencer growne,
I keepe my ground, yet downe I will be throwne
With the leaſt blow you giue me, I diſdaine
The wife that is her husbands Soueraigne.
She that vpon your pillow firſt did reſt,
They ſay, the breeches wore, which I deteſt:
The taxe which ſhe impoſed vpon you, I abate you,
If me you make your Maſter, I ſhall hate you.
The world ſhall iudge who offers faireſt play:
You win the breeches, but I win the day.
Cand. Thou winſt the day indeed, giue me thy hand,
Ile challenge thee no more: my patient breſt
Plaid thus the Rebell, onely for a ieſt:
Here's the rancke rider that breakes Colts, 'tis he
Can tame the mad folkes, and curſt wiues.
Bride. Who, your man?
Cand. My man? my Maſter, tho his head be bare,
But he's ſo courteous, he'll put off his haire.
Lod. Nay, if your ſeruice be ſo hot, a man cannot keepe his haire on, Ile ſerue you no longer.
Bride. Is this your Schoolemaſter?
Lod. Yes faith, wench, I taught him to take thee downe: I hope thou canſt take him downe without teaching;
You ha got the conqueſt, and you both are friends.
Cand. Beare witnes elſe.
Lod. My Prentiſhip then ends.
Cand. For the good ſeruice you to me haue done,
I giue you all your yeeres.
Lod. I thanke you Maſter.
Ile kiſſe my Miſtris now, that ſhe may ſay,
My man was bound, and free all in one day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando, *and* Infælice.

Infæ. From whom ſaieſt thou?

Orla. From a poore Gentlewoman, Madam, whom I ſerue.

Infæ. And whats your buſineſſe?

Orla. This, Madam: my poore Miſtris has a waſte piece of ground, which is her owne by inheritance, and left to her by her mother; There's a Lord now that goes about, not to take it cleane from her, but to incloſe it to himſelfe, and to ioyne it to a piece of his Lordſhips.

Infæ. What would ſhe haue me doe in this?

Orla. No more, Madam, but what one woman ſhould doe for another in ſuch a caſe. My Honourable Lord, your Husband would doe any thing in her behalfe, but ſhee had rather put her ſelfe into your hands, becauſe you (a woman) may doe more with the Duke your Father.

Infæ. Where lyes this Land?

Orl. Within a ſtones caſt of this place; my Miſtris, I think, would be content to let him enioy it after her deceaſe, if that would ſerue his turne, ſo my Maſter would yeeld too: but ſhe cannot abide to heare that the Lord ſhould meddle with it in her life time.

Infæ. Is ſhe then married? why ſtirres not her Husband in it?

Orl. Her Husband ſtirres in it vnder hand: but becauſe the other is a great rich man, my Maſter is loth to be ſeene in it too much.

Infæ. Let her in writing draw the cauſe at large: And I will moue the Duke.

Orl. 'Tis ſet downe, Madam, here in blacke and white already: worke it ſo, Madam, that ſhe may keepe her owne without diſturbance, grieuance, moleſtation, or medling of any other; and ſhe beſtowes this purſe of gold on your Ladyſhip.

Infæ. Old man, Ile pleade for her, but take no fees:
Giue Lawyers them, I ſwim not in that flood,
Ile touch no gold, till I haue done her good.

Orl. I would all Proctors Clearkes were of your minde, I ſhould law more amongſt them then I doe then; here, Madam, is the ſuruey, not onely of the Mannor it ſelfe, but of the Grange houſe, with euery Medow paſture, Plough-land, Cony-borough, Fiſh-pond, hedge, ditch, and buſh that ſtands in it.

Infœ. My Husbands name, and hand and ſeale at armes to a Loue-letter? Where hadſt thou this writing?

Orla. From the foreſaid party, Madam, that would keepe the foreſaid Land out of the foreſaid Lords fingers.

Infœ. My Lord turnd Ranger now?

Orl. Y'are a good Huntreſſe, Lady, you ha found your Game already: your Lord would faine be a Ranger, but my Miſtris requeſts you to let him runne a courſe in your owne Parke, if you'll not doo't for loue, then doo't for money; ſhe has no white money, but there's gold, or elſe ſhe praies you to ring him by this token, and ſo you ſhall be ſure his noſe will not be rooting other mens paſtures.

Infœ. This very purſe was wouen with mine owne hands,
This Diamond on that very night, when he
Vntyed my Virgin girdle, gaue I him:
And muſt a common Harlot ſhare in mine?
Old man, to quit thy paines, take thou the gold.

Orl. Not I, Madam, old Seruingmen want no money.

Infœ. *Cupid* himſelfe was ſure his Secretary,
Theſe lines are euen the Arrowes Loue let flies,
The very Incke dropt out of *Venus* eyes.

Orla. I doe not thinke, Madam, but hee fetcht off ſome Poet or other for thoſe lines, for they are parlous Hawkes to flie at wenches.

Infœ. Here's honied poyſon, to me he ne'r thus writ,
But Luſt can ſet a double edge on wit.

Orla. Nay, that's true, Madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Infæ. Oathes, promiſes, preferments, Iewels, gold,
What ſnares ſhould breake, if all theſe cannot hold?
What creature is thy Miſtris?

Orl. One of thoſe creatures that are contrary to man; a woman.

Infæ. What manner of woman?

Orl. A little tiny woman, lower then your Ladiſhip by head and ſhoulders, but as mad a wench as euer vnlaced a petticote: theſe things ſhould I indeed haue deliuered to my Lord your Husband.

Infæ. They are deliuered better: Why ſhould ſhe ſend backe theſe things?

Orl. Ware, ware, there's knauery.

Infæ. Strumpets like cheating gameſters will not win
At firſt: theſe are but baites to draw him in.
How might I learne his hunting houres?

Orl. The Iriſh Footman can tell you all his hunting houres, the Parke he hunts in, the Doe he would ſtrike, that Iriſh Shackatory beates the buſh for him, and knowes all; he brought that Letter, and that Ring; he is the Carrier.

Infæ. Knoweſt thou what other gifts haue paſt betweene them?

Orl. Little S. *Patricke* knowes all.

Infæ. Him Ile examine preſently.

Orl. Not whileſt I am here, ſweet Madam.

Infæ. Be gon then, & what lyes in me command.
Exit Orl.

Enter Bryan.

Infæ. Come hither ſirra, how much coſt thoſe Satins, and cloth of Siluer, which my husband ſent by you to a low Gentlewoman yonder?

Bry. Faat Sattins? faat Siluers, faat low Gentlefolkes? dow prateſt dow knoweſt not what, yfaat la.

Infæ. She there, to whom you carried letters.

Bry. By dis hand and bod dow ſaiſt true, if I did ſo, oh how? I know not a letter a de Book yfaat la.

Infæ. Did your Lord neuer ſend you with a Ring, ſir, ſet with a Diamond?

Bry. Neuer, ſa crees ſa me, neuer; he may runne at a towſand rings yſaat, and I neuer hold his ſtirrop, till he leape into de ſaddle. By S. *Patricke*, Madam, I neuer touch my Lords Diamond, nor euer had to doe, yſaat la, with any of his precious ſtones.

Enter Hipollito.

Infæ. Are you ſo cloſe, you Bawd, you pandring ſlaue?

Hip How now? why *Infælice*? what's your quarrell?

Infæ. Out of my ſight, baſe varlet, get thee gone.

Hip. Away you rogue.

Bry. Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Ah marragh frofat boddah breen.* *Exit.*

Hip. What, growne a fighter? prethee what's the matter?

Infæ. If you'll needs know, it was about the clocke: how workes the day, my Lord, (pray) by your watch?

Hip. Leſt you cuffe me, Ile tell you preſently: I am neere two.

Infæ. How, two? I am ſcarce at one.

Hip. One of vs then goes falſe.

Infæ. Then ſure 'tis you,
Mine goes by heauens Diall, (the Sunne) and it goes true.

Hip. I thinke (indeed) mine runnes ſomewhat too faſt.

Infæ. Set it to mine (at one) then.

Hip. One? 'tis paſt:
'Tis paſt one by the Sunne.

Infæ. Faith then belike,
Neither your clocke nor mine does truely ſtrike,
And ſince it is vncertaine which goes true,
Better be falſe at one, then falſe at two.

Hip. Y'are very pleaſant, Madam.

Infæ. Yet not merry.

Hip Why *Infælice*, what ſhould make you ſad?

Infæ. Nothing my Lord, but my falſe watch, pray tell me.

You ſee, my clocke, or yours is out of frame,
Muſt we vpon the Workeman lay the blame,
Or on ourſelves that keepe them?

Hip. Faith on both.

He may by knauery ſpoile them, we by ſloth,
But why talke you all riddle thus? I read
Strange Comments in those margines of your lookes:
Your cheekes of late are (like bad printed Bookes)
So dimly charactred, I ſcarce can ſpell,
One line of loue in them. Sure all's not well.

Infæ. All is not well indeed, my deareſt Lord,
Locke vp thy gates of hearing, that no ſound
Of what I ſpeake may enter.

Hip. What meanes this?

Infæ. Or of my owne tongue muſt my ſelfe betray,
Count it a dreame, or turne thine eyes away,
And thinke me not thy wife. *She kneeles.*

Hip. Why doe you kneele?

Infæ. Earth is ſinnes cuſhion: when the ſicke ſoule feeles her ſelfe growing poore, then ſhe turnes begger, cryes and kneeles for helpe: *Hipollito* (for husband I dare not call thee) I haue ſtolne that Iewell of my chaſte honour (which was onely thine) and given it to a ſlaue.

Hip. Hah?

Infæ. On thy pillow adultery & luſt haue ſlept, thy Groome
Hath climbed the vnlawfull tree, and pluckt the ſweets,
A villaine hath vſurped a husbands ſheetes.

Hip. S'death, who, (a Cuckold) who?

Infæ. This Iriſh Footman.

Hip. Worſe then damnation, a wilde Kerne, a Frogge, a Dog: whom Ile ſcarce ſpurne. Longed vou for Shamocke? were it my fathers father (heart)

Ile kill him, although I take him on his death-bed gaſping 'twixt heauen and hell; a ſhag-haired Cur? Bold Strumpet, why hangeſt thou on me? thinkſt Ile be a Bawde to a Whore, becauſe ſhe's Noble?

Infæ. I beg but this,
Set not my ſhame out to the worlds broad eye,
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) ſoare hye,
So it be in darkned clowdes.

Hip. Darkned! my hornes
Cannot be darkned, nor ſhall my reuenge.
A Harlot to my ſlaue? the act is baſe,
Common, but foule, ſo ſhall not thy diſgrace:
Could not I feed your appetite? oh women
You were created Angels, pure and faire;
But ſince the firſt fell, tempting Deuils you are,
You ſhould be mens bliſſe, but you proue their rods.
Were there no women, men might liue like gods:
You ha beene too much downe already, riſe,
Get from my ſight, and henceforth ſhun my bed,
Ile with no Strumpets breath be poyſoned.
As for your Iriſh *Lubrican*, that ſpirit
Whom by prepoſtrous charmes thy luſt hath raiſed
In a wrong Circle, him Ile damne more blacke
Then any Tyrants foule.

Infæ. Hipollito?

Hip. Tell me, didſt thou baite Hookes to draw him to thee, or did he bewitch thee?

Infæ. The ſlaue did woo me.

Hip. Two wooes in that Skreech-owles language? Oh who would truſt your corcke-heeld ſex? I thinke to ſate your luſt, you would loue a Horſe, a Beare, a croaking Toade, ſo your hot itching veines might haue their bound, then the wild Iriſh Dart was throwne. Come, how? the manner of this fight.

Infæ. 'Twas thus, he gaue me this battery firſt.
Oh I
Miſtake, beleeue me, all this in beaten gold:
Yet I held out, but at length thus was charm'd.
What! change your Diamond wench, the act is baſe,

Common, but foule, ſo ſhall not your diſgrace:
Could not I feed your appetite? Oh Men,
You were created Angels, pure and faire,
But ſince the firſt fell, worſe then Deuils you are.
You ſhould our ſhields be, but you proue our rods.
Were there no Men, Women might liue like gods.
Guilty my Lord?

Hip. Yes, guilty my good Lady.

Infæ. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth ſhun my bed,
With no whores leauings Ile be poyſoned. *Exit.*

Hip. O're-reach'd ſo finely? 'Tis the very Diamond
And Letter which I ſent: this villany
Some Spider cloſely weaues, whoſe poyſond bulke
I muſt let forth. Who's there without?

Seruant. My Lord calls.———*within.*———

Hip. Send me the Footman.

Ser. Call the Footman to my Lord. *Bryan, Bryan.*

Enter Bryan.

Hip. It can be no man elſe, that Iriſh Judas,
Bred in a Country where no venom proſpers,
But in the Nations blood hath thus betraid me.
Slaue, get you from your ſeruice.

Bry. Faat meaneſt thou by this now?

Hip. Queſtion me not, nor tempt my fury, villaine,
Couldſt thou turne all the Mountaines in the land,
To hills of gold, and giue me: here thou ſtayeſt not.

Bry. I faat, I care not.

Hip. Prate not, but get thee gone, I ſhall ſend elſe.

Bry. I, doe predy, I had rather haue thee make a ſcabbard of my guts, and let out all de Iriſh puddings in my poore belly, den to be a falſe knaue to de I faat, I will neuer ſee dyne own ſweet face more. *A mawhid deer a gra*, fare de well, fare de well, I wil goe ſteale Cowes agen in *Ireland.* *Exit.*

Hip. He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlewind, which hath blowne
Into her eyes this iealouſie: yet Ile on,
Ile on, ſtood armed Deuils ſtaring in my face,
To be purſued in flight, quickens the race,
Shall my blood ſtreames by a wiues luſt be bard?
Fond woman, no: Iron growes by ſtrokes more hard,
Lawleſſe deſires are ſeas ſcorning all bounds,
Or ſulphure which being ram'd vp, more confounds,
Strugling with mad men, madnes nothing tames,
Winds wraſtling with great fires, incenſe the flames.
Exit.

Enter Matheo, Bellafront, *and* Orlando.

Bel. How now, what ayles your Maſter?

Orl. Has taken a yonger brothers purge, forſooth, and that workes with him.

Bel. Where is his Cloake and Rapier?

Orl. He has giuen vp his Cloake, and his Rapier is bound to the Peace: If you looke a little higher, you may ſee that another hath entred into hatband for him too. Sixe and foure haue put him into this ſweat.

Bel. Where's all his money?

Orl. 'Tis put ouer by exchange: his doublet was going to be tranſlated, but for me: if any man would ha lent but halfe a ducket on his beard, the haire of it had ſtuft a paire of breeches by this time; I had but one poore penny, and that I was glad to niggle out, and buy a holly-wand to grace him thorow the ſtreete. As hap was, his bootes were on, and them I duſtied, to make people thinke he had beene riding, and I had runne by him.

Bell. Oh me, how does my ſweet *Matheo*?

Mat. Oh Rogue, of what deuiliſh ſtuffe are theſe Dice made off? the parings of the Deuils cornes of his toes, that they runne thus damnably.

Bel. I prethee vex not.

Mat. If any handy-crafts man was euer ſuffred to

keep ſhop in hell, it will be a Dice-maker; he's able to vndoe more ſoules then the Deuill; I plaid with mine owne Dice, yet loſt. Ha you any money?

Bel. Las I ha none.

Mat. Muſt haue money, muſt haue ſome, muſt haue a Cloake, and Rapier, and things: will you goe ſet your limetwigs, and get me ſome birds, ſome money?

Bel. What limetwigs ſhould I ſet?

Mat. You will not then? Muſt haue caſh and pictures: doe ye heare, (frailty) ſhall I walke in a *Plimouth* Cloake, (that's to ſay) like a rogue, in my hoſe and doublet, and a crabtree cudgell in my hand, and you ſwimme in your Sattins? muſt haue money, come.

Orl. Is't bed-time, Maſter, that you vndo my Miſtris?

Bel. Vndoe me? Yes, yes, at theſe riflings
I haue beene too often.

Mat. Helpe to flea, *Pacheco.*

Orl. Fleaing call you it?

Mat. Ile pawne you by'th Lord, to your very eye-browes.

Bel With all my heart, ſince heauen will haue me poore,
As good be drown'd at ſea, as drown'd at ſhore.

Orl. Why heare you, ſir? yfaith doe not make away her Gowne.

Mat. Oh it's Summer, it's Summer; your onely faſhion for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.

Orl. Why, pray ſir, employ ſome of that money you haue of mine.

Mat. Thine? Ile ſtarue firſt, Ile beg firſt; when I touch a penny of that, let theſe fingers ends rot.

Orl. So they may, for that's paſt touching. I ſaw my twenty pounds flye hie.

Mat. Knoweſt thou neuer a damn'd Broker about the Citty?

Orl. Damn'd Broker? yes, fiue hundred.

Mat. The Gowne ſtood me in aboue twenty Duckets, borrow ten of it, cannot liue without ſiluer.

Orle. Ile make what I can of it, ſir, Ile be your Broker,
But not your damb'd broker: Oh thou ſcurvy knaue,
What makes a wife turne whore, but ſuch a ſlaue?

Exit.

Mat. How now little chicke, what ayleſt, weeping For a handfull of Taylors ſhreds? pox on them, are there not ſilkes enow at Mercers?

Bel. I care not for gay feathers, I.

Mat. What doeſt care for then? why doeſt grieue?

Bel. Why doe I grieue? A thouſand ſorrowes ſtrike
At one poore heart, and yet it liues. *Matheo*,
Thou art a Gameſter, prethee throw at all,
Set all vpon one caſt, we kneele and pray,
And ſtruggle for life, yet muſt be caſt away.
Meet miſery quickly then, ſplit all, fell all,
And when thou haſt ſold all, ſpend it, but I beſeech thee
Build not thy mind on me to coyne thee more,
To get it wouldſt thou haue me play the whore?

Mat. 'Twas your profeſſion before I married you.

Bel. Vmh? it was indeed: if all men ſhould be branded
For ſinnes long ſince laid vp, who could be ſaued?
The Quarter day's at hand, how will you doe
To pay the Rent, *Matheo*?

Mat. Why? doe as all of our occupation doe againſt Quarter daies: breake vp houſe, remoue, ſhift your lodgings, pox a your Quarters.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Where's this Gallant?

Mut. *Signior Lodouico*? how does my little Mirror of Knight-hood? this is kindly done yfaith: welcome by my troth.

Lod. And how doeſt, frolicke? Saue you faire

Lady. Thou lookeſt ſmug and brauely, Noble *Mat.*

Mat. Drinke and feed, laugh and lie warme.

Lod. Is this thy wife?

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, ſir, whom I make vſe of a nights.

Lod. Pay cuſtome to your lips, ſweet Lady.

Mat. Borrow ſome ſhells of him, ſome wine, ſweet heart.

Lod. Ile ſend for't then yfaith.

Mat. You ſend for't? Some wine I prethee.

Bel. I ha no money.

Mat. S'blood, nor I: What wine loue you, *Signior*?

Lod. Here, or Ile not ſtay, I proteſt; trouble the Gentlewoman too much? *Exit* Bellafront. And what newes flies abroad, *Matheo*?

Mat. Troth, none. Oh *Signior*, we ha beene merry in our daies.

Lod. And no doubt ſhall agen.
The Diuine powers neuer ſhoot Darts at men
Mortall, to kill them.

Mat. You ſay true.

Lod. Why ſhould we grieue at want? Say the world made thee
Her Minnion, that thy head lay in her lap,
And that ſhe danc't thee on her wanton knee,
She could but giue thee a whole world: that's all,
And that all's nothing; the worlds greateſt part
Cannot fill vp one corner of thy heart.
Say the three corners were all filld, alas!
Of what art thou poſſeſt, a thinne blowne glaſſe:
Such as by Boyes is puft into the aire.
Were twenty Kingdomes thine, thou'dſt liue in care:
Thou could'ſt not ſleepe the better, nor liue longer,
Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor ſtronger.
If then thou want'ſt, thus make that want thy pleaſure,
No man wants all things, nor has all in meaſure.

Mat. I am the moſt wretched fellow: ſure ſome left-handed Prieſt chriſtned me, I am ſo vnlucky: I am neuer out of one puddle or another, ſtill falling.

Enter Bellafront, *and* Orlando.

Mat. Fill out wine to my little finger.
With my heart yfaith.
Lod. Thankes, good *Matheo.*
To your owne ſweet ſelfe.
Orl. All the Brokers hearts, ſir, are made of flint, I can with all my knocking, ſtrike but fixe ſparkes of fire out of them, here's fixe duckets, if youle take them.
Mat. Giue me them: an euill conſcience gnaw them all, moths and plagues hang vpon their lowſie wardrobs.
Lod. Is this your man, *Matheo*? An old Seruingman.
Orl. You may giue me t'other halfe too, ſir:
That's the Begger.
Lod. What haſt there, gold?
Mat. A ſort of Raſcalls are in my debt, (God knowes what) and they feed me with bits, with crummes, a pox choke them.
Lod. A word, *Matheo*; be not angry with me,
Beleeue it that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper (tho it be gilded o're)
From the true gold: the failes which thou doeſt ſpread,
Would ſhow well, if they were not borrowed.
The ſound of thy low fortunes drew me hither,
I giue my ſelfe vnto thee, prethee vſe me,
I will beſtow on you a ſuite of Sattin,
And all things elſe to fit a Gentleman,
Becauſe I loue you.
Mat. Thankes, good Noble Knight.
Lod. Call on me when you pleaſe,
Till then farewell. *Exit.*
Mat. Haſt angled? haſt cut up this freſh Salmon?
Bel. Wudſt haue me be ſo baſe?
Mat. It's baſe to ſteale, it's baſe to be a whore:

Thou't be more baſe, Ile make thee keepe a doore.

Exit.

Orl. I hope he will not ſneake away with all the money, will he?

Bel. Thou ſeeſt he does.

Orl. Nay then it's well. I ſet my braines vpon an vpright Laſt; tho my wits be old, yet they are like a witherd pippin, wholſome. Looke you, Miſtris, I told him I had but ſixe duckets of the (Knaue) Broker, but I had eight, and kept theſe two for you.

Bel. Thou ſhouldſt haue giuen him all.

Orl. What, to flie hie?

Bel. Like waues, my miſery driues on miſery.

Exit.

Orl. Sell his wiues cloathes from her backe? does any Poulterers wife pull chickins aliue? He Riots all abroad, wants all at home: he Dices, whores, ſwaggers, ſweares, cheates, borrowes, pawnes: Ile giue him hooke and line, a little more for all this.
Yet ſure i'th end he'll delude all my hopes,
And ſhew me a French tricke danc'd on the ropes.

Exit.

Enter at one doore Lodouico *and* Carolo; *at another* Bots, *and Miſtris* Horſleach; Candido *and his wife appeare in the Shop.*

Lod. Hiſt, hiſt, Lieutenant *Bots*, how do'ſt, man?

Car. Whither are you ambling, Madam *Horſleach*?

Horſ. About worldly profit, ſir: how doe your Worſhips?

Bots. We want tooles, Gentlemen, to furniſh the trade: they weare out day and night, they weare out till no mettle bee left in their backe; wee heare of two or three new Wenches are come vp with a Carrier, and your old Goſhawke here is flying at them.

Lod. And faith, what fleſh haue you at home?

Horſ. Ordinary Diſhes, by my troth, ſweet men, there's few good i'th Cittie; I am as well furniſht as any, and tho I ſay it, as well cuſtom'd.

Bots. We haue meates of all ſorts of dreſſing; we haue ſtew'd meat for your Frenchman, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roaſted, for *Don Spaniardo.*

Lod. A pox on't.

Bots. We haue Poulterers ware for your ſweet bloods, as Doue, Chickin, Ducke, Teale, Woodcocke, and ſo forth: and Butchers meat for the Cittizen: yet Muttons fall very bad this yeere.

Lod. Stay, is not that my patient Linnen Draper yonder, and my fine yong ſmug Miſtris, his wife?

Car. Sirra Grannam, Ile giue thee for thy fee twenty crownes, if thou canſt but procure me the wearing of yon veluet cap.

Hof. You'd weare another thing beſides the cap. Y'are a Wag.

Bots. Twenty crownes? we'll ſhare, and Ile be your pully to draw her on.

Lod. Doo't preſently; we'll ha ſome ſport.

Horſ. Wheele you about, ſweet men doe you ſee, Ile cheapen wares of the man, whileſt *Bots* is doing with his wife.

Lod. Too't: if we come into the ſhop to doe you grace, wee'll call you Madam.

Bots. Pox a your old face, giue it the badge of all ſcuruy faces, a Maſque.

Cand. What is't you lacke, Gentlewoman? Cambricke or Lawnes, or fine Hollands? Pray draw neere, I can ſell you a penny-worth.

Bots. Some Cambricke for my old Lady.

Cand. Cambricke? you ſhall, the pureſt thred in *Millan.*

Lod. and *Car.* Saue you, *Signior Candido.*

Lod. How does my Noble Maſter? how my faire Miſtris?

Cand. My Worſhipfull good Seruant, view it well, for 'tis both fine and euen.

Car. Cry you mercy, Madam, tho mask'd, I thought it ſhould be you by your man. Pray, *Signior*, ſhew her the beſt, for ſhe commonly deales for good ware.

Cand. Then this ſhall fit her, this is for your Ladiſhip.

Bots. A word, I pray, there is a waiting Gentlewoman of my Ladies: her name is *Ruyna*, ſaies ſhe's your Kinſwoman, and that you ſhould be one of her Aunts.

Wife. One of her Aunts? troth ſir, I know her not.

Bots. If it pleaſe you to beſtow the poore labour of your legs at any time, I will be your conuoy thither?

Wife. I am a Snaile, ſir, ſeldome leaue my houſe, i'ſt pleaſe her to viſit me, ſhe ſhall be welcome.

Bots. Doe you heare? the naked troth is: my Lady hath a yong Knight, her ſonne, who loues you, y'are made, if you lay hold vpont: this Iewell he ſends you.

Wife. Sir, I returne his loue and Iewell with ſcorne; let goe my hand, or I ſhall call my husband. You are an arrant Knaue. *Exit.*

Lod. What, will ſhe doe?

Bots. Doe? they ſhall all doe if *Bots* ſets vpon them once, ſhe was as if ſhe had profeſt the trade, ſqueamiſh at firſt, at laſt I ſhewed her this Iewell, ſaid, a Knight ſent it her.

Lod. Is't gold, and right ſtones?

Bots. Copper, Copper, I goe a fiſhing with theſe baites. She nibbled, but wud not ſwallow the hooke, becauſe the Cunger-head her husband was by; but ſhee bids the Gentleman name any afternoone, and ſhe'll meet him at her Garden houſe, which I know.

Lod. Is this no lie now?
Bots. Dam me if——
Lod. Oh prethee ſtay there.
Bots. The twenty crownes, ſir.
Lod. Before he has his worke done? but on my Knightly word he ſhall pay't thee.

Enter Aſtolpho, Beraldo, Fontinell, *and the Iriſh Footman.*

Aſto. I thought thou hadſt beene gone into thine owne Country.
Bry. No faat la, I cannot goe dis foure or tree dayes.
Ber. Looke thee, yonders the ſhop, and that's the man himſelfe.
Fon. Thou ſhalt but cheapen, and doe as we told thee, to put a ieſt vpon him, to abuſe his patience.
Bry. I faat, I doubt my pate ſhall be knocked: but ſa crees ſa me, for your ſhakes, I will runne to any Linnen Draper in hell, come preddy.
Omnes. Saue you Gallants.
Lod. and *Car.* Oh, well met!
Cand. You'll giue no more you ſay? I cannot take it.
Horſ. Truly Ile giue no more.
Cand. It muſt not fetch it. What wud you haue, ſweet Gentlemen?
Aſto. Nay, here's the Cuſtomer.
Exeunt. Bots & Horſ.
Lod. The Garden-houſe you ſay? wee'll boult out your roguery.
Cand. I will but lay theſe parcels by—— My men are all at Cuſtome-houſe vnloding Wares, if Cambricke you wud deale in, there's the beſt, all *Millan* cannot ſample it.
Lod. Doe you heare? 1. 2. 3. S'foot, there came in

4. Gallants, ſure your wife is ſlipt vp, and the 4th. man
I hold my life, is grafting your Warden tree.
Cand. Ha, ha, ha: you Gentlemen are full of Ieſt.
If ſhe be vp, ſhe's gone ſome wares to ſhow,
I haue aboue as good wares as below.
Lod. Haue you ſo? nay then——
Cand. Now Gentlemen, is't Cambricks?
Bry. I predee now let me haue de beſt wares.
Cand. What's that he ſaies, pray Gentlemen?
Lod. Mary he ſaies we are like to haue the beſt wares.
Cand. The beſt wares? all are bad, yet wares doe good,
And like to Surgeons, let ſicke Kingdomes blood.
Bry. Faat a Deuill prateſt tow ſo, a pox on dee, I preddee let me ſee ſome Hollen, to make Linnen ſhirts, for feare my body be lowſie.
Cand. Indeed I vnderſtand no word he ſpeakes.
Car. Mary, he ſaies, that at the ſiege in *Holland* there was much bawdry vſed among the Souldiers, tho they were lowſie.
Cand. It may be ſo, that's likely, true indeed,
In euery garden, ſir, does grow that weed.
Bry. Pox on de gardens, and de weedes, and de fooles cap dere, and de cloutes; heare? doeſt make a Hobby-horſe of me.
Omnes. Oh fie, he has torne the Cambricke.
Cand. 'Tis no matter.
Aſto. It frets me to the ſoule.
Cand. So doeſt not me.
My Cuſtomers doe oft for remnants call,
Theſe are two remnants, now, no loſſe at all.
But let me tell you, were my Seruants here,
It would ha coſt more.—— Thanke you Gentlemen,
I vſe you well, pray know my ſhop agen. *Exit.*
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha; come, come, let's goe, let's goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Matheo (*braue*) *and* Bellafront.

Mat. How am I ſuited, *Front?* am I not gallant, ha?

Bel. Yes, ſir, you are ſuited well.

Mat. Exceeding paſſing well, and to the time.

Bel. The Taylor has plaid his part with you.

Mat. And I haue plaid a Gentlemans part with my Taylor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Bel. And why did you ſo, ſir?

Mat. To keepe the faſhion; It's your onely faſhion now of your beſt ranke of Gallants, to make their Taylors waite for their money, neither were it wiſedome indeed to pay them vpon the firſt edition of a new ſuite: for commonly the ſuite is owing for, when the lynings are worne out, and there's no reaſon then, that the Taylor ſhould be paid before the Mercer.

Bel. Is this the ſuite the Knight beſtowed vpon you?

Mat. This is the ſuite, and I need not ſhame to weare it, for better men then I would be glad to haue ſuites beſtowed on them. It's a generous fellow,—but—pox on him—we whoſe Pericranions are the very Limbecks and Stillitories of good wit, and flie hie, muſt driue liquor out of ſtale gaping Oyſters. Shallow Knight, poore Squire *Tinacheo*: Ile make a wild Cataine of forty ſuch: hang him, he's an Aſſe, he's alwaies ſober.

Bel. This is your fault to wound your friends ſtill.

Mat. No faith, *Front*, *Lodouico* is a noble Slauonian: it's more rare to ſee him in a womans company, then for a Spaniard to goe into *England*, and to challenge the Engliſh Fencers there.—One knockes,—See—*La, fa, ſol, la, fa, la,* ruſtle in Silkes and Satins: there's muſique in this, and a Taffety Petticoate, it make both flie hie,—*Catzo.*

Enter Bellafront, *after her* Orlando, *like himſelfe, with foure men after him.*

Bel. Matheo? 'tis my Father.

Mat. Ha, Father? It's no matter, hee findes no tatterd Prodigals here.

Orl. Is not the doore good enough to hold your blue Coates? away, Knaues. Weare not your cloathes thred-bare at knees for me; beg Heauvens bleſſing, (not mine.) Oh cry your Worſhip mercy, ſir, was ſomewhat bold to talke to this Gentlewoman, your wife here.

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, ſir.

Orl. Stand not, ſir, bare to me; I ha read oft
That Serpents who creepe low, belch ranker poiſon
Than winged Dragons doe, that flie aloft.

Mat. If it offend you, ſir? 'tis for my pleaſure.

Orl. Your pleaſure be't, ſir; vmh, is this your Palace?

Bel. Yes, and our Kingdome, for 'tis our content.

Orl. It's a very poore Kingdome then; what, are all your Subjects gone a Sheepe-ſhearing? not a Maid? not a Man? not ſo much as a Cat? you keepe a good houſe belike, iuſt like one of your profeſſion, euery roome with bare walls, and a halfe-headed bed to vault vpon (as all your bawdy-houſes are.) Pray who are your Vpholſters? Oh, the Spiders, I ſee, they beſtow hangings vpon you.

Mat. Bawdy-houſe? Zounds ſir ———

Bel. Oh ſweet *Matheo*, peace. Vpon my knees
I doe beſeech you, ſir, not to arraigne me
For ſinnes, which heauen, I hope, long ſince hath pardoned.
Thoſe flames (like lightning flaſhes) are ſo ſpent,
The heate no more remaines, then where ſhips went,
Or where birds cut the aire, the print remaines.

Mat. Pox on him, kneele to a Dog?

Bel. She that's a Whore,
Liues gallant, fares well, is not (like me) poore,

I ha now as ſmall acquaintance with that ſinne,
As if I had neuer knowne it ; that, neuer bin.

Orl. No acquaintance with it? what maintaines thee then? how doeſt liue then? has thy husband any Lands? any Rents comming in, any Stocke going, any Ploughs iogging, any Ships ſailing? haſt thou any Wares to turne, ſo much as to get aſingle penny by? Yes, thou haſt Ware to ſell,
Knaues are thy Chapmen, and thy Shop is Hell.

Mat. Doe you heare, ſir?

Orl. So ſir, I do heare, ſir, more of you then you dreame I do.

Mat. You flie a little too hie, ſir.

Orl. Why, ſir, too hie?

Mat. I ha ſuffred your tongue, like a bard Cater tra, to runne all this while, and ha not ſtopt it.

Orl. Well, ſir, you talke like a Gameſter.

Mat. If you come to bark at her, becauſe ſhee's a poore rogue ; look you, here's a fine path, ſir, and there, there the doore.

Bel. Matheo?

Mat. Your blue Coates ſtay for you, ſir.
I loue a good honeſt roaring Boy, and ſo ——

Orl. That's the Deuill.

Mat. Sir, ſir, Ile ha no *Ioues* in my houſe to thunder Auaunt : ſhe ſhall liue and be maintained when you, like a keg of muſty Sturgeon, ſhall ſtinke. Where? in your Coffin. How? be a muſty fellow, and lowſie.

Orl. I know ſhe ſhall be maintained, but how? ſhe like a Queane, thou like a Knaue ; ſhe like a Whore, thou like a Thiefe.

Mat. Theife? Zounds Thiefe?

Bel. Good deareſt *Mat.* —— Father.

Mat. Pox on you both, Ile not be braued : New Sattin ſcornes to be put downe with bare bawdy Veluet. Thiefe?

Orl. I Thiefe, th'art a Murtherer, a Cheater, a Whoremonger, a Pot-hunter, a Borrower, a Begger ——

Bel. Deare Father.

Mat. An old Aſſe, a Dog, a Churle, a Chuffe, an Vſurer, a Villaine, a Moth, a mangy Mule, with an old veluet foot-cloth on his backe, ſir.

Bel. Oh me!

Orl. Varlet, for this Ile hang thee.

Mat. Ha, ha, alas.

Orl. Thou keepeſt a man of mine here, vnder my noſe.

Mat. Vnder thy beard.

Orl. As arrant a ſmell-ſmocke, for an old Mutton-munger, as thy ſelfe.

Mat. No, as your ſelfe.

Orl. As arrant a purſe-taker as euer cried, Stand, yet a good fellow, I confeſſe, and valiant, but he'll bring thee to'th Gallowes; you both haue robd of late two poore Country Pedlers.

Mat. How's this? how's this? doeſt thou flie hie? rob Pedlers? beare witnes *Front*, rob Pedlers? my man and I a Thiefe?

Bel. Oh, ſir, no more.

Orl. I Knaue, two Pedlers, hue and cry is vp, Warrants are out, and I ſhall ſee thee climbe a Ladder.

Mat. And come downe againe as well as a Bricklayer, or a Tyler. How the vengeance knowes he this? If I be hanged, Ile tell the people I married old *Friſcabaldos* Daughter, Ile friſco you, and your old carkas.

Orl. Tell what thou canſt; if I ſtay here longer, I ſhall bee hang'd too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leaue you.

Mat. Kneele, and get money of him.

Orl. A Knaue and a Queane, a Thiefe and a Strumpet, a couple of Beggers, a brace of Baggages.

Mat. Hang vpon him. I, I, ſir, fare you well; we are ſo: follow cloſe—we are Beggers—in Sattin—to him.

Bel. Is this your comfort, when ſo many yeeres
You ha left me frozen to death?

Orl. Freeze ſtill, ſtarue ſtill.

Bel. Yes, ſo I ſhall: I muſt: I muſt and will.
If as you ſay I'm poore, relieue me then,
Let me not ſell my body to baſe men.
You call me Strumpet, Heauen knowes I am none:
Your cruelty may driue me to be one:
Let not that ſinne be yours, let not the ſhame
Of common Whore liue longer then my name.
That cunning Bawd (Neceſſity) night and day
Plots to vndoe me; driue that Hag away,
Leſt being at loweſt ebbe, as now I am,
I ſinke for euer.

Orl. Loweſt ebbe, what ebbe?

Bel. So poore, that (tho to tell it be my ſhame)
I am not worth a diſh to hold my meate;
I am yet poorer, I want bread to eate.

Orl. It's not ſeene by your cheekes.

Mat. I thinke ſhe has read an Homely to tickle to the old rogue.

Orl. Want bread? there's Sattin: bake that,

Mat. S'blood, make Paſties of my cloathes?

Orl. A faire new Cloake, ſtew that; an excellent gilt Rapier.

Mat. Will you eat that, ſir?

Orl. I could feaſt ten good fellowes with thoſe Hangers.

Mat. The pox you ſhall.

Orl. I ſhall not (till thou beggeſt,) thinke thou art poore;
And when thou beggeſt, Ile feed thee at my doore,
As I feed Dogs, (with bones) till then beg, borrow,
Pawne, ſteale, and hang, turne Bawde, when th'art Whore,
My heart-ſtrings ſure would crack, were they ſtrained more. *Exit.*

Mat. This is your Father, your damn'd —— confuſion light vpon all the generation of you; he can come bragging hither with foure white Herrings (at's taile) in blue Coates without roes in their bellies, but I may ſtarue ere he giue me ſo much as a cob.

Bel. What tell you me of this? alas.

Mat. Goe trot after your Dad, doe you capitulate, Ile pawne not for you, Ile not ſteale to be hanged for ſuch an hypocriticall cloſe common Harlot: away, you Dog —— Braue yfaith! Vds foot, Giue me ſome meate.

Bel. Yes, Sir. *Exit.*

Mat. Goodman ſlaue, my man too, is gallop'd to the Deuill athe t'other ſide: *Pacheco*, Ile checo you. Is this your Dad's day? *England* (they ſay) is the onely hell for Horſes, and onely Paradiſe for Women: pray get you to that Paradiſe, becauſe y'are called an *Honeſt Whore*; there they liue none but honeſt whores with a pox: Mary here in our Citty, all our ſex are but foot-cloth Nags: the Maſter no ſooner lights, but the man leapes into the ſaddle.

Enter Bellafront.

Bel. Will you ſit downe I pray, ſir?

Mat. I could teare (by'th Lord) his fleſh, and eate his midriffe in falt, as I eate this: —— muſt I choake —— my Father *Friſcabaldo*, I ſhall make a pittifull Hog-louſe of you *Orlando*, if you fall once into my fingers —— Here's the ſauoreſt meat: I ha got a ſtomacke with chafing. What Rogue ſhould tell him of thoſe two Pedlers? A plague choake him, and gnaw him to the bare bones: come fill.

Bel. Thou ſweateſt with very anger, good ſweet, vex not, 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.

Mat. Where didſt buy this Mutton? I neuer felt better ribbes.

Bel. A neighbour ſent it me.

Enter Orlando.

Mat. Hah, neighbour? foh, my mouth ſtinkes, you whore, doe you beg victuals for me? Is this Sattin doublet to bee bumbaſted with broken meat?

Takes vp the ſtoole.

Orl. What will you doe, ſir?

Mat. Beat out the braines of a beggerly ——

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. Beat out an Aſſes head of your owne; away, Miſtris. Zownds, doe but touch one haire of her, and Ile ſo quilt your cap with old Iron, that your coxcombe ſhall ake the worſe theſe ſeuen yeeres for't: Does ſhe looke like a roaſted Rabbet, that you muſt haue the head for the braines?

Mat. Ha, ha: Goe out of my doores, you Rogue, away, foure markes trudge.

Orl. Foure markes? no, ſir, my twenty pound that you ha made flie hie, and I am gone.

Mat. Muſt I be fed with chippings? y'are beſt get a clap-diſh, and ſay y'are Proctor to ſome Spittle-houſe. Where haſt thou beene, *Pacheco?* come hither my little Turky-cocke.

Orl. I cannot abide, ſir, to ſee a woman wrong'd, not I.

Mat. Sirra, here was my Father-in-law to day.

Orl. Piſh, then y'are full of Crownes.

Mat. Hang him, he would ha thruſt crownes vpon me, to haue ſalne in againe, but I ſcorne caſt-cloathes, or any mans gold.

Orl. But mine: how did he brooke that (ſir?)

Mat. Oh: ſwore like a dozen of drunken Tinkers; at laſt growing foule in words, he and foure of his men drew vpon me, ſir.

Orl. In your houſe? wud I had bin by.

Mat. I made no more adoe, but fell to my old locke, and ſo thraſhed my blue Coates, and old crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then walkt like a Lion in my grate.

Orl. Oh Noble Maſter!

Mat. Sirra, he could tell me of the robbing the two Pedlers, and that warrants are out for vs both.

Orl. Good, ſir, I like not thoſe crackers.

Mat. Crackhalter, wut ſet thy foot to mine?

Orl. How, ſir? at drinking.

Mat. We'll pull that old Crow my Father: rob thy Maſter. I know the houſe, thou the ſeruants: the purchaſe is rich, the plot to get it eaſie, the Dog will not part from a bone.

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat then: Ile ſnarle for one, if this can bite.

Mat. Say no more, ſay no more, old cole, meet me anon at the ſigne of the Shipwracke.

Orl. Yes, ſir.

Mat. And doſt heare, man?—the Shipwracke. *Exit.*

Orl. Th'art at the Shipwracke now, and like a ſwimmer
Bold (but vnexpert) with thoſe waues doeſt play,
Whoſe dalliance (whorelike) is to caſt thee away.

Enter Hipollito *and* Bellafront.

Orl. And here's another Veſſell, (better fraught,
But as ill man'd) her ſinking will be wraught,
If reſcue come not: like a Man of warre
Ile therefore brauely out: ſomewhat Ile doe,
And either ſaue them both, or periſh too. *Exit.*

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by thoſe eyes.

Bel. Fate? your folly.
Why ſhould my face thus mad you? 'las, thoſe colours
Are wound vp long agoe, which beauty ſpred,
The flowres that once grew here, are withered.
You turn'd my blacke ſoule white, made it looke new,
And ſhould I ſinne, it ne'r ſhould be with you.

Hip. Your hand, Ile offer you faire play: When firſt
We met i'th Liſts together, you remember
You were a common Rebell; with one parlee
I won you to come in.

Bel. You did.

Hip. Ile try
If now I can beate downe this Chaſtity
With the ſame Ordnance; will you yeeld this Fort,

If with the power of Argument now (as then)
I get of you the conqueſt: as before
I turnd you honeſt, now to turne you whore,
By force of ſtrong perſwaſion?
Bell. If you can,
I yeeld.
Hip. The allarm's ſtrucke vp; I'm your man.
Bel. A woman giues defiance.
Hip. Sit.
Bel. Beginne:
'Tis a braue battaile to encounter ſinne.
Hip. You men that are to fight in the ſame warre,
To which I'm preſt, and pleade at the ſame barre,
To winne a woman, if you wud haue me ſpeed,
Send all your wiſhes.
Bel. No doubt y'are heard, proceede.
Hip. To be a Harlot, that you ſtand vpon,
The very name's a charme to make you one.
Harlotta was a Dame of ſo diuine
And rauiſhing touch, that ſhe was Concubine
To an Engliſh King: her ſweet bewitching eye
Did the Kings heart-ſtrings in ſuch loue-knots tye,
That euen the coyeſt was proud when ſhe could heare
Men ſay, Behold; another Harlot there;
And after all her women that were faire
Were Harlots call'd, as to this day ſome are:
Beſides her dalliance ſhe ſo well does mix,
That ſhe's in Latine call'd the *Meretrix.*
Thus for the name; for the profeſſion, this,
Who liues in bondage, liues lac'd, the chiefe bliſſe
This world below can yeeld, is liberty:
And who (than whores) with looſer wings dare flie?
As *Iunoes* proud bird ſpreads the faireſt taile,
So does a Strumpet hoiſt the loftieſt ſaile.
She's no mans ſlaue; (men are her ſlaues) her eye
Moues not on wheeles ſcrewd vp with Iealowſie.
She (Horſt, or Coacht) does merry iourneys make,
Free as the Sunne in his gilt Zodiake:
As brauely does ſhe ſhine, as faſt ſhe's driuen,

But ſtaies not long in any houſe of Heauen :
But ſhifts from Signe, to Signe, her amorous prizes
More rich being when ſhe's downe, then when ſhe rizes.
In briefe, Gentlemen haunt them, Soldiers fight for them,
Few men but know them, few or none abhorre them :
Thus (for ſport ſake) ſpeake I, as to a woman,
Whom (as the worſt ground) I would turne to common :
But you I would encloſe for mine owne bed.

Bel. So ſhould a husband be diſhonoured.

Hiy. Diſhonoured ? not a whit : to fall to one
(Beſides your husband) is to fall to none,
For one no number is.

Bel. Faith, ſhould you take
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make ?
'Tis time you ſound retreate.

Hip. Say, haue I wonne,
Is the day ours ?

Bel. The battaile's but halfe done,
None but your ſelfe haue yet founded alarmes,
Let vs ſtrike too, elſe you diſhonour armes.

Hip. If you can win the day,
The glorie's yours.

Bel. To proue a woman ſhould not be a whore,
When ſhe was made, ſhe had one man, and no more,
Yet ſhe was tied to lawes then, for (euen than)
'Tis ſaid, ſhe was not made for men, but man.
Anon, t'increaſe earths brood, the law was varied,
Men ſhould take many wiues : and tho they married
According to that Act, yet 'tis not knowne,
But that thoſe wiues were onely tied to one.
New Parliaments were ſince : for now one woman
Is ſhared betweene three hundred, nay ſhe's common :
Common ? as ſpotted Leopards, whom for ſport
Men hunt, to get the fleſh, but care not for't.
So ſpread they Nets of gold, and tune their Calls,
To inchaunt ſilly women to take falls :

Swearing they are Angels, (which that they may win),
They'll hire the Deuill to come with falſe Dice in.
Oh Sirens ſuttle tunes! your ſelues you flatter,
And our weake ſex betray, ſo men loue water;
It ſerues to waſh their hands, but (being once foule),
The water downe is powred, caſt out of doores,
And euen of ſuch baſe vſe doe men make whores.
A Harlot (like a Hen) more ſweetnes reapes,
To picke men one by one vp, then in heapes:
Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you ſhould taſte me,
I ſerue but for the time, and when the day
Of warre is done, am caſheerd out of pay:
If like lame Soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's luſts Rendez-vous, an Hoſpitall.
Who then would be a mans ſlaue, a mans woman?
She's halfe ſtaru'd the firſt day that feeds in Common.

Hip. You ſhould not feed ſo, but with me alone.

Bel. If I drinke poiſon by ſtealth, is't not all one?
Is't not ranke poiſon ſtill? with you alone!
Nay ſay you ſpide a Curtezan, whoſe ſoft ſide
To touch, you'd ſell your birth-right for one kiſſe,
Be rack'd, ſhe's won, y'are fated: what followes this?
Oh, then you curſe that Bawd that toald you in,
(The Night) you curſe your luſt, you loath the ſin,
You loath her very ſight, and ere the day
Ariſe, you riſe glad when y'are ſtolne away.
Euen then when you are drunke with all her ſweets,
There's no true pleaſure in a Strumpets ſheetes.
Women, whom Luſt ſo proſtitutes to ſale,
Like Dancers vpon ropes; once ſeene, are ſtale.

Hip. If all the threds of Harlots lyues are ſpun,
So coorſe as you would make them, tell me why
You ſo long loued the trade?

Bel. If all the threds
Of Harlots lyues be fine as you would make them,
Why doe not you perſwade your wife turne whore,
And all Dames elſe to fall before that ſin?
Like an ill husband (tho I knew the ſame,

To be my vndoing) followed I that game.
Oh when the worke of Luſt had earn'd my bread,
To taſte it, how I trembled, leſt each bit,
Ere it went downe, ſhould choake me (chewing it?)
My bed ſeem'd like a Cabin hung in Hell,
The Bawde Hells Porter, and the lickoriſh wine
The Pander fetch'd, was like an eaſie Fine,
For which, me thought I leat'd away my ſoule,
And oftentimes (euen in my quaffing bowle)
Thus ſaid I to my ſelfe, I am a whore,
And haue drunke downe thus much confuſion more.

Hip. It is a common rule, and 'tis moſt true,
Two of one trade neuer loue: no more doe you.
Why are you ſharpe 'gainſt that you once profeſt?

Bel. Why doate you on that, which you did once deteſt?

I cannot (ſeeing ſhe's wouen of ſuch bad ſtuffe)
Set colours on a Harlot baſe enough.
Nothing did make me, when I loued them beſt,
To loath them more then this: when in the ſtreet
A faire yong modeſt Damſell I did meet,
She ſeem'd to all a Doue (when I paſſ'd by)
And I (to all) a Rauen: euery eye
That followed her went with a baſhfull glance,
At me each bold and ieering countenance
Darted forth ſcorne: to her (as if ſhe had bin
Some Tower vnvanquiſhed) would they vaile,
'Gainſt me ſwolne Rumor hoiſted euery ſaile.
She (crown'd with reuerend praiſes) paſſed by them,
I (tho with face maskt) could not ſcape the hem,
For (as if Heauen had ſet ſtrange markes on Whores,
Becauſe they ſhould be pointing ſtocks to man)
Dreſt vp in ciuileſt ſhape a Curtizan,
Let her walke Saint-like, noteleſſe, and vnknowne,
Yet ſhe's betraid by ſome tricke of her owne.
Were Harlots therefore wiſe, they'd be ſold deare:
For men account them good but for one yeere:
And then like Almanackes (whoſe dates are gone)
They are throwne by, and no more lookt vpon.

Who'le therefore backward fall, who will lanch forth
In Seas ſo foule, for ventures no more worth?
Luſts voiage hath (if not this courſe) this croſſe,
Buy ne'r ſo cheape, your Ware comes home with loſſe.
What, ſhall I ſound retreat? the battaile's done:
Let the world iudge which of vs two haue won.

Hip. I!

Bel. You? nay then as cowards doe in fight,
What by blowes cannot, ſhall be ſaued by flight. *Exit.*

Hip. Flie to earths fixed Center: to the Caues
Of euerlaſting horror, Ile purſue thee,
(Tho loaden with ſinnes) euen to Hells brazen doores.
Thus wiſeſt men turne fooles, doting on whores. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, Lodouico, *and* Orlando: *after them* Infælice, Carolo, Aſtolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Orl. I beſeech your Grace (tho your eye be ſo piercing) as vnder a poore blue Coate, to cull out an honeſt Father from an old Seruingman: yet good my Lord diſcouer not the plot to any, but onely this Gentleman that is now to be an Actor in our enſuing Comedy.

Duke. Thou haſt thy wiſh, Orlando, paſſe vnknowne,
Sforſa ſhall onely goe along with thee.
To ſee that Warrant ſerued vpon thy Sonne.

Lod. To attach him vpon fellony, for 2. Pedlers: is't not ſo?

Orl. Right, my Noble Knight: thoſe Pedlers were two Knaues of mine; he fleec'd the men before, and now he purpoſes to flea the Maſter. He will rob me, his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this ſhal hang him by'th gills, till I pull him on ſhore.

Duke. Away: ply you the buſineſſe.

Orl. Thankes to your Grace: but my good Lord, for my Daughter.

Duke. You know what I haue ſaid.

Orl. And remember what I haue ſworne: She's more honeſt, on my ſoule, then one of the Turkes Wenches, watcht by a hundred Eunuches.

Lod. So ſhe had need, for the Turkes make them whores.

Orl. He's a Turke that makes any woman a Whore, hee's no true Chriſtian I'm ſure. I commit your Grace.

Duke. Infælice.

Infæ. Here, ſir.

Lod. Signior Friſcabaldo.

Orl. Friſking agen, *Pacheco*?

Lod. Vds ſo, *Pacheco*? wee'll haue ſome ſport with this Warrant: 'tis to apprehend all ſuſpected perſons in the houſe: Beſides, there's one *Bots* a Pander, and one Madam *Horſleach* a Bawde, that haue abus'd my friend, thoſe two Coneyes will we ferret into the purſenet.

Orl. Let me alone for dabbing them o'th necke: come, come.

Lod. Doe ye heare, Gallants? meet me anon at *Matheos.*

Omnes. Enough. *Exeunt* Lodouico & Orlando.

Duke. Th'old Fellow ſings that note thou didſt before,
Onely his tunes are, that ſhe is no Whore,
But that ſhe ſent his Letters and his gifts,
Out of a Noble Triumph o're his Luſt,
To ſhew ſhe trampled his Aſſaults in duſt.

Infæ. 'Tis a good honeſt ſeruant, that old man.

Duke. I doubt no leſſe.

Infæ. And it may be my husband,
Becauſe when once this woman was vnmaskt,
He leueld all her thoughts, and made them fit:
Now he'd marre all agen, to try his wit.

Duke. It may be ſo too, for to turne a Harlot
Honeſt, it muſt be by ſtrong Antidots,
'Tis rare, as to ſee Panthers change their ſpots.
And when ſhe's once a Starre (fixed) and ſhines bright,

Tho 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
Becauſe we ſee ſuch Tapers ſeldome burne.
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of ſome men,
To change her to a blazing Starre agen,
And it may be, *Hipollito* does no more.
It cannot be, but y'are acquainted all
With that ſame madneſſe of our Sonne-in-law,
That dotes ſo on a Curtizan.

Omnes. Yes, my Lord.

Car. All the City thinkes he's a Whoremonger.

Aſt. Yet I warrant, he'll ſweare, no man markes him.

Ber. 'Tis like ſo, for when a man goes a wenching, is as if he had a ſtrong ſtincking breath, euery one ſmells him out, yet he feeles it not, tho it be rancker then the ſweat of ſixteene Bearewarders.

Duke. I doubt then you haue all thoſe ſtinking breaths,
You might be all ſmelt out.

Car. Troth my Lord, I thinke we are all as you ha bin in your youth when you went a Maying, we all loue to heare the Cuckoo ſing vpon other mens Trees.

Duke. It's well yet you confeſſe: but Girle, thy bed
Shall not be parted with a Curtizan—— 'tis ſtrange,
No frowne of mine, no frowne of the poore Lady,
(My abuſed child, his wife) no care of fame,
Of Honor, Heauen, or Hell, no not that name
Of Common Strumpet, can affright, or woo
Him to abandon her; the Harlot does vndoe him,
She has bewitched him, robd him of his ſhape,
Turnd him into a beaſt, his reaſon's loſt,
You ſee he lookes wild, does he not?

Car. I ha noted new Moones
In's face, my Lord, all full of change.

Duke. He's no more like vnto *Hipollito*,
Then dead men are to liuing——neuer ſleepes,
Or if he doe, it's dreames: and in thoſe dreames

His armes worke,——and then cries——Sweet—
what's her name,
What's the drabs name?
Aſt. In troth, my Lord, I know not,
I know no drabs, not I.
Duke. Oh, *Bellafront*!
And catching her faſt, cries, My *Bellafront.*
Car. A drench that's able to kill a Horſe, cannot kill this diſeaſe of Smock-ſmelling, my Lord, if it haue once eaten deepe.
Duke. Ile try all Phiſicke, and this Med'cine firſt:
I haue directed Warrants ſtrong and peremptory
(To purge our Citty *Millan*, and to cure
The outward Parts, the Suburbes) for the attaching
Of all thoſe women, who (like gold) want waight,
Cities (like Ships) ſhould haue no idle fraight.
Car. No, my Lord, and light wenches are no idle fraight,
But what's your Graces reach in this?
Duke. This (*Carolo.*) If ſhe whom my Son doates on,
Be in that Muſter-booke enrold, he'll ſhame
Euer t'approach one of ſuch noted name.
Car. But ſay ſhe be not?
Duke. Yet on Harlots heads
New Lawes ſhall fall ſo heauy, and ſuch blowes
Shall giue to thoſe that haunt them, that *Hipollito*
(If not for feare of Law) for loue to her,
If he loue truely, ſhall her bed forbeare.
Car. Attach all the light heeles i'the Citty, and clap em vp? why, my Lord, you diue into a Well vnſearchable: all the Whores within the walls, & without the walls? I would not be he ſhould meddle with them for ten ſuch Dukedomes; the Army that you ſpeake on, is able to fill all the priſons within this Citty, and to leaue not a drinking roome in any Tauerne beſides.
Duke. Thoſe onely ſhall be caught that are of note,

Harlots in each ſtreet flow:
The fiſh being thus i'th net, our ſelfe will ſit,
And with eye moſt ſeuere diſpoſe of it.——come, Girle.

Car. Araigne the poore Whore.
Aſt. Ile not miſſe that Seſſions.
Font. Nor I.
Ber. Nor I,
Tho I hold vp my hand there my ſelfe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Matheo, Orlando, *and* Lodouico.

Mat. Let who will come (my Noble Shauileir) I can but play the kind Hoaſt, and bid vm welcome.

Lod. We'll trouble your houſe (*Matheo*) but as Dutchmen doe in Tauernes (drinke, be merry, and be gone.)

Orl. Indeed if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall to drinking, you muſt be gone.

Mat. The worſt is, my wife is not at home; but we'll flie hie (my generous Knight) for all that: there's no Muſike when a woman is in the conſort.

Orl. No, for ſhe's like a paire of Virginals,
Alwaies with Iackes at her taile.

Enter Aſtolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. See, the Couy is ſprung.
Omnes. Saue you Gallants.
Mat. Happily encounterd, ſweet bloods.

Lod. Gentlemen, you all know *Signior Candido*, the Linnen Draper, he that's more patient then a browne Baker, vpon the day when he heates his Ouen, and has forty Scolds about him.

Omnes. Yes, we know him all, what of him?

Lod. Wud it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a piece of Engliſh cloth of him, and to ſtretch him on the Tainters, till the threds of his owne naturall humor cracke, by making him drinke healths, Tobacco, dance, ſing bawdy ſongs, or to run any bias according as we thinke good to caſt him?

Car. 'Twere a Morris dance worth the ſeeing.

Aſt. But the old Fox is ſo crafty, we ſhall hardly hunt out of his den.

Mat. To that traine I ha giuen fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to ſee certaine pieces of Lawne, which I told him I haue to ſell, and indeed haue ſuch; fetch them downe, *Paçheco.*

Orl. Yes, ſir, I'm your Water-ſpanniell, and will fetch any thing: but Ile fetch one diſh of meat anon, ſhall turne your ſtomacke, and that's a Conſtable. *Exit.*

Enter Boots *vſhering Miſtris* Horſleach.

Omnes. How now? how now?

Car. What Gally-foiſt is this?

Lod. Peace, two diſhes of ſtew'd prunes, a Bawde and a Pander. My worthy Lieutenant *Bots*; why, now I ſee th'art a man of thy word, welcome; welcome Miſtris *Horſleach*: Pray Gentlemen, ſalute this reuerend Matron.

Horſ. Thankes to all your Worſhips.

Lod. I bade a Drawer ſend in wine too: did none come along with thee (Grannam) but the Lieutenant?

Horſ. None came along with me but *Bots*, if it like your Worſhip.

Bots. Who the pox ſhould come along with you but *Bots*?

Enter two Vintners.

Omnes. Oh braue! march faire.

Lod. Are you come? that's well.

Mat. Here's Ordnance able to ſacke a Citty.

Lod. Come, repeat, read this Inuentory.

1. *Vint. Imprimis*, a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter ſa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leattica.

Lod. Y'are paid?

2. *Vint.* Yes Sir. *Exeunt Vintners.*

Mat. So ſhall ſome of vs be anon, I feare.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards : but zounds, this is the life out of which a Soldier ſucks ſweetneſſe, when this Artillery goes off roundly, ſome muſt drop to the ground : Cannon, Demy-cannon, Saker, and Baſalisk.

Lod. Giue fire, Lieutenant.

Bots. So, ſo : Muſt I venture firſt vpon the breach ? to you all, Gallants : *Bots* ſets vpon you all.

Omnes. Its hard (*Bots*) if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper vs.

Enter Candido.

Lod. My noble Linnen Draper ! Some wine : Welcome old Lad.

Mat. Y'are welcome, *Signior.*

Cand. Theſe Lawnes, ſir ?

Mat. Preſently, my man is gone for them : we ha rigged a Fleet, you ſee here, to ſaile about the world.

Cand. A dangerous Voyage, ſailing in ſuch Ships.

Bots. There's no caſting ouer boord yet.

Lod. Becauſe you are an old Lady, I will haue you be acquainted with this graue Cittizen, pray beſtow your lips vpon him, and bid him welcome.

Horſ. Any Cittizen ſhall be moſt welcome to me : —— I haue vſed to buy ware at your ſhop.

Cand. It may be ſo, good Madam.

Horſ. Your Prentices know my dealings well ; I truſt your good wife be in good caſe : if it pleaſe you, beare her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.

Cand. I pray no more forfooth, 'tis very well, indeed I loue no ſweet meats : —— Sh'as a breath ſtinkes worſe then fifty Polecats. Sir, a word, is ſhe a Lady ?

Lod. A woman of a good houſe, and an ancient, ſhee's a Bawde.

Cand. A Bawde ? Sir, Ile ſteale hence, and ſee your Lawnes ſome other time.

Mat. Steale out of ſuch company ? *Pacheco* ? my

man is but gone for em : Lieutenant *Bots*, drinke to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to flie hie.

Omnes. Swagger : and make him doo't on his knees.

Cand. How, *Bots?* now bleſſe me, what doe I with *Bots*? no wine in ſooth, no wine, good Maſter *Bots.*

Bots. Gray-beard, Goats pizzle : 'tis a health, haue this in your guts, or this, there : I will ſing a bawdy ſong, ſir, becauſe your vergis face is melancholly, to make liquor goe downe glib : will you fall on your maribones, and pledge this health, 'tis to my Miſtris, a whore?

Cand. Here's Ratsbane vpon Ratsbane : Maſter *Bots*, I pray, ſir, pardon me : you are a Soldier, preſſe me not to this ſeruice, I am old, and ſhoot not in ſuch pot-gunnes.

Bots. Cap, Ile teach you.

Cand. To drinke healths, is to drinke ſickneſſe : Gentlemen, pray reſcue me.

Bots. Zounds, who dare?

Omnes. We ſhall ha ſtabbing then?

Cand. I ha reckonings to caſt vp, good Maſter *Bots.*

Bots. This will make you caſt em vp better.

Lod. Why does your hand ſhake ſo?

Cand. The palſie, Signiors, danceth in my blood.

Bots. Pipe with a pox, ſir, then, or Ile make your blood dance———

Cand. Hold, hold, good Maſter *Bots*, I drinke.

Omnes. To whom?

Cand. To the old Counteſſe there.

Horf. To me, old Boy? this is he that neuer drunke wine : once agen too't.

Cand. With much adoe the poiſon is got downe,
Tho I can ſcarce get vp ; neuer before
Dranke I a whores health, nor will neuer more.

Enter Orlando *with Lawnes.*

Mat. Haſt bin at Gallowes?

Orl. Yes, ſir, for I make account to ſuffer to day.

Mat. Looke, *Signior*: here's the Commodity.

Cand. Your price?

Mat. Thus.

Cand. No: too deare: thus.

Mat. No: O fie, you muſt flie higher: yet take em home, trifles ſhall not make vs quarrell, we'll agree, you ſhall haue them, and a penniworth, Ile fetch money at your ſhop.

Cand. Be it ſo, good *Signior*, ſend me going.

Mat. Going? a deepe bowle of wine for *Signior Candido.*

Orl. He wud be going.

Cand. Ile rather ſtay, then goe ſo: ſtop your Bowle.

Enter Conſtable and Bilmen.

Lod. How now?

Bots. Is't Shroue-tueſday, that theſe Ghoſts walke.

Mat. What's your buſineſſe, Sir?

Conſt. From the Duke: you are the man wee looke for, *Signior*, I haue Warrant here from the Duke, to apprehend you vpon fellony for robbing two Pedlers: I charge you i'th Dukes name goe quickly.

Mat. Is the winde turn'd? well: this is that old Wolfe, my Father-in-law: ſeeke out your Miſtris, Sirra.

Orl. Yes, Sir: as ſhafts by piecing are made ſtrong,
So ſhall thy life be ſtraightned by this wrong. *Exit.*

Omnes. In troth we are ſorry.

Mat. Braue men muſt bee croſt, it's but Fortunes Dice rouing againſt me: Come, ſir, pray vſe me like a Gentleman, let me not be carried through the ſtreets like a Pageant.

Conſt. If theſe Gentlemen pleaſe, you ſhall goe along with them.

Omnes. Bee't ſo: come.

Conſt. What are you, ſir?

Bots. I, ſir? ſometimes a figure, ſometimes a cipher, as the State has occaſion to caſt vp her accounts: I'm a Soldier.

Conſt. Your name is *Bots*, is't not?

Bots. *Bots* is my name, *Bots* is knowne to this Company.

Conſt. I know you are, Sir: what's ſhe?

Bots. A Gentlewoman, my Mother.

Conſt. Take em both along.

Bots. Me? Sirrr.

Billmen. And Sirrr.

Conſt. If he ſwagger, raiſe the ſtreet.

Bots. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, whither will you drag vs?

Lod. To the Garden houſe. *Bots*, are we euen with you?

Conſt. To Bridewell with em.

Bots. You will anſwer this. *Exeunt.*

Conſt. Better then a challenge, I haue warrant for my worke, ſir.

Lod. Wee'll goe before. *Exeunt.*

Conſt. Pray doe.

Who, *Signior Candido?* a Cittizen of your degree conſorted thus, and reuelling in ſuch a houſe?

Cand. Why, ſir? what houſe I pray?

Conſt. Lewd, and defamed.

Cand. Is't ſo? thankes, ſir: I'm gone.

Conſt. What haue you there?

Cand. Lawnes which I bought, ſir, of the Gentleman that keepes the houſe.

Conſt. And I haue warrant here, to ſearch for ſuch ſtolne Ware: theſe Lawnes are ſtolne.

Cand. Indeed!

Conſt. So he's the Thiefe, you the Receiuer: I'm ſorry for this chance, I muſt commit you.

Cand. Me, ſir, for what?

Conſt. Theſe Goods are found vpon you, and you muſt anſwer't.

Cand. Muſt I ſo?

Conſt. Moſt certaine.

Cand. Ile ſend for Bayle.

Conſt. I dare not: yet becauſe you are a Cittizen of worth, you ſhall not be made a pointing ſtocke, but without Guard paſſe onely with my ſelfe.

Cand. To Bridewell too?

Conſt. No remedy.

Cand. Yes, patience: being not mad, they had mee once to Bedlam,
Now I'm drawne to Bridewell, louing no Whores.

Conſt. You will buy Lawne?—— *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Hipollito; *at another*, Lodouico, Aſtolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. Yonder's the Lord *Hipollito*, by any meanes leaue him and me together: Now will I turne him to a Madman.

Omnes. Saue you, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Lod. I ha ſtrange newes to tell you.

Hip. What are they?

Lod. Your Mare's i'th pound.

Hip. How's this?

Lod. Your Nightingale is in a Limebuſh.

Hip. Ha?

Lod. Your Puritanicall *Honeſt Whore* ſits in a blue gowne.

Hip. Blue Gowne!

Lod. She'll chalke out your way to her now: ſhe beats chalke.

Hip. Where, who dares?

Lod. Doe you know the Bricke-houſe of Caſtigation, by the Riuer ſide that runnes by *Millan*: the Schoole where they pronounce no letter well but O?

Hip. I know it not.

Lod. Any man that has borne Office of Conſtable, or any woman that has ſalne from a Horſe-load to a Cart-load, or like an old Hen that has had none but rotten egges in her neſt, can direct you to her: there you ſhall ſee your Puncke amongſt her back-friends,

there you may haue her at your will, for there ſhe beates Chalke, or grindes in the Mill, with a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle; ah little monkey.

Hip. What Rogue durſt ſerue that Warrant, knowing I loued her?

Lod. Some Worſhipfull Raſcall, I lay my life.

Hip. Ile beat the Lodgings downe about their eares
That are her Keepers.

Lod. So you may bring an old houſe ouer her head.

Hip. Ile to her ——
Ile to her, ſtood armed Fiends to guard the doores.
Exit.

Lod. Oh me! what Monſters are men made by whores?
If this falſe fire doe kindle him, there's one Faggot
More to the bonfire, now to my Bridewell Birds,
What Song will they ſing? *Exit.*

Enter Duke, Carolo, Aſtolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell, *three or foure Maſters of Bridewell*: Infælice.

Duke. Your Bridewell? that the name? for beauty, ſtrength,
Capacity and forme of ancient building,
(Beſides the Riuers neighbourhood) few houſes
Wherein we keepe our Court can better it.

1. *Maſter.* Hither from forraigne Courts haue Princes come,
And with our Duke did Acts of State Commence,
Here that great Cardinall had firſt audience,
(The graue Campayne,) that Duke dead, his Sonne
(That famous Prince) gaue free poſſeſſion
Of this his Palace, to the Cittizens,
To be the poore mans ware-houſe: and endowed it
With Lands to'th valew of ſeuen hundred marke,
With all the bedding and the furniture,
Once proper (as the Lands then were) to an Hoſpitall
Belonging to a Duke of *Sauoy*. Thus

Fortune can toſſe the World, a Princes Court
Is thus a priſon now.
Duke. 'Tis Fortunes ſport:
Theſe changes common are: the Wheele of Fate
Turnes Kingdomes vp, till they fall deſolate.
But how are theſe ſeuen hundred Markes by'th yeere
Imployde in this your Worke-houſe?
1. *Maſter.* Warre and Peace
Feed both vpon thoſe Lands: when the Iron doores
Of warre burſt open, from this Houſe are ſent
Men furniſht in all Martiall Complement.
The Moone hath thorow her Bow ſcarce drawn to'th head,
(Like to twelue ſiluer Arrowes) all the Moneths,
Since 1600. Soldiers went aboord:
Here Prouidence and Charity play ſuch parts,
The Houſe is like a very Schoole of Arts,
For when our Soldiers (like Ships driuen from Sea,
With ribs all broken, and with tatterd ſides,)
Caſt anchor here agen, their ragged backes
How often doe we couer? that (like men)
They may be ſent to their owne Homes agen.
All here are but one ſwarme of Bees, and ſtriue
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the Hiue.
The ſturdy Begger, and the lazy Lowne,
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd Correction.
The Vagabond growes ſtay'd, and learnes t'obey,
The Drone is beaten well, and ſent away.
As other priſons are, (ſome for the Thiefe,
Some, by which vndone Credit gets reliefe
From bridled Debtors; others for the poore)
So this is for the Bawd, the Rogue, the Whore.
Car. An excellent Teeme of Horſe.
1. *Maſter.* Nor is it ſeene,
That the whip drawes blood here, to coole the Spleene
Of any rugged Bencher: nor does offence
Feele ſmart on ſpitefull, or raſh euidence:
But pregnant teſtimony forth muſt ſtand,
Ere Iuſtice leaue them in the Beadles hand,

As Iron, on the Anuill are they laid,
Not to take blowes alone, but to be made
And faſhioned to ſome Charitable vſe.

Duke. Thus wholſom'ſt Lawes ſpring from the worſt abuſe.

Enter Orlando *before* Bellafront.

Bel. Let mercy touch your heart-ſtrings (gracious Lord)
That it may ſound like muſike in the eare
Of a man deſperate, (being i'th hands of Law.)

Duke. His name?

Bel. Matheo.

Duke. For a robbery? where is he?

Bel. In this Houſe.

Exit Bel. & *one of the Maſters of Bridewell.*

Duke. Fetch you him hither——
Is this the Party?

Orl. This is the Hen, my Lord, that the Cocke (with the Lordly combe) your Sonne-in-law would crow ouer, and tread.

Duke. Are your two Seruants ready?

Orl. My two Pedlers are pack'd together, my good Lord.
Vice (like a wound launc'd) mends by puniſhment.

Infæ. Let me be gone, my Lord, or ſtand vnſeene;
'Tis rare when a Iudge ſtrikes, and that none dye,
And 'tis vnfit then, women ſhould be by.

1. *Maſter.* Wee'll place you, Lady, in ſome priuat roome.

Infæ. Pray doe ſo. *Exit.*

Orl. Thus nice Dames ſweare, it is vnfit their eyes
Sould view men caru'd vp for Anatomies,
Yet they'll ſee all, ſo they may ſtand vnſeene,
Many women ſure will ſinne behind a Skreene.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Your Sonne (the Lord *Hipollito*) is entred.

Duke. Tell him we wiſh his preſence. A word *Sforſa*:
On what wings flew he hither?

Lod. Theſe, I told him—his Larke whom he loued, was a Bridewell Bird, he's mad that this Cage ſhould hold her, and is come to let her out.

Duke. 'Tis excellent: away, goe call him hither. *Exit.* Lod.

Enter one of the Gouernours of the Houſe, Bellafront *after him with* Matheo, *after him the Conſtable. Enter at another doore,* Lodouico *and* Hipollito: Orlando *ſteps forth and brings in two Pedlers.*

Duke. You are to vs a ſtranger (worthy Lord)
'Tis ſtrange to ſee you here.

Hip. It is moſt fit,
That where the Sunne goes, *Attomyes* follow it.

Duke. *Attomyes* neither ſhape, nor honour beare:
Be you your ſelfe, a Sunne-beame to ſhine cleare.
Is this the Gentleman? Stand forth & heare
Your accuſation.

Mat. Ile heare none: I flie hie in that: rather then Kites ſhall ſeize vpon me, and picke out mine eyes to my face, Ile ſtrike my tallons thorow mine owne heart firſt, and ſpit my blood in theirs: I am here for ſhriuing thoſe two fooles of their ſinfull packe: when thoſe Iack-dawes haue cawde ouer me, then muſt I cry guilty, or not guilty; the Lawe has worke enough already, and therefore Ile put no worke of mine into his hands, the Hangman ſhall ha't firſt, I did pluck thoſe Ganders, did rob them.

Duke. 'Tis well done to confeſſe.

Mat. Confeſſe and be hanged, and then I flie hie, is't not ſo? that for that a gallowes is the worſt rub that a good Bowler can meet with: I ſtumbled againſt ſuch a poſt, elſe this night I had plaid the part of a true Sonne in theſe daies, vndone my Father-in-law, with him wud I ha run at leape-frogge, and come ouer

his gold, tho I had broke his necke for't: but the poore Salmon Trout is now in the Net.

Hip. And now the Law muſt teach you to flie hie.

Mat. Right, my Lord, and then may you flie low; no more words, a Mouſe, Mum, you are ſtop'd.

Bel. Be good to my poore husband, deare my Lords.

Mat. Aſſe, why ſhouldſt thou pray them to be good to me, when no man here is good to one another?

Duke. Did any hand worke in this theft but yours?

Mat. O, yes, my Lord, yes:—the Hangman has neuer one Sonne at a birth, his Children alwaies come by couples: Tho I cannot giue the old dog, my Father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter ſhall bee ſure of a Choke-peare.—Yes, my Lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine Pedlers, and that was my wife.

Bel. Alas, I?

Orl. O euerlaſting, ſupernaturall ſuperlatiue Villaine!

Omnes. Your wife, *Matheo?*

Hip. Sure it cannot be.

Mat. Oh, Sir, you loue no quarters of Mutton that hang vp, you loue none but whole Mutton; ſhe ſet the robbery, I perform'd it; ſhe ſpur'd me on, I gallop'd away.

Orl. My Lords.

Bel. My Lords, (fellow giue me ſpeach) if my life
May ranſome thine, I yeeld it to the Law,
Thou hurt'ſt thy ſoule (yet wipeſt off no offence)
By caſting blots vpon my Innocence:
Let not theſe ſpare me, but tell truth: no, ſee
Who ſlips his necke out of the miſery,
Tho not out of the miſchiefe: let thy Seruant
That ſhared in this baſe Act, accuſe me here,
Why ſhould my Husband periſh, he goe cleare?

Orl. A god Child, hang thine owne Father.

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

Orl. My hand was in the Pye, my Lord, I confeſſe it: my Miſtris I ſee, will bring me to the Gallowes, and ſo leaue me; but Ile not leaue her ſo: I had rather hang in a womans company, then in a mans; becauſe if we ſhould go to hell together, I ſhould ſcarce be letten in, for all the Deuils are afraid to haue any women come amongſt them, as I am true Thiefe, ſhe neither conſented to this fellony, nor knew of it.

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?

Mat. It is my humor, Sir, 'tis a fooliſh Bag-pipe that I make my ſelfe merry with: why ſhould I eate hempe-ſeed at the Hangmans thirteene-pence halfe-penny Ordinary, and haue this whore laugh at me as I ſwing, as I totter?

Duke. Is ſhe a Whore?

Mat. A ſixe-penny Mutton Paſty, for any to cut vp.

Orl. Ah, Toad, Toad, Toad.

Mat. A Barbers Citterne for euery Seruingman to play vpon, that Lord, your Sonne, knowes it.

Hip. I, ſir, am I her Bawd then?

Mat. No, ſir, but ſhe's your Whore then.

Orl. Yea Spider, doeſt catch at great Flies?

Hip. My Whore?

Mat. I cannot talke, ſir, and tell of your Rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and deuices: but, my Lord, I found em like Sparrowes in one neſt, billing together, and bulling of me, I tooke em in bed, was ready to kill him was vp to ſtab her ——

Hip. Cloze thy ranke Iawes: pardon me, I am vexed,
Thou art a Villaine, a malicious Deuill,
Deepe as the place where thou art loſt, thou lyeſt,
Since I am thus far got into this ſtorme,
Ile thorow, and thou ſhalt ſee Ile thorow vntoucht,
When thou ſhalt periſh in it.

Enter Infælice.

Infæ. 'Tis my cue
To enter now : roome, let my Prize be plaid,
I ha lurk'd in Cloudes, yet heard what all haue ſaid,
What Iury more can proue, ſhe has wrong'd my bed,
Then her owne husband, ſhe muſt be puniſhed ;
I challenge Law, my Lord, Letters, and Gold,
And Iewels
From my Lord that woman tooke.

Hip. Againſt that blacke-mouthed Deuill, againſt Letters, and Gold,
And againſt a iealous Wife I doe vphold,
Thus farre her reputation, I could ſooner
Shake the Appenine, and crumble Rockes to duſt,
Then (tho *Ioues* ſhowre rayned downe) tempt her to luſt.

Bel. What ſhall I ſay ?

Hee diſcouers himſelfe.

Orl. Say thou art not a Whore, and that's more then fifteene women (amongſt fiue hundred) dare ſweare without lying : this ſhalt thou ſay, no let mee ſay't for thee ; thy Husband's a Knaue, this Lord's an honeſt Man ; thou art no Puncke, this Lady's a right Lady. *Pacheco* is a Thiefe as his Maſter is, but old *Orlando* is as true a man as thy Father is : I ha ſeene you flie hie, ſir, & I ha ſeene you flie low, ſir, and to keepe you from the Gallowes, ſir, a blue Coat haue I worne, and a Thiefe did I turne, mine owne men are the Pedlers, my twenty pound did flie hie, ſir, your wiues Gowne did flie low, ſir : whither flie you now, ſir ? you ha ſcap'd the Gallowes, to the Deuill you flie next, ſir. Am I right, my Liege ?

Duke. Your Father has the true Phiſicion plaid.

Mat. And I am now his Patient.

Hip. And be ſo ſtill,
'Tis a good ſigne when our cheekes bluſh at ill.

Conſt. The Linnen Draper (*Signior Candido*)
He whom the Citty tearmes the Patient man,
Is likewiſe here for buying of thoſe Lawnes
The Pedlers loſt.
Infæ. Alas good *Candido.* *Exit Conſtable.*
Duke. Fetch him: and when theſe payments vp are caſt,
Weigh out your light Gold, but let's haue them laſt.

Enter Candido, *and Conſtable.*

Duke. In Bridewell, *Candido?*
Cand. Yes, my good Lord.
Duke. What make you here?
Cand. My Lord, what make you here?
Duke. I'm here to ſaue right, and to driue wrong hence.
Cand. And I to beare wrong here with patience.
Duke. You ha bought ſtolne Goods.
Cand. So they doe ſay, my Lord,
Yet bought I them vpon a Gentlemans word,
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be Theeues, but no Theeues Gentlemen.
Hip. Your Credit's crack'd being here.
Cand. No more then Gold
Being crack'd which does his eſtimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?
They made me pledge Whores healths, but am I bad,
Becauſe I'm with bad people?
Duke. Well, ſtand by,
If you take wrong, wee'll cure the iniury.

Enter Conſtable, after them Bots, *after him two Beadles, one with Hempe, the other with a Beetle.*

Duke. Stay, ſtay, what's he? a priſoner?
Conſt. Yes, my Lord.
Hip. He ſeemes a Soldier?
Bots. I am what I ſeeme, Sir, one of Fortunes Baſtards, a Soldier, and a Gentleman, and am brought

in here with Maſter Conſtables band of Bilmen, becauſe they face mee downe that I liue (like thoſe that keepe Bowling-alleyes) by the ſinnes of the people, in being a Squire of the body.

Hip. Oh, an Apple-ſquire.

Bots. Yes, ſir, that degree of ſcuruy Squiers, and that I am maintained by the beſt part that is commonly in a woman, by the worſt players of thoſe parts, but I am knowne to all this company.

Lod. My Lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis Lieutenant *Bots.*

Duke. *Bots*, and where ha you ſerued, *Bots* ?

Bots. In moſt of your hotteſt Seruices in the Low-countries : at the *Groyne* I was wounded in this thigh, and halted vpon't, but 'tis now ſound. In *Cleueland* I miſt but little, hauing the bridge of my noſe broken downe with two great ſtones, as I was ſcaling a Fort : I ha beene tryed, Sir, too, in *Gelderland*, and ſcap'd hardly there from being blown vp at a Breach : I was fired, and lay i'th Surgeons hands for't, till the fall of the leafe following.

Hip. All this may be, and yet you no Soldier.

Bots. No Soldier, ſir ? I hope theſe are Seruices that your proudeſt Commanders doe venture vpon, and neuer come off ſometimes.

Duke. Well, ſir, becauſe you ſay you are a Soldier, Ile vſe you like a Gentleman : make roome there,
Plant him amongſt you, we ſhall haue anon
Strange Hawkes flie here before vs : if none light
On you, you ſhall with freedome take your flight :
But if you proue a Bird of baſer wing,
Wee'll vſe you like ſuch Birds, here you ſhall ſing.

Bots. I wiſh to be tried at no other weapon.

Duke. Why, is he furniſht with thoſe implyments ?

1. *Maſter.* The Pander is more dangerous to a State,
Then is the common Thiefe, and tho our lawes
Lie heauier on the Thiefe, yet that the Pander

May know the Hangmans ruffe ſhould fit him too,
Therefore he's ſet to beat Hempe.
Duke. This does ſauour
Of Iuſtice, baſeſt Slaues to baſeſt labour.
Now pray, ſet open Hell, and let vs ſee
The Shee-Deuils that are here.
Infæ. Me thinkes this place
Should make euen *Lais* honeſt.
1. *Maſter.* Some it turnes good,
But (as ſome men whoſe hands are once in blood,
Doe in a pride ſpill more) ſo, ſome going hence,
Are (by being here) loſt in more impudence:
Let it not to them (when they come) appeare,
That any one does as their Iudge ſit here:
But that as Gentlemen you come to ſee,
And then perhaps their tongues will walke more free.
Duke. Let them be marſhall'd in: be couerd all,
Fellowes, now to make the Sceane more Comicall.
Car. Will not you be ſmelt out, *Bots.*
Bots. No, your braueſt whores haue the worſt noſes.

Enter two of the Maſters: a Conſtable after them, then Dorathea Target, *braue, after her two Beadles, th'one with a wheele, the other with a blue Gowne.*

Lod. Are not you a Bride, forſooth?
Dor. Say yee?
Car. He wud know if theſe be not your Bridemen.
Dor. Vuh, yes, ſir: and looke yee, doe you ſee the Bride-laces that I giue at my wedding, will ſerue to tye Roſemary to both your Coffins when you come from hanging—Scab?
Orl. Fie, Puncke, fie, fie, fie.
Dor. Out you ſtale ſtinking head of Garlicke, foh, at my heeles.
Orl. My head's clouen.

Hip. O, let the Gentlewoman alone, ſhe's going to ſhrift.

Aſt. Nay to doe penance.

Car. I, I, goe Puncke, goe to the Croſſe and be whipt.

Dor. Mary mew, mary muffe, mary hang you goodman Dog: whipt? doe yee take me for a baſe Spittle whore? in troth Gentlemen, you weare the cloathes of Gentlemen, but you carry not the mindes of Gentlemen, to abuſe a Gentlewoman of my faſhion.

Lod. Faſhion? pox a your faſhions, art not a whore?

Dor. Goodman Slaue.

Duke. O fie, abuſe her not, let vs two talke,
What mought I call your name, práy?

Dor. I'm not aſhamed of my name, Sir, my name is Miſtris *Doll Target*, a Weſterne Gentlewoman.

Lod. Her Target againſt any Pike in *Millan*.

Duke. Why is this wheele borne after her?

1. *Maſter.* She muſt ſpinne.

Dor. A coorſe thred it ſhall be, as all threds are.

Aſt. If you ſpin, then you'll earne money here too?

Dor. I had rather get halfe a Crowne abroad, then ten Crownes here.

Orl. Abroad? I thinke ſo.

Infæ. Doeſt thou not weepe now thou art here?

Dor. Say yee? weepe? yes forſooth, as you did when you loſt your Maidenhead: doe you not heare how I weep? *Sings.*

Lod. Farewell *Doll*.

Dor. Farewell Dog. *Exit.*

Duke. Paſt ſhame: paſt penitence, why is that blue Gowne?

1. *Maſter.* Being ſtript out of her wanton looſe attire,
That Garment ſhe puts on, baſe to the eye,
Onely to cloath her in humility.

Duke. Are all the reſt like this?

1. *Maſter.* No, my good Lord.
You ſee, this Drab ſwells with a wanton reyne,
The next that enters has a different ſtraine.

Duke. Variety is good, let's ſee the reſt.

Exit Maſter.

Bots. Your Grace ſees I'm ſound yet, & no Bullets hit me.

Duke. Come off ſo, and 'tis well.

Omnes. Here's the ſecond Meſſe.

Enter the two Maſters, after them the Conſtable, after him Penelope Whore-hound, *like a Cittizens wife, after her two Beadles, one with a blue Gowne, another with Chalke and a Mallet.*

Pen. I ha worne many a coſtly Gowne, but I was neuer thus guarded with blue Coats, and Beadles, and Conſtables, and ———

Car. Alas faire Miſtris, ſpoyle not thus your eyes.

Pen. Oh ſweet ſir, I feare the ſpoyling of other places about me that are dearer then my eyes; if you be Gentlemen, if you be men, or euer came of a woman, pitty my caſe, ſtand to me, ſticke to me, good ſir, you are an old man.

Orl. Hang not on me, I prethee, old Trees beare no ſuch fruit.

Pen. Will you bayle me, Gentlemen?

Lod. Bayle thee, art in for debt?

Pen. No — is my Iudge, ſir, I am in for no debts, I payd my Taylor for this Gowne, the laſt fiue ſhillings a weeke that was behind, yeſterday.

Duke. What is your name, I pray?

Pen. *Penelope Whore-hound*, I come of the *Whore-hounds*. How does Lieutenant *Bots*.

Bots. A very honeſt woman, as I'm a Soldier, a pox *Bots* ye.

Pen. I was neuer in this pickle before, and yet if I goe amongſt Cittizens wiues, they ieere at me: if I

goe among the Looſe-bodied Gownes, they cry a pox on me, becauſe I goe ciuilly attyred, and ſweare their trade was a good trade, till ſuch as I am tooke it out of their hands: good Lieutenant *Bots*, ſpeake to theſe Captaines to bayle me.

1. *Maſter.* Begging for bayle ſtill? you are a trim goſſip, goe giue her the blue Gowne, ſet her to her chare, worke Huſwife, for your bread, away.

Pen. Out you Dog, a pox on you all, women are borne to curſe thee, but I ſhall liue to ſee twenty ſuch flat-caps ſhaking Dice for a penny-worth of Pippins: out, you blue-eyed Rogue. *Exit.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Euen now ſhe wept, and praid, now does ſhe curſe?

1. *Maſter.* Seeing me: if ſtill ſhe had ſtaid, this had beene worſe.

Hip. Was ſhe euer here before?

1. *Maſter.* Fiue times at leaſt,
And thus if men come to her, haue her eyes
Wrung, and wept out her bayle.

Omnes. *Bots*, you know her?

Bots. Is there any Gentleman here, that knowes not a Whore, and is he a haire the worſe for that?

Duke. Is ſhe a Citty-dame, ſhe's ſo attyred?

1. *Maſter.* No, my good Lord, that's onely but the vaile
To her looſe body, I haue ſeene her here
In gayer Masking Suits, as ſeuerall Sawces
Giue one Diſh ſeuerall Taſtes, ſo change of Habits
In Whores is a bewitching Art: to day
She's all in colours to beſot Gallants,
Then in modeſt blacke, to catch the Cittizen,
And this from their Examinations drawne,
Now ſhall you ſee a Monſter both in ſhape
And nature quite from theſe, that ſheds no teare,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plaine ramping Beare,
Many ſuch Whales are caſt vpon this Shore.

Omnes. Let's ſee her.

1. *Maſter.* Then behold a ſwaggering Whore.

Exit.

Orl. Keep your grownd, *Bots.*

Bots. I doe but trauerſe to ſpy aduantage how to arme my ſelfe.

Enter the two Maſters firſt, after them the Conſtable; after them a Beadle beating a Baſon, then Caty-ryna Bountinall, *with Miſtris* Horſleach, *after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded with yellow.*

Cat. Sirra, when I cry hold your hands, hold, you Rogue-*Catcher*, hold: Bawd, are the French Chil-blaines in your heeles, that you can come no faſter? are not you (Bawd) a Whores Ancient, and muſt not I follow my Colours?

Horſ. O Miſtris *Katherine*, you doe me wrong to accuſe mee here as you doe, before the right Worſhip-full: I am knowne for a motherly honeſt woman, and no Bawd.

Cat. Mary foh, honeſt? burnt at fourteene, ſeuen times whipt, ſixe times carted, nine times duck'd, ſearch'd by ſome hundred and fifty Conſtables, and yet you are honeſt? Honeſt Miſtris *Horſleach*, is this World, a World to keepe Bawds and Whores honeſt? How many times haſt thou giuen Gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelue-penny Fees, nay two ſhillings Fees, nay, when any Embaſſa-dours ha beene here, how many halfe crowne Fees haſt thou taken? how many Carriers haſt thou bribed for Country Wenches? how often haue I rinſt your lungs in *Aqua uitæ*, and yet you are honeſt?

Duke. And what were you the whileſt?

Cat. Mary hang you, Maſter Slaue, who made you an examiner?

Lod. Well ſaid, belike this Deuill ſpares no man.

Cat. What art thou prethee?

Bots. Nay what art thou prethee?

Cat. A Whore, art thou a Thiefe?

Bots. A Thiefe, no, I defie the calling, I am a Soldier, haue borne Armes in the Field, beene in many a hot Skyrmiſh, yet come off ſound.

Cat. Sound with a pox to yee, yee abominable Rogue! you a Soldier? you in Skirmiſhes? where? amongſt pottle pots in a Bawdy-houſe? Looke, looke here, you Madam Wormeaten, doe you not know him?

Horſ. Lieutenant *Bots*, where haue yee beene this many a day?

Bots. Old Bawd, doe not diſcredit me, ſeeme not to know me.

Horſ. Not to know yee, Maſter *Bots*? as long as I haue breath, I cannot forget thy ſweet face.

Duke. Why, doe you know him? he ſaies he is a Soldier.

Cat. He a Soldier? a Pander, a Dog that will licke vp ſixe pence: doe yee heare, you Maſter Swines ſnout, how long is't ſince you held the doore for me, and cried too't agen, no body comes, yee Rogue you?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, y'are ſmelt out agen, *Bots*.

Bots. Pox ruyne her noſe for't, and I be not reuenged for this — vm yee Bitch.

Lod. Dee yee heare yee, Madam? why does your Ladiſhip ſwagger thus? y'are very braue, me thinkes.

Cat. Not at your coſt, Maſter Cods-head,
Is any man here bleare-eyed to ſee me braue?

Aſt. Yes, I am,
Becauſe good Cloathes vpon a Whores backe
Is like faire painting vpon a rotten wall.

Cat. Mary muffe Maſter Whoremaſter, you come vpon me with ſentences.

Ber. By this light has ſmall ſence for't.

Lod. O fie, fie, doe not vex her.
And yet me thinkes a creature of more ſcuruy conditions
Should not know what a good Petticoate were.

Cat. Mary come out,

Y'are ſo buſie about my Petticoate, you'll creepe vp to my placket, and yee cood but attaine the honour, but and the outſides offend your Rogueſhips, looke o'the lining, 'tis Silke.

Duke. Is't Silke'tis lined with then?

Cat. Silke? I Silke, Maſter Slaue, you wud bee glad to wipe your noſe with the skirt on't: this 'tis to come among a company of Cods-heads that know not how to vſe a Gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the Duke is here.

1. *Maſter.* Be modeſt, *Kate*, the Duke is here.

Cat. If the Deuill were here, I care not: ſet forward, yee Rogues, and giue attendance to your places, let Bawds and Whores be ſad, for Ile ſing and the Deuill were a dying. *Exeunt.*

Duke. Why before her does the Baſon ring?

1. *Maſter.* It is an emblem of their reuelling,
The whips we vſe lets forth their wanton blood,
Making them calme, and more to calme their pride,
In ſtead of Coaches they in Carts doe ride.
Will your Grace ſee more of this bad Ware?

Duke. No ſhut vp ſhop, wee'll now breake vp the faire,
Yet ere we part—you, ſir, that take vpon yee
The name of Soldier, that true name of worth,
Which, action not vaine boaſting beſt ſets forth,
To let you know how farre a Soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you ſee,
Soldiers muſt not be wrong'd where Princes be:
This bee your ſentence.

Omnes. Defend your ſelfe, *Bots.*

Duke. Firſt, all the priuat ſufferance that the houſe
Inflicts vpon Offenders, you (as the baſeſt)
Shall vndergoe it double, after which
You ſhall bee whipt, ſir, round about the Citty,
Then baniſht from the Land.

Bots. Beſeech your Grace.

Duke. Away with him, ſee it done, Panders and Whores

Are Citty-plagues, which being kept aliue,
Nothing that lookes like goodnes ere can thriue.
Now good *Orlando*, what ſay you to your bad Sonne-in-law?

Orl. Mary this, my Lord, he is my Sonne-in-law, and in law will I be his Father: for if law can pepper him, he ſhall be ſo parboild, that he ſhall ſtinke no more i'th noſe of the Common-wealth.

Bel. Be yet more kinde and mercifull, good Father.

Orl. Doeſt thou beg for him, thou precious mans meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod on thee, and doeſt thou fawne on him like his Spanniell? has hee not pawnd thee to thy Petticoate, ſold thee to thy ſmock, made yee leape at a cruſt, yet woodſt haue me ſaue him?

Bel. Oh yes, good ſir, women ſhall learne of me,
To loue their husbands in greateſt miſery,
Then ſhew him pitty, or you wracke my ſelfe.

Bal. Haue yee eaten Pigeons that y'are ſo kinde-hearted to your Mate? Nay, y'are a couple of wilde Beares, Ile haue yee both baited at one ſtake: but as for this Knaue, the Gallowes is thy due, and the Gallowes thou ſhalt haue, Ile haue iuſtice of the Duke, the Law ſhall haue thy life, what, doeſt thou hold him? let goe his hand: if thou doeſt not forſake him, a Fathers euerlaſting bleſſing fall vpon both your heads: away, goe, kiſſe out of my ſight, play thou the Whore no more, nor thou the Thiefe agen, my houſe ſhall be thine, my meate ſhall be thine, and ſo ſhall my wine, but my money ſhall bee mine, and yet when I die, (ſo thou doeſt not flie hie) take all,
Yet good *Matheo*, mend.
Thus for joy weepes *Orlando*, and doth end.

Duke. Then heare, *Matheo*: all your woes are ſtayed
By your good Father-in-law: all your Ills
Are cleare purged from you by his working pills.
Come *Signior Candido*, theſe greene yong wits

(We ſee by Circumſtance) this plot hath laid,
Still to prouoke thy patience, which they finde
A wall of Braſſe, no Armour's like the minde;
Thou haſt taught the Citty patience, now our Court
Shall be thy Spheare, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth vnto the world ſhall ſing,
A Patient man's a Patterne for a King. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE WHORE OF *BABYLON.*

As it was acted by the Princes Seruants.

Vexat Censura Columbas.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON
Printed for Nathaniel Butter.
1607.

DRAMMATIS

perſonæ.

Titania the Fairie Queene: vnder whom is figured our late Queene *Elizabeth.*

Fideli.
Florimell.
Parthenophil.
Elfiron.
} Councellors to *Titania.*

Caſtina.
Aura.
Philæma.
Agathe.
} Ladies attendant.

Campeius a Scholler.

Paridel a Doctor.

Time.
Truth.
} *Plaine-dealing.*

Th' Empreſſe of *Babylon*: vnder whom is figured *Rome.*

Kings 3.

Cardinals 4.

Ragazzoni.
Campeggio.
} Agents for th' Empreſſe.

Ropus a Doctor of Phyſicke.

An *Albanois.*

Palmio, a Ieſuite.

Milites.

Miniſtri.

Lectori.

THe Generall ſcope of this Drammaticall Poem, is to ſet forth (in Tropicall and ſhadowed collours) the Greatnes, Magnanimity, Conſtancy, Clemency, and other the incomparable Heroical vertues of our late Queene And (on the contrary part) the inueterate malice, Treaſons, Machinations, Vnderminings, & continual blody ſtratagems, of that Purple whore of Roome, to the taking away of our Princes liues, and vtter extirpation of their Kingdomes. Wherein if according to the dignity of the Subiect, I haue not giuen it Luſtre, and (to uſe the Painters rhethorick) doe ſo faile in my Depthes & Heightnings, that it is not to the life, let this excuſe me; that the Pyramides *vpon whoſe top the glorious Raigne of our deceaſed Soucraigne was mounted, ſtands yet ſo high, and ſo ſharply pointed into the clouds, that the Art of no pen is able to reach it. The ſtreame of her Vertues is ſo immeſurable, that the farther they are waded into, the farther is it to the bottom.*

In ſayling vpon which two contrary Seas, you may obſerue, on how direct a line I have ſteered my courſe: for of ſuch a ſcantling are my words ſet downe, that neither the one party ſpeakes too much, nor the other (in oppoſition) too little in their owne defence.

And whereas I may, (by ſome more curious in cenſure, then ſound in iudgement) be Critically taxed, that I falſifie the account of time, and ſet not down Occurrents, according to their true ſucceſſion, let ſuch (that are ſo nice of ſtomach) know, that I write as a Poet, not as an Hiſtorian, and that theſe two doe not liue vnder one law. How true Fortunes dyall hath gone whoſe Players (like ſo many clocks, haue ſtruck my lines, and told the world how I haue ſpent my houres) I am not certaine, becauſe mine eare ſtood not within reach of their Larums. But of this my knowledge cannot faile, that in ſuch Conforts, many of the Inſtruments are for the moſt part out of tune, And no maruaile; for let the Poet ſet the note of his Nombers, euen to Apolloes *owne Lyre, the Player will haue his owne Crochets, and ſing falſe notes, in diſpite of all the rules of Muſick. It fares with theſe two, as it does with good ſtuffe and a badde Tayler: It is not mard in the wearing, but in the cutting out. The labours therfore of Writers are as vnhappie as the children of a bewtifull woman, being ſpoyld by ill nurſes, within a month after they come into the world. What a number of throwes doe we endure eare we be deliuered? and yet euen then (tho that heauenly iſſue of our braine be neuer ſo faire and ſo well lymd,) is it made lame by the bad handling of them to whome it is put to learne to goe: if this of mine bee made a cripple by ſuch meanes, yet diſpiſe him not for that deformity which ſtuck not vpon him at his birth; but fell vpon him by mis-fortune, and in recompence of ſuch favour, you ſhall (if your Patience can ſuffer ſo long) heare now how himſelfe can ſpeake.*

PROLOGVE.

THe Charmes of ſilence through this Square be throwne,
That an vn-vſde Attention (like a Iewell)
May hang at euery eare, for wee preſent
Matter aboue the vulgar Argument:
Yet drawne ſo liuely, that the weakeſt eye,
(Through thoſe thin vailes we hang betweene your ſight,
And this our peice) may reach the miſtery:
What in it is moſt graue, will moſt delight.
But as in *Lantskip*, Townes and Woods appeare
Small a farre off, yet to the Optick ſence,
The minde ſhewes them as great as thoſe more neere;
So, winged *Time* that long agoe flew hence
You muſt fetch backe, with all thoſe golden yeares
He ſtole, and here imagine ſtill hee ſtands,
Thruſting his ſiluer locke into your hands.
There hold it but two howres, It ſhall from Graues
Raize vp the dead: vpon this narrow floore
Swell vp an Ocean, (with an Armed Fleete,)
And lay the Dragon at a Doues ſoft feete.
Theſe Wonders ſit and ſee, ſending as guides
Your Iudgement, not your paſsions: paſsion ſlides,
When Iudgement goes vpright: for tho the Muſe
Thats thus inſpir'de) a Nouell path does tread,
Shee's free from fooliſh boldnes, or baſe dread.
Loe; ſcorne ſhe ſcornes and Enuies ranckling tooth,
For this is all ſhee does, ſhe wakens *Truth*.

A Dumb ſhew.

HE *drawes a Curtaine, diſcouering Truth in ſad abiliments; vncrownd: her haire diſheueld, & ſleeping on a Rock: Time* (*her father*) *attired likewiſe in black, and al his properties* (*as Sithe, Howreglaſſe and Wings*) *of the ſame Cullor, vſing all meanes to waken Truth, but not being able to doe it, he ſits by her and mourns. Then enter Friers, Biſhops, Cardinals before the Hearſe of a Queen, after it Councellors, Pentioners, & Ladies, al theſe laſt hauing ſcarfes before their eyes, the other ſinging in Latin. Trueth ſuddenly awakens, & beholding this ſight, ſhews* (*with her father*) *arguments of Ioy, and* Exeunt, *returning preſently: Time being ſhifted into light Cullors, his properties likewiſe altred into ſiluer, and Truth Crowned,* (*being cloathed in a robe ſpotted with Starres*) *meete the Hearſe, and pulling the veiles from the Councellers eyes, they woundring a while, and ſeeming aſtoniſhed at her brightnes, at length embrace Truth and Time, & depart with them: leauing the reſt going on.*

This being done, Enter Titania (*the Farie Queene*) *attended with thoſe Councellors, and other perſons fitting her eſtate: Time and Truth meete her, preſenting a Booke to her, which* (*kiſſing it*) *ſhee receiues, and ſhewing it to thoſe about her, they drawe out their ſwordes,* (*embracing Truth,*) *vowing to defend her and that booke: Truth then and Time are ſent in, and returne preſently, driuing before them thoſe Cardinals, Friers, &c.* (*that came in before*) *with Images, Croziar ſtaues &c. They gon, certaine graue learned men, that had beene baniſhed, are brought in, and preſented to Titania, who ſhewes to them the booke, which they receiue with great ſignes of gladneſſe, and* Exeunt Omnes.

THE WHORE

of Babylon.

Empreſſe of Babylon: her Canopie ſupported by 4. *Cardinals*: 2. *perſons in Pontificall roabes on either hand, the one bearing a ſword, the other the keies: before her* 3. *Kings crowned, behinde her Friers, &c.*

Emp. THat we, in pompe, in peace, in god like ſplendor,
With adoration of all dazeled eies,
Should breath thus long, and grow ſo full of daies,
Be fruitfull as the Vine, in ſonnes and daughters,
(All Emperors, Kings, and Queenes) that (like to Cedars
Vpriſing from the breaſt of *Lybanus*,
Or Oliues nurſt vp by *Ieruſalem*)
Heightened our glories, whilſt we held vp them:
That this vaſt Globe Terreſtriall ſhould be cantled,
And almoſt three parts ours, and that the nations,
Who ſuſpiration draw out of this aire,

With vniuerſall *Aues*, ſhowtes, and cries,
Should vs acknowledge to be head ſupreame
To this great body (for a world of yeares :)
Yet now, when we had made our Crowne compleat,
And clos'd it ſtrongly with a triple arch,
And had inrich'd it with thoſe pretious jewels
Few Princes euer ſee (white haires) euen now
Our greatneſſe hangs in ballance, and the ſtampe
Of our true Soueraignty, clipt, and abas'd.

1. *King.* By whom dread Empreſſe ?

Emp. Aske theſe holy Fathers :
Aske thoſe our out-caſt ſonnes : a throne vſurped
Our chaire is counted, all our titles ſtolne.

2. *King.* What blaſphemy dare ſpeake ſo ?

Emp. All our roabes,
Our veſtments, (reuerend, yet pontificall :)
This ſword, theſe keyes, (that open kingdoms hearts
To let in ſweet obedience) All, but borrowed.

3. *King.* What ſoule aboue the earth . . . .

Emp. Our royall ſignet,
With which, we, (in a mothers holy loue)
Haue ſign'd ſo many pardons, is now counterfeit :
From our mouth flow riuers of blaſphemy
And lies ; our Babylonian Sinagogues
Are counted Stewes, where Fornications
And all vncleanneſſe Sodomiticall,
(Whoſe leproſy touch'd vs neuer) are now daily acted :
Our Image, which (like *Romane Cæſar's*) ſtamp'd
In gold, through the whole earth did currant paſſe ;
Is now blanch'd copper, or but guilded braſſe.

3. *King.* Can yonder roofe, thats naild ſo faſt with ſtarres,
Couer a head ſo impious, and not cracke ?
That Sulphure boyling o're celeſtiall fires,
May drop in whizing flakes (with skalding vengeance)
On ſuch a horrid ſinne !

1. *King.* No mortall boſome
Is ſo vnſanctified.

2. *King.* Who i'ſt bright Empreſſe,

That feeds ſo vlcerous, and ſo ranke a Spleene?
Emp. A woman.
Omn. Woman! who?
Emp. The Fairie Queene:
Fiue Summers haue ſcarce drawn their glimmering nights
Through the Moons ſiluer bowe, ſince the crownd heads
Of that adored beaſt, on which we ride,
Were ſtrucke and wounded, but ſo heal'd againe,
The very ſcarres were hid. But now, a mortall,
An vnrecouerable blow is taken,
And it muſt bleed to death.
3. *King.* Heauen cannot ſuffer it.
Empr. Heauen ſuffers it, and ſees it, and giues ayme,
Whilſt euen our Empires heart is cleft in ſunder:
That ſtrumpet, that inchantreſſe, (who, in robes
White as is innocence, and with an eye
Able to tempt ſtearne murther to her bed)
Calles her ſelfe *Truth*, has ſtolne faire *Truths* attire,
Her crowne, her ſweet ſongs, counterfets her voyce,
And by preſtigious trickes in ſorcerie,
Has raiz'd a baſe impoſtor like *Truths* father:
This ſubtile Curtizan ſets vp againe,
Whom we but late baniſht, to liue in caues,
In rockes and deſart mountaines.
2. *King.* Feare her not, ſhee's but a ſhadow.
Emp. O t'is a cunning Spider,
And in her nets ſo wraps the Fairie Queene,
That ſhee ſuckes euen her breaſt: Sh'as writ a booke,
Which ſhee calles holy Spels.
3. *King.* Weele breake thoſe ſpels.
Empr. The poles of heauen muſt firſt in ſunder breake,
For from the Fairie ſhores this Witch hath driuen
All ſuch as are like theſe (our Sooth-Saiers)
And cal'd falſe *Seers* home, that of things paſt,
Sing wonders, and diuine of things to come:

Through whoſe bewitching tongues runne golden chaines,
To which ten thouſand eares ſo faſt are bound,
As ſpirits are by ſpells ; that all the Tones
Of harmony, that *Babylon* can ſound,
Are charmes to Adders, and no more regarded,
Than are by him that's deafe, the ſicke mans groanes.
Shee, they, *Titania*, and her Fairie Lords,
Yea euen her vaſſaile elues, in publick ſcorne
Defame me, call me Whore of *Babylon*.

Omn. O vnheard of prophanation !

Empr. Giue out I am common : that for luſt, and hire
I proſtitute this body : that to Kings
I quaffe full bowles of ſtrong enchanting wines,
To make them dote on me.

Omn. Lets heare no more.

Emp. And that all Potentates that tread on earth,
With our abhominations ſhould be drunke,
And be by vs vndone.

Omn. Weele heare no more.

3. *King.* You haue thruſt Furies whips into our hands.

1. *King.* Say but the word, and weele turne home your wrongs,
In torne and bloody collours.

2. *King.* All her bowers,
Shall like burnt offerings purge away (in fire)
Her lands pollution.

Omn. Let's to armes.

Emp. Stay : heare me :
Her kingdome weares a girdle wrought of waues,
Set thicke with pretious ſtones, that are ſo charm'd,
No rockes are of more force : her Fairies hearts,
Lie in inchanted towers (impregnable)
No engine ſcales them. Therefore goe you three,
Draw all your faces ſweetly, let your browes
Be ſleek'd, your cheekes in dimples, giue out ſmiles,
Your voyces ſtring with ſiluer, wooe (like louers)

Sweare you haue hils of pearle : ſhew her the world,
And ſay ſhee ſhall haue all, ſo ſhee will kneele
And doe vs reuerence : but if ſhee grow nice,
Diſſemble, flatter, ſtoope to licke the duſt
Shee goes vpon, and (like to ſerpents) creepe
Vpon your bellies, in humilitie ;
And beg ſhee would but with vs ioyne a league,
To wed her land to ours : our bleſſing, goe.

3. *King.* When mines are to be blowne vp, men dig low.

All three. And ſo will wee.

Emp. Proſper : till this ſunne ſet
The beames that from vs ſhoot, ſeeme counterfet.

Exeunt.

Manent 4. *Cardinals, and certaine Priests.*

1. *Card.* This phyſicke cures not me.

2. *Card.* Nor me.

3. *Card.* Nor vs.

1. *Card.* It is not ſtrong of poyſon, to fetch vp
Thats bak't within : my gall is ouerflowne,
My blood growne ranke and fowle : An inflamation
Of rage, and madnes ſo burnes vp my liuer,
That euen my heart-ſtrings cracke (as in a furnace)
And all my nerues into my eye-balles ſhrinke,
To ſhoot thoſe bullets, and my braines at once
Againſt her ſoule that ha's halfe dambd vs : falls
Fetcht hie, and neare to heauen, light on no ground,
But in hels bottome, take their firſt rebound.

2. *Card.* Such are our falles : we once had mountaine-growth,
With Pines and Cedars.

3. *Card.* Now with none of both.

1. *Card.* I could be glad to looſe the diuine office
Of my creation, to be turn'd into
A dogge, ſo I might licke vp but her blood,
That thruſts vs from our vineyards.

Tres. So could all.

4. *Card.* Revenge were milke to vs.

2. *Card.* Manna.
1. *Card.* And it ſhall.
But how? wee will not (as the head ſupreame
Ouer all nations, counſelleth) licke the duſt
The Faierie treads on, nor (like ſerpents) creepe
Vpon our bellies in humilitie:
This were (with Fencers) baſely to giue ground,
When the firſt bowt may ſpeed: or to ſound parly,
Whilſt they within, get ſwords to cut our throats:
No, weele at one blow ſtrike the heart through.
Tres. How?
2. *Card.* By ponyards.
1. *Card.* No.
3. *Card.* Poyſon.
1. *Card.* No.
4. *Card.* Treaſon.
1. *Card.* Neither.
2. *Card.* How (reuerend *Como*) then?
1. *Card.* Thus—let's conſult . . . nay you ſhal heare.
You know that all the ſprings in Fairie land
Ran once to one head: from that head, to vs:
The mountaine and the valley paid vs fruit;
The field her corne, the country felt no heat
But from our fires: Plenty ſtill ſpread our boards,
And Charitie tooke away. We ſtept not forth
But with a god-like adoration
All knees bowed low vnto vs: why was this?
Why were our gardens *Eden*? why our bowers
Built like to thoſe in *Paradiſe*? I ſhall tell you,
It was becauſe the Law moſt myſticall,
Was not made common: therefore was not vile;
It was becauſe in the great Prophets *Phanes*
And hallowed Temples, we were *Choriſters*:
It was becauſe (wiſe Pylots) we from rockes,
And gulfes infernall, fafely ſet on ſhore
Mens ſoules at yonder hauen: or (beeing ſhipwrackt)
Strong lines forth caſt we, ſuffering none to ſinke
To that *Abiſſe*, which ſome hold bottomleſſe.

But now our very graues
Cannot ſaue dead mens bones from ſhame and bruzes:
The monumentall marble Vrnes of bodies
(Laid to reſt long agoe) vnreuerently
Are turned to troughes of water now for jades:
Vaſt Charnel-houſes, where our fathers heads
Slept on the cold hard pillowes of the earth,
Are emptied now, and chang'd to drinking roomes,
Or vaults for baſer office.

2. *Card.* What's therefore to be done?

1. *Card.* This muſt be done:
This ſhall be done: They hunted vs like wolues,
Out of their Fairie forreſts, whipt vs away
(As vagabonds) mockt vs, and ſaid our fall
Could not be dangerous, becauſe we bore
Our gods vpon our backes: now muſt we whip them,
But wiſelier.

Tres. How?

1. *Card.* Thus: thoſe that fill our roomes,
Hold Beacons in their eies (blazing with fire
Of a hot-ſeeming zeale) to watch our entrance,
And to arme all againſt vs: theſe we muſt quench:
They are counted wels of knowledge, poyſon theſe wells:
They are the kingdoms muſicke, they the Organs,
Vnto whoſe ſound her Anthems now are ſung,
Set them but out of tune, alls out of ſquare,
Pull downe the Church, and none can it repaire,
But *he* that builds it: this is the faggot band
That binds all faſt: vndoo't, vndoe the land—

Card. omn. Moſt certaine.

1. *Card.* You therefore (the beſt conſort of the ſoule)
Shepheards (whoſe flocks are men, lambs, Angels,) you
That hold the roofe of yon Starre-chamber vp,
From dropping downe to grinde the world to duſt,
You ſhall to Fairie land.

Card. omnes. A joyfull voyage.

1. *Card.* Thoſe that ſing there the holy Hymnes, as yet
Haue not their voyces cleere, the ſtreame of ceremony
Is ſcarcely ſettled, trouble it more : bayte hookes
To take ſome, ſome to choake : caſt out your net
At firſt, for all the frie : let vs ſpread ſayles
To draw vnto our ſhores the Fairie whales.
That *Truth*, whoſe ſtandard-bearer *Babylon*,
And all we are, is not cleane driuen from thence,
Whither we ſend you : there ſhee liues, but liues
A widdow ; ſteps not forth, dares not be ſeene
During her moneth of mourning : here we write you
How, and with whom to finde her : what ſhee bids,
That doe : your hire's aboue.

Card. omnes. We know it well.

1. *Card.* And when you ſee thoſe Fairy fiſhermen
Rowe in your ſtreames, when they grow cold in working,
And weary of their owne waters, that the ſayles
(Which ſtifly beare them vp) flag and hang low,
And that (like reedes, playing with a paire of winds,)
They promiſe facill pliance, then, then ſhake
The trees by the root, then'le make the branches blow,
And drop their mellowed fruits, euen at your feet,
Gather them they are our owne, then is the houre
To weane thoſe ſonnes of blacke *Apoſtaſi*
From her (their ſtepdame) and to make them take,
A bleſſing from our reuerend mothers hands,
Be happie goe.

Card. Omn. Wee ſhall remember you,
In all our kneelings.

1. *Card.* Stay : ere you ſhift Ayre,
Sprinkle your ſelues all ore with ſacred droppes,
Take *Periapts*, *Pentacles*, and potent Charmes
To coniure downe fowle fiends, that will be rayzed
To vex you, tempt you, and betray your bloud,
About your necks hang hallowed *Amulets*,

That may Conſerue you from the plagues of Error
Which will ſtrike at you.
Sacr. Omn. Wee obey moſt holy fathers.
1. *Car.* And heare you,
If clymbing vp to this haught enterprize
The foot ſlip, and (ith' fal) with death you meet . . .
Sacr. Omn. O glorious ladder!
1. *Car.* A Saints winding ſheet,
Farewell: Mount all the engines of your wit
When darts are ſent from all parts, ſome muſt hit.
Exeunt Sacr.
There is a fellow to whome, becauſe he dare
Not be a ſlaue to greatnes, nor is molded
Of Court dow (flattering) but (ſhould it thunder)
To his father, doing ill, (would ſpeake ill) our Empreſſe,
Hath giuen this name. (Plaine dealing); this plaine dealing
Haue I ſhipd hence, and is long ſince arriued
Vpon the fairy ſtrond: from him I expect,
Intelligence of all Occurrences,
He for the names ſake, ſhall perhaps be welcome,
Into that Harlots Company (whom the fairyes
Thinke honeſt, and ſweare deeply, ſhe is Truth.
That Strumpet by inticement heele bring ouer.
2. *Card.* It came to me in letters (two dayes ſince
That this plaine dealing ſerues the fairy Queene,
And will no more be ſeene in *Babilon.*
1. *Card.* How no more ſeene in *Babilon*, tis but one loſt,
If *Babilon* ſubſcribe to our wiſe-doome,
Shee ſhall lodge Double-Dealing in his roome. *Exeunt.*

Titania, Fidely, Florimell, Elfiron, Pentioners.

Tita. Wee thought the fates would haue cloſde vp our eyes,
That wee ſhould nere haue ſeene this day-ſtarre riſe:
How many plots were laid to barre vs hence,
(Euen from our Cradle?) but our Innocence
Your wiſedome (fairy Peeres) and aboue all,

That Arme that cannot let a white foule fall,
Hath held vs vp, and lifted vs thus hie,
Euen when the Arrowes did moſt thickly flie :
Of that bad woman (*Babilons* proud Queene,
Who yet (we heare) fwels with Inuenomed Spleene.
Fid. Whoſe poyſon, ſhall (like Arrowes ſhot vp-right)
When forth it burſts, to her owne downfall light.
Tita. Truth be my witnes (whome we haue imployde,
To purge our Aire that has with plagues deſtroyed
Great numbers, ſhutting them in darkſome ſhades)
I ſeeke no fall of hirs, my Spirit wades,
In Clearer ſtreames ; her bloud I would not ſhed,
To gaine that triple wreath that binds her head,
Tho mine ſhee would let forth, I know not why,
Only through rancke luſt after Souereigntie.
Flor. Enough it is for me, if with a hand,
(Vnſtained and vnambitious) fairy Land
I Crowne with Oliue branches : all thoſe wounds,
Whoſe goary mouthes but lately ſtained our Rounds,
Bleed yet in me : for when great (*a*) *Elfiline* (*a*) *Hen.* 7.
(Our grandſire) fild this throne, your bowers did ſhine
With fire-red ſteele, and not with Fairies eies,
You heard no muſicke then, but ſhriekes and cries,
Then armed Vrchins, and ſtearne houſhold Elues,
Their fatall pointed ſwords turnd on themſelues.
But when the royall *Elfiline* ſat crowned,
Theſe ciuill woes in their own depth lay drowned.
He to immortall ſhades beeing gone,
(Fames minion) great King (*b*) *Oberon* (*b*) *Hen.* 8.
Titaniaes royall father, liuely ſprings,
Whoſe Court was like a campe of none but Kings.
From this great conquering Monarchs glorious ſtemme,
Three (in direct line) wore his Diadem :
(*c*) A King firſt, then a paire of (*d*) Queenes, of whom, (*c*) *Edw.* 6.

Shee that was held a downe-caſt, by Fates doome,
(*d*) *Q. Mar. & Q. Eliz.*
Sits now aboue their hopes : her maiden hand,
Shall with a ſilken thred guide Fairie land.
Omn. And may ſhee guide it,
Fid. Euen till ſtooping time
Cut for her (downe) long yeeres that ſhee may climbe
(With eaſe) the higheſt hill old age goes o're,
Or till her Fairie ſubiects (that adore
Her birth-day as their beeing) ſhall complaine,
They are weary of a peacefull, golden raigne.
1. *King.* Which, that they neuer ſhall, your ſtately towers
Shall keepe their ancient beauty : and your bowers
(Which late like prophan'd Temples empty ſtood,
The tops defac'd by fire, the floores by blood,)
Shall be fill'd full of *Choriſters* to ſing
Sweet heauenly ſongs, like birds before the Spring :
The flowers we ſet, and the fruits by vs ſowne,
Shall cheere as well the ſtranger as our owne.
We may to ſtrange ſhores once our ſelues be driuen,
For who can tell vnder what point of heauen
His graue ſhall open ? neither ſhall our oakes,
Trophies of reuerend Age, fall by our ſtroaks,
Nor ſhall the brier, or hawthorne (growing vnder)
Feare them, but flie to them, to get from thunder,
And to be ſafe from forraine wild-fire balles,
Weele build about our waters wooden walles.
Omn. On which weele ſpend for you our lateſt liues.
Titan. Fairies I thank you all, Stay who comes here ?

Enter Parthen.

Flor. *Parthenophill*, a Fairie Peere.
Titan. *Parthenophill.*
Parth. Bright Empreſſe, Queene of maides
To vs your Lords, amidſt your Fairie ſhades :
Three Princes (ſo themſelues they ſtyle) are come,

From whence, they'l vs not learne, and doe intreat
Faire, and a free acceſſe.
Titan. What is their buſineſſe?
Parth. The ſplendor of your glories, which a farre
Shines (as they ſay, and iuſtly ſay) as brightly
As here at hand, hither them drawes, proteſting
All faith and ſeruice to you, and requeſting
That they the tribute of their loues may pay,
At your moſt ſacred feet.
Titan. Allow them entrance.
Parth. They in a Fairie maske, the argument
Of this their dutie, gladly would preſent.
Titan. As beſt them pleaſe.

The Hault-boyes ſounding, Titania *in dumbe ſhew ſends her Lords to fetch them in, who enter bare headed the three Kings queintly attired like Maſquers following them, who doing honour to her, intreat to dance with her maides, and doe ſo: This done they diſcouer.*

Titan. Your painted cheeks beeing off, your owne diſcouers,
You are no Fairies.
All three. No: but wounded louers.
Titan. How! louers! what! would you deflower my bed,
And ſtrike off a poore maiden-head?
We know you not: what are you? and from whence?
3. *King.* The (*a*) land of whome the ſunne ſo enamor'd is, (*a*) *Spaine*
He lends them his complexion, gives me birth,
The Indian and his gold are both my ſlaues,
Vpon my ſword (as on the Axell tree)
A world of kingdomes mooue: and yet I write
Non ſufficit: that luſtie ſonne of *Ioue*
That twelue times ſhewed himſelfe more then a man,
Reard vp two pillars for me, on whoſe Capitals

I ſtand (*Coloſſus*-like) ſtriding ore ſeas,
And with my head knock at the roofe of Heauen :
Hence come I, this I am, (O moſt diuine)
All that I am is yours, be you but mine.

2. *King.* The country (*a*) at whoſe breaſt, hundreds of kings (*a*) *France*
Haue royally bin fed, is nurce to me :
The god of grapes is mine, whoſe bounteous hand
In cluſters deales his gifts to euery land :
My Empire beares for greatnes, pollicy,
State, skill in Arts and Armes, ſole ſoueraigntie
Of this Globe vniuerſall. All her Princes
Are warriours borne : whoſe battels to be told,
Would make the hearers ſouldiers : 'tis a land
Of breath ſo ſweet, and of aſpect ſo faire,
That to behold her, and to conquer her,
(In amorous combats,) great king *Oberon*,
Your awefull father, oft has thither come,
Like to a bridegrome, or a Reueller,
And gone agen in goodly triumphs home.
From hence I ſpring, (faireſt and moſt diuine)
All that this is, is yours, be you but mine.

3. *King.* Be you but mine, and doubly will I treble
Their glories, and their greatneſſe : like to thunder
My voyce farre off, ſhakes kingdomes ; whilſt mine owne
Stands on Seauen (*b*) hills, whoſe towers, and pinnacles,
And reuerend Monuments, hold in them ſuch worth,
And are ſo facred, Emperours and Kings
(Like barefoote pilgrims) at her feet doe fall,
Bowing to her trible crowne imperiall.
The language which ſhee ſpeakes, goes through the world,
To proue that all the world ſhould ſtoope to her,
And (ſaue your ſelfe) they doe ; you thinke you leaue
A rich inheritance, if to your ſonnes,
Our fluent tongue you leaue, (nor need they more)

Who ſpeake and ſpend it well, cannot be poore:
On many nations necks, a foot to ſet,
If it be glorious, then may you be great.
1. *King.* We are all pleaſd, ſo pleaſe you be the bride,
Of three, we care not which two be deni'd.
2. *King.* For we are brethren, and thoſe ſacred breaſts
From whence we draw our nouriſhment, would runne
Nectar to you (ſweete as the food of life:)
Our aged mother twentie times an hower,
Would breath her wholeſome kiſſes on your cheeke,
And from her own cup you ſhould drinke that wine
Which none but Princes taſt, to make you looke
With cheerefull countenance.
3. *King.* You haue a (*a*) ſonne, (*a*) *The Iriſh.*
Rebellious, wild, ingratefull, poore, and yet
Apollo from's owne head cuts golden lockes,
To haue them grow on his: his harp is his,
The darts he ſhoots are his: the winged meſſenger
That runnes on all the errands of the gods,
Teaches him ſwiftnes; hee'l outſtrip the windes:
This child of yours is (by adoption)
Our mothers now, her bleſſing he receiues;
And tho (as men did in the golden Age)
He liue ith' open fields, hiding his head
In dampiſh caues, and woods, (ſometimes for feare),
Yet doe we ſuccour him. This your loſt ſheep,
We home agen will bring, to your owne fold,
Humbly to graze vpon your Faierie plaines,
Prouided, that you ſow them with ſuch ſeed,
On which your whole land wholeſomely may feed.
Titan. We know you now: O what a deale of paines
Would you (as others of this wing haue taken)
To be in Faierie land calld Soueraignes?
Thankes for it: raſhly nothing muſt we doe:
When kingdoms marrie, heaven it ſelfe ſtands by
To giue the bride: Princes in tying ſuch bands,

Should vſe a thouſand heads, ten thouſand hands :
For that one Acte giues like an enginous wheele
Motion to all, ſets all the State a going,
And windes it vp to height, or hurles it down,
The leaſt blaſt turnes the ſcale, where lies a crowne :
Weele therefore take aduice. If theſe thinke fit
We ſhould be yours, you ours, we ſigne to it :
Your counſell Fairie Lords : *Fideli* ſpeake.

Fid. Would you (my royal miſtris) haue thoſe chriſtal
Faire, double-leaued doores, where light comes forth
To cheere the world, neuer to open more ?
Would you haue all your ſlumbers turn'd to dreams,
Frightfull and broken ? would you ſee your Lords
(In ſtead of ſitting at your Councell boards)
Locking their graue, white, reuerend heads in ſteele ?
If ſo, you cannot for all Fairie land
Find men to fit you better.

Titan. Florimell,
Breathes there in you *Fidelies* ſpirit ?

Flor. No Lady.

3. *King.* No nor in any breſt that's ſound : true Conncellor,
Already you ſpeake muſicke : you are ſtrung
With golden chords ; Angels guide on your tongue.

Flor. Theſe potent, politicke, and twin-borne States,
Would to their mitred fortunes tie our fates :
Our Fairie groues are greene, our temples ſtand
Like goodly watch-towers, wafting paſſengers
From rockes, t'arriue them in the Holy land :
Peace (here) eats fruits, which her own hand hath ſown,
Your lambes with lyons play : about your throne,
The Palme, the Lawrell, and the abundant Vine
Grow vp, and with your roſes doe entwine.
But if theſe gripe your Scepter once,

Titan. What then ?

Flor. Vultures are not more rauenous than theſe men,

Confuſion, tyranie, vproares will ſhake all,
Tygres, & wolues, and beares, will fil your ſeat,
In nothing (but in miſerie) youle be great :
Thoſe black and poiſonous waters that bore down
In their rough torrent, Fairie townes and towers,
And drownd our fields in *Marianaes* daies,
Will (in a mercileſſe inundation)
Couer all againe : red Seas will flow again :
The Deuill will roare againe : if theſe you loue,
Be (as the Serpent) wiſe then, tho a Doue.

2. *King.* This hee that ſpeakes in muſicke ?

Titan. Are you all,
Of this opinion Lordes ?

Omn. All, all.

All 3. Lets hence.

3. *King.* When cloſe plots faile, vſe open violence.

Titani. Stay : Princes are free-borne, & haue free wils,
Theis are to *vs*, as vallies are to hills,
We may, be counceld by them, not controld :
Our wordes our Law.

Elfyr. Bright Souereigne.

Titan. Y'are too bold.

3. *King.* I knew the fort would yeeld.

1. *King.* Attend.

2. *King.* Shee's ours.

Titan. You would Combine a League, which theſe would breake.

1. *King.* A League !

2. *King.* Holy.

3. *King.* Honorable.

Titan. Nay heare me ſpeake,
You court me for my loue, you I imbrace
As maides doe Suiters, with a ſmiling face
as you doe me : receiue our anſwere then :—
I cannot loue you :——what ! ſuch hardy men
And flie for one repulſe ? I meane as yet ;
As yet I'm not at leiſure : But I ſweare
Euen by my birth-day, by the crowne I weare,

By thoſe ſweet waters, which into vs powre
Health, that no ſicknes taints, by that bleſt flower
Vpon whoſe roſeal ſtalke our peace does grow,
I ſweare I will my loue on you beſtow,
When one day comes, which now to you Ile name.
1. *King.* The time! O bleſſed time!
2. *King.* Balme to our ſorrow.
3. *King.* Name that moſt happie houre.
Tita. May be to morrow:
Marke els and iudge whether it may or no:
When Lambes of ours, are kild by wolues of yours,
Yet no bloud ſuckt: when Heauen two Suns endures:
When Soules that reſt in vnder-groundes,
Heare Anthems ſung, and prayſe the ſoundes:
When drops of water are ſo ſpilt,
That they can waſh out murders guilt:
When Surgeons long ſince dead and gone,
Can cure our woundes, being cald vpon:
When from yon towers I heare one cry,
You may kill Princes lawfully:
When a Court has no Paraſite,
When truth ſpeakes falſe, and falſhood right:
When Conſcience goes in cloth of gold,
When Offices are giuen, not ſold:
When merchants wiues hate coſtly clothes,
When ther's no lies in tradſmens oathes:
When Farmers by deere yeeres do leeze,
And Lawyers ſweare to take no fees:
(And that I hope will neuer, neuer bee)
But then (and not till then) I ſweare,
Shall your bewitching Charmes ſleepe in mine eare.
Away.

Exeunt Fairies: *Manent* 3. *Kings.*

1. *King.* Derided to our faces!
2. *King.* Baffuld!
3. *King.* Made fooles!
1. *King.* This muſt not be.
Omn. It ſhall not be.

3. *King.* Reuenge:
Flie to our Empres boſome, there ſucke treaſon,
Sedition, Herezies confederacies,
The violation of al ſacred leagues.
The combination of all leagues vniuſt,
The diſpenſation for ſacramentall oathes,
And when ye are ſwolne with theis, returne againe,
And let their poyſon raine downe here in ſhowres:
Whole heards of bulls loaden with hallowed curſes,
With Interdictions, excommunications,
And with vnbinding Subiects fealties,
And with large pattents to kill Kings and Queens
Driue roaring hither, that vpon their hornes
This Empire may be toſt.

2. *King.* Shee ſhall bee torne,
Euen ioynt from ioynt: to have her baited wel,
(If we cannot) wee will vn-kennell hell:

1. *King.* Will not you home with vs?

3. *King.* No: here Ile lurke,
And in a Doue-like ſhape rauen vpon Doues:
Ile ſuck allegiance from the common breſt,
Poyſon the Courtier with ambitious drugs,
Throw bane into the cups where learning drinkes,
Ile be a Saint, a Furie, Angell, Deuill,
Or'e Seas, on this ſide Seas; Deuils forreners,
With Deuils within hel freedome, Deuils in Vaults.
And with Church Deuil, be it your ſoules health,
To drinke downe Babylonian Stratagems.
And to forge three-forkt thunderbolts at home,
Whilſt I melt Sulphure here: If the ſweet bane
I lay bee ſwallowed, oh! a Kingdome burſts,
But if the poyſoned hooke be ſpied, then leuy
Eightie eight Legions, and take open armes,
The *Guidon* ſhall be mine, Ile beare the Standard.

Omn. Twi'll bee a glorious warre.

1. *King.* Farewell.

3. *King.* Bee gon,
Who cleaues a Realmes head, needs more ſwordes then one. *Exeunt.*

Fideli, Florimell, Parthenophill, Elfiron.

Flory. Theſe euill Spirits are vext, & tho they vaniſht
Like hideous dreames, yet haue they left behind them,
Throbs, and heart akings, in the generall booſome,
As omynous bodings. Fairy Lackeyes.——

4. *Footmen.* Here.

Flory. Flie Sirra throug the Ayre and neuer reſt
(On paine to be into an vrchin turnd)
Till thou haſt fixt vpon the higheſt gates,
Of our great'ſt Cities. The'rs a warning peece.
Away. *Exit.*

Fidel. Theis to the Spirits that our waters keepe,
Charge them that none rowſt there, but thoſe whoſe nets,
Are caſt out of our Fairy gundolets.
Away. *Exit.* 2.

Elfyr. Theis to the keepers of thoſe royall woods
Where Lyons, Panthers, and the kingly heardes
Feede in one company ; that if wild Boares,
Mad Buls, or rauing Beares, breake in for prey,
Hoping to make our groues their wildernes,
Ours may like ſouldiers bid them battaile. Flie.
Exit. 3.

Parth. Theſe to the Shepheards on our Fairie downs
To warne them not to ſleepe, but with ſweet Layes
And Iolly pipings driue into fat paſtures
Their goodly flocks : Wolues are abroad fay, Fly.
Exit. 4.

Titania and her maids ſtanding alofe.

Fidel. Place Prouidence, (becauſe ſhe has quick eye :
And is the beſt at kenning) in our Nauy,
Courage ſhall wait on her.

Flor. No : ſhees moſt fit
To goe with vs.

Omn. Let her in Counſell ſit.
Fid. Tis ſaid: and leaſt they breake into our walkes
And kil our fairie deare, or change themſelues
Into the ſhape of Fawnes, being indeed Foxes,
Range all the forreſt danger to preuent,
Foreſight beats ſtormes backe, when moſt Imminent.
Omn. Away then. *Exeunt.*

Manent Titania, and her maides.

Titani. Wiſe Pilots? firmeſt pillars? how it agrees,
When Princes heads ſleepe on their counſels knees:
Deepe rooted is a ſtate, and growes vp hie,
When Prouidence, Zeale, and Integritie
Husband it well: Theis fathers twill be ſaid
(One day) make me a grandame of a maid.
Meane time my farewell to ſuch gaudy lures
As here, were thrown vp t' haue me quite ore-thrown,
I charge you maids, entertaine no deſires,
So irreligious and vnſanctified:
Oh they ha ſnakes ſleeky tongues, but hearts more rugged
Then is the Ruſsian Beare: our Fairie bowres
Would turne to Arabian deſarts, if ſuch flowers,
(Mortall as killing Hemlocke) here ſhould grow,
Which to preuent, Ile haue you vow.
Aur. We vowe
By the white balles in bright *Titaniaes* eies
We their inchantments ſkorne.
Titan. It does ſuffice:
To bind it ſure, Strew all your meades with charmes,
Which if they doe no good, ſhall doe no harme.
Aur. Here comes your new ſworne ſeruant.

Enter Plaine dealing.

Titan. Now Sirra, where haue you bin?
Plain. Where haue I bin? I haue bin in the braueſt priſon ——

Titan. What priſon? a braue priſon? Can there be a braue priſon?

Plain. All your fine men liue and die there, it's the Knights ward, and therefore muſt needs be braue: ſome call it an Ordinarie, but I ſay tis a priſon, for moſt of our gallants that are ſerued euery day with woodcockes there, lie there in a manner vpon Execution: they dare not peepe out of doores for feare of Serieants.

Titan. What are thoſe Serieants?

Plain. Doe not you know (miſtreſſe) what Serieants are? a number of your courtiers are deare in their acquaintance: why they are certaine men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are ſore in labour, that no body elſe can deliuer them.

Titan. Are there ſuch places in our kingdome, as Ordinaries, what is the true faſhion of them, whats their order?

Plain. They are out of all true faſhion: they keep no order.

Titan. Where about in Fairie land ſtand they?

Plain. In your great cittie: and here's the picture of your Ordinarie.

Titan. When Maſter Painter pleaſe we ſhall haue it: come Sir.

Plain. Your gallants drink here right worſhipfully, eat moſt impudently, dice moſt ſwearingly, ſweare moſt damnably, quarrell moſt deſperatly, and put vp moſt cowardly. Suppoſe I were a young countrey gentleman, and that I were to come in (like an aſſe) among 'em, new caſt into the bonds of ſattin.

Titan. What then?

Plain. Mary then doe all the gylt rapiers turne their Tobacco faces in the roome vpon me, and they puffe, they gape on a freſh man like ſo many ſtale Oyſters at a full tyde: then is there no ſalt to throw vpon them, and to make them leaue gaping. but this; to caſt off his cloake, hauing good cloathes vnderneath, ſingle out ſome in the roome worſe accouſtred

then himſelfe, with him to walke boldly vp and downe ſtrutting, laugh alowd at any thing, talke alowde of nothing, ſo they make a noiſe, it is no matter.

Titan. You are growne ſirra an obſeruer ſince you came out of *Babylon.*

Plain. Troth miſtreſſe, I left villains and knaues there, & find knaues and fooles here: for your Ordinary is your Iſle of Gulles, your ſhip of fooles, your hoſpitall of incurable madmen: it is the field where your captaine and braue man is cal'd to the laſt reckoning, and is ouerthrown horſe and foot: it is the onely ſchoole to make an honeſt man a knaue: for Intelligencers may heare enough there, to ſet twenty a begging of lands: it is the ſtrangeſt Cheſſe-board in the world.

Titan. Why?

Plain. Becauſe in ſome games at Cheſſe, knights are better then pawnes, but here a good pawne is better then a knight.

Titan. Affoard our ſhores ſuch wonders?

Plain. Wonders? why this one little Cocke-pit, (for none come into it, but thoſe that haue ſpurs) is able to ſhew all the follies of your kingdome, in a few Apes of the kingdome.

Titan. Haue we not in our Land Phyſitions
To purge theſe red impoſtumes?

Plain. Troth yes miſtreſſe; but I am *Plaine dealing*, and muſt ſpeake truth, thou haſt many Phyſitions, ſome of them ſound men, but a number of them more ſicke at heart, then a whole pariſh full of Patients: let them cure themſelves firſt, & then they may better know how to heale others: then haue you other fellowes that take vpon them to be Surgeons, and by letting out the corruption of a State, and they let it out Ile be ſworne; for ſome of them in places as big as this, and before a thouſand people, rip vp the bowels of vice in ſuch a beaſtly manner, that (like women at an Execution, that can endure to ſee men quartred aliue) the beholders learne more villany then

they knew before: others likewiſe there be of this conſort laſt named, that are like Beadles bribed, they whip, but draw no blood, and of theſe I haue made a Rime.

Titan. Let's heare it.

Plain. Thoſe that doe jerke theſe times, are but like fleas,
They bite the skinne, but leap from the diſeaſe.

Titan. Ile haue you Sir (becauſe you haue an eye ſo ſharply pointed) to looke through and through that our great Citie, and like death, to ſpare the liues of none, whoſe conſcience you find ſickly and going.

Plain. If I giue you the copie of the Cities countenance, Ile not flatter theface, as painters do; but ſhew al the wrinckles of it.

Titan. Doe ſo, you ſhall no more to *Babylon*,
But liue with vs, and be our Officer.

Plain. Haue I any kinred in your Court? is there any one of my name an officer? if there bee, part vs; becauſe it will not bee good, to haue two of the *Plain-dealings* in one office, they'l bee beggars if they doe.

Titan. No Sirra, wee'le prouide you ſhall not want
Whilſt vs you ſerue. Goe learne where *Truth* doth lie.

Plain. Nay, nay, I haue heard of her, ſhe dwelles (they ſay) at the ſigne of the Holy Lambe.

Titan. Wee built her vp a lodging at our coſt,
To haue her labour in our Vineyards:
For till ſhee came, no Vines could pleaſe our taſte,
But of her fining. Set your hand to hers,
Liue with her in one houſe, fetch from our Court
Maintenance to ſerue you all: t'will be to her
A comfort to haue you ſtil by her ſides,
Shee has ſuch prettie and delightfull ſongs,
That you will count your foreſt labour light,
And time well ſpent only to heare her ſing.
Away looſe no more minutes.

Pl. Not a minute :
Ile ſet more watches then a clockmaker. *Exit.*

Elfiron. Paridel.

Titan. Whats yonder man that kneeles ?
Elfi. Tis (*a*) *Paridel* (*a*) *Doctor Parry.*
Titan. Our doctor ?
Par. The moſt wretched in your land.
The moſt in ſoule deiected ; the moſt baſe,
And moſt vnſeruiceable weede, vnles
You by your heauenly Influence change his vilenes
Into a vertuall habit fit for vſe.
Tita. Oh : we remember it ; you are condemnd ?
Elf. To Death.
Pari. Deſeruedly.
Tita. You had your hand
Not coulored with his bloud.
Elf. No deereſt Lady
Vpon my vowed Loyalty.
Pari. The law
Hath faſtned on me only for attempt,
It was no actuall nor commenced violence
That brought death with it, but intent of ill.
Tita. We would not ſaue them, that delight to kill,
For ſo we wound our ſelues : bloud wrongly ſpilt
Who pardons, hath a ſhare in halfe the guilt.
You ſtrooke, our lawes not hard, yet what the edge
Of Iuſtice could take from you, mercy giues you
(Your life.) You haue it ſigned, rize.
Pari. May yon Clouds
Muſter themſelues in Armies, to confound
Him that ſhall wiſh you dead, hurt, or vncrownd.

Parthenophill with Campeius.

Par. To run in debt thus baſely for a life,
To ſpend which, had beene glory ! O moſt vile !
The good I reape from this ſuperfluous grace,
Is but to make my ſelfe like *Cæſars* horſe,

To kneele whilſt he gets vp ; my backe muſt beare
Till the chine crack, yet ſtill a ſeruile feare
Muſt lay more loades on me, and preſſe me downe.
When Princes giue life, they ſo bind men to 'em,
That truſting them with too much, they vndo 'em.
Who then but I, from ſteps ſo low would riſe ?
Great fortunes (earnd thus) are great Slaueries :
Snatcht from the common hangmans hands for this ?
To haue my mind feele torture ! now I ſee,
When good dayes come, (the Gods ſo ſeldome giue them,)
That tho we haue them, yet we ſcarce beleeue them.
Heart how art thou confinde ? and bard of roome,
Thart quicke enough, yet liueſt within a tombe.

Tita. His name.

Parth. (*a*) *Campeius* : Deeply learnd.

(*a*) *Ed. Campion.*

Tit. We heare ſo :
But with it heare (from ſome whom we haue weied
For iudgement and experience) that he caries
A ſoule within him framde of a thouſand wheeles,
Yet not one ſteddy.

Parthe. It may be the rumor
That thus ſpreades ouer him, flowes out of hate.

Tita. Belieue vs no : of his, and tothers fate,
The threedes are too vnlike, to haue that wouen.

Camp. To gaine her crowne Ile not kneele thus.

Tita. Beſides
The harueſt which he ſeekes is reapde already :
We haue beſtowed it.

Parth. Here then dies our ſute.

Tita. Now ſhall you trie with what impatience
That bay tree will endure a little fire,
My Lord, my Lord,
Such ſwelling ſpirites hid with humble lookes,
Are kingdoms poyſons, hung on golden hookes.

Parth. I hope heele proue none ſuch.

Tita. Such men oft proue
Valleyes that let in riuers to confound

The hils aboue them, tho themſelues lie drounde,
My Lord, I like not calme and cunning ſeas
That to haue great ſhips taken or diſtreſt,
Suffer baſe gallyes to creepe ore their breaſt,
Let courſe harts weare courſe skins: you know our wil.

Parth. Which (as a doome diuine) I ſhall fulfill.

Camp. Thrown downe, or raizd?

Parth. All hopes (for this) are gone,
Some planet ſtands in oppoſition.

Camp. Vmh: So. *Exeunt Parth. & Camp.*

Tita. Now Doctor *Paridell.*

Pari. An humble ſuite,
I am growne bold finding ſo free a giuer,
Where beggers once take almes, they looke for't euer.

Tita. You ha beene ſworne our ſeruant long.

Parry. Tenne yeares.

Tita. And we ſhould wrong you; ſince you take vs giuing
To let you goe with life, that ſhould want liuing,
What is it we can grant you.

Pary. I ha beene by two great Fayries in your land,
(Oppreſt I dare not ſay) but ſo beaten downe,
And ſuncke ſo low now with my laſt diſgrace,
That all my happy thoughts lie in the duſt,
Aſham'd to looke vp yet: moſt humbly therefore
Begge I your gratious leaue that I may vary,
This natiue Aire for Forren.

Tita. Oh you would trauell,
You may, you haue our leaue: Challenge our hand.

Pary. Stormes are at Sea, when it is calme at land. *Exit.*

Fideli Florimell.

Fidel. The Sea-God hath vpon your maiden ſhoares,
(On Dolphins backes that pittie men diſtreſt)
In ſafetie ſett a people that implores

The Soueraigne mercie flowing from your breſt.
Tita. What people are they?
Fidel. Neighbours: tis the nation,
The Netherlanders.
With whome our Faries enterchange commerce,
And by negotiation growne ſo like vs,
That halfe of them are Fayries: th' other halfe
Are hurtfull Spirits, that with fulphurous breath
Blaſt their corne feilds, deface their temples, cloth
Their townes in mourning, poyſon hallowed founts,
And make their goodlieſt Citties ſtand (like tombes)
Full of dead bodies, or (like pallaces,
From whence the Lords are gone) all deſolate.
They haue but 17. daughters young and faire,
Vowd to liue veſtalls, and to know the touch
Of any forced or vnreuerend hand.
Yet Luſt and Auarice (to get their dowers)
Lay barbarous ſeidge againſt their chaſtitie,
Threaten to rauiſh them, to make their bodies
The temples of polution, or their bedds,
Graues where their honors ſhall lie buried,
They pray to haue their virgins wait on you,
That you would be their mother, and their nurſe,
Their Guardian and their Gouernour; when Princes
Haue their liues giuen 'em, fine and golden threds
Are drawne and ſpun (for them) by the good fates,
That they may lift vp others in low ſtates.
Tit. Els let our ſelfe decline; give them our preſence:
In myſery all nations ſhould be kin,
And lend a brothers hand, vſher them in. *Exeunt.*
Stood here my foes (diſtreſt) thus would I grieue them,
Not how they ha bin, but how I might relieue them.

Parthenophill.

Parth. Your good deeds (matchleſſe Fayrie) like the Sun,
(Riſing but onely in this poynt of heauen,

Spred through the world, So that a Prince (made wretched,
By his vnhappy father, that lies ſlaine
By barbarous ſwords, and in his goary wounds,
Drownes all the hopes of his poſteritie)
Hether, is like an orphan come (from farre)
To get reliefe and remedie gainſt thoſe,
That would defeat him of his portion.

Tita. Pittie and we had talke before you came,
She hath not taken yet her hand from ours,
Nor ſhall ſhee part, vntill thoſe higher powers
Behold that Prince: good workes are theirs, not ours;
Goe: bid him truſt his miſery in our hands,
Great trees I ſee do fall, when the ſhrub ſtands.

Exeunt.

Fideli Florimell the ſtates of the countries,
Parthenophill Elfyron, the Prince of
Portugal.
To the States.
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque Iuuabo.
Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco. *Exeunt.*

The third King to the King of Portugall.

3. *King.* Stands my beard right? the gowne I muſt looke graue,
White haires like ſiluer cloudes a priuiledge haue,
Not to be ſearch'd, or be ſuſpected fowle:
Make away thoſe 2. turne coates. Suite me next
Like to a Sattin diuell (brauely) flie
Your ſayles ſhape: be here immediatly. *Enter*
So: excellent: a ſubtile maſque: alls fit,
This very cap makes my head ſwell with wit.
Mongſt ſouldiers, I haue plaid the ſouldier,
Bin mutinous, raild at the State, curſd peace:
They walke with croſſe-armes, gaping for a day,
Haue vnder-ſhorde their eie-lids (like trap windows.)
To keep them open, and with yawning eares,
Lie liſtning on flocke bolſters, till rebellion

Beat vp her drum: this lards me fat with laughter,
Their ſwords are drawn halfe way, & all thoſe throats
That are to bleed are mark'd: and all thoſe doores,
Where ciuill Maſſacres, murders (di'd in graine)
Spoile, riflings, and ſweet rauiſhments ſhall enter,
Haue tokens ſtamp'd on them (to make 'em knowne)
More dreadfull then the Bils that preach the plague.
From them, with oyl'd hammes (lap'd in ſeruile blew)
I ſtole, and fil'd out wine of *Babylon*,
To liue things (made of clods) poore countrey ſots,
And drunke they are: whole ſhires with it do reele,
Poyſons run ſmooth, becauſe men ſweetnes feele.
Now to my ſchoole-men, Learnings fort is ſtrong,
But poorely man'd, and cannot hold out long
When golden bullets batter. . . Yonders one . . .
Y'are a poore ſcholler?

Campeius. Yes.

3. *King.* What read you?

Camp. A booke.

3. *King.* So learned yet ſo young?

Camp. Yee may ſee, ſir.

3. *King.* You feede ſome diſcontent?

Camp. Perhaps I ha cauſe.

3. *King.* What troubles you?

Camp. You trouble me: pray leaue me.

3. *Kin.* Put your ſelfe, and your griefe into my hands.

Camp. Say yee?

3. *King.* Put your ſelfe & your grief into my hands.

Camp. Are you a Doctor? your hands Sir, pray why?

3. *King.* You know me not.

Camp. Do you know your ſelfe? your buſines? Are you a ſcholler?

3. *King.* Iudge of that by theſe.

Camp. Oh Sir, I haue ſeene many heads vnder ſuch wool.

That ſcarce had braines to line it: if y'are a ſcholler,
Mee thinks you ſhould know manners, by your leaue Sir.

3. *King.* Pray leaue your name behind you.

Camp. Name, *Campeius.*

3. *King.* *Campeius*! vmh: *Campeius*? a lucky plannet
ſtrikes out this houre: *Campeius*! *Babylon*,
His name hath in her tables: on his forehead,
Our Queene hath ſet her marke: it is a mould
Fit to caſt miſcheife in: none ſooner rent
A Church in two, then Schollers diſcontent.
I muſt not looſe this Martines neſt,—once more
Y'are happely met.

Camp. This bur ſtil hang on mee!
And you Sir.

3. *King.* Tell me pray, did you neuer taſt—I'me bold—did you nee'r taſt
Thoſe cleere & redolent fountains that do noriſh,
In viue and freſh humiditie thoſe plants
That grow on thother ſide (our oppoſites)
Thoſe that to vs here, are th' Antipodes,
Cleane againſt vs in grounds—you feele me—ſay
Ne're drunke you of that nectar.

Camp. Neuer.

3. *King.* Neuer!
I wiſh you had, I gather from your eyes,
What your diſeaſe is, I ha bin your ſelfe,
This was *Campeius* once (tho not ſo learn'd)
For I was bred (as you) in Fairy Land,
A Country! well, but tis our country: and ſo,
Good to breed beggers: Shee ſtarues Arts: fatts fools,
Shee ſets vp drinking roomes, & pulls downe ſchools.

Camp. So Sir.

3. *King.* No more but ſo Sir? this diſcourſe
Pallats not you.

Camp. Yes.

3. *King.* Nothing hath paſſed me
I hope, againſt my countrey, or the State,
That any you can take hold of.
Camp. If they could,
Tis but mine I, to your no.
3. *King.* Y'are to ſowre:
Vnmellowed: you ſtand here in the ſhade,
Out of the warmth of thoſe bleſt ripening beames, . .
Goe to . . . I grieue that ſuch a bloſſome . . .
Camp. Sir,
I know you not: this thing which you haue raiz'd,
Affrights me: ſchollers of weake temper need
To feare (as they on Sunbankes lie to read)
Adders i'th higheſt graſſe: theſe leaues but turn'd,
Like willow ſtickes hard rub'd may kindle fire,
Cities with ſparkes as ſmall haue oft beene burn'd.
3. *King.* Doe you take me for a hangman?
Camp. I would be loath,
For any harſh tune that my tongue may warble,
To haue the inſtrument vnſtrung.
3. *King.* You ſhall not:
Welfare vnto you.
Camp. And to you. A word Sir:
Bred in this countrey?
3. *King.* Yes.
Camp. I am no bird
To breake mine own neaſt downe: what flight ſoeuer
Your words make through this ayre (tho it be trobled)
Myne eare Sir, is no reaching Fowling piece
What paſſes through it, kills: you may proceed,
Perhaps you would wound that, I wiſh ſhould bleed.
You haue th' advantage now,
I put the longeſt weapon into your hands.
3. *King.* It ſhall guard you:
You draw me by this line: let's priuate walke.
Camp. This paths vnbruz'd; goe on Sir.
3. *King.* Sir I loue you.
The Dragons that keep learnings golden tree,
As you now haue, I fought with, conquered them,

Got to the higheſt bough, eat of the fruit,
And gathered of the ſeauen-fold leaues of Art,
What I deſir'd; and yet for all the Moones
That I haue ſeene waxe olde, and pine for anger,
I had outwatched them: and for all the candles
I waſted out on long, and frozen nights,
To thaw them into day; I fild my head
With books, but ſcarce could fil my mouth with bread:
I had the Muſes ſmile, but moneyes frowne,
And neuer could get out of ſuch a gowne.

Camp. How did you change your ſtarre?

3. *King.* By changing Aire:
The god of waues waſht of my pouertie,
I ſought out a new ſunne beyond the ſeas,
Whoſe beames begat me gold.

Camp. O me dull aſſe!
I am nail'd downe by wilfull beggerie,
Yet feele not where it enters: like a horſe
My hoofes are par'd to'th quicke (euen til they bleed)
To make me runne from hence, yet this Tortois ſhell,
(My countrey) lies ſo heauy on my backe,
Prefsing my worth downe, that I ſlowly creep
Through baſe and ſlimie waies.

3. *King.* Countrey!

Camp. Shee hangs
Her owne brats at her backe, to teach them begge,
And in her lap ſets ſtrangers.

3. *King.* Yet your countrey.

Camp. I was not borne to this, not ſchool'd to this,
My parents ſpent not wealth on me to this,
I will not ſtay here long.

3. *King.* Doe not.

Camp. Beeing hence,
Ile write in gall and poyſon gainſt my nurce
This Fairie land, for not rewarding merit:
If euer I come backe Ile be a Calthrop
To pricke my countries feet, that tread on me.

3. *King.* O Yee's vnkind, hard-hearted!

Camp. In diſputation

I dare for latine, hebrew, and the greeke,
Challenge an vniuerſitie ; yet, (O euill hap !)
Three learned languages cannot ſet a nap
Vpon this thred-bare gowne : how is Arte curs'd ?
Shee ha's the ſweeteſt lymbes, and goes the worſt :
Like common Fidlers, drawing downe others meate
With lickoriſh tunes, whilſt they on ſcraps do eate.

3. *King.* Shake then theſe ſeruile fetters off.

Camp. But how ?

3. *King.* Play the mules part, now thou haſt ſuckt a dam
Drie and vnholſome, kicke her ſides.

Camp. Her heart . . . her very heart . . .
Would it were dried to duſt, to ſtrew vpon
Th'inuenomed paper vpon which Ile write.

3. *King.* Know you the Court of *Babylon* ?

Camp. I haue read,
How great it is, how glorious, and would venter
A ſoule to get but thither.

3. *King.* Get then thither ;
You venture none, but ſaue a ſoule going thither :
The Queene of *Babylon* rides on a beaſt,
That carries vp ſeauen heads.

Camp. Rare.

3. *King.* Each head crown'd. *Enter his man like a*

Camp. O admirable ! *ſayler with rich attires vnder*

3. *King.* Shee with her owne hand *his arme.*
Will fil thee wine out of a golden bowle.
There's Angels to conduct thee. Get to ſea,
Steale o're, behold, here's one to waſt thee hence,
Take leaue of none, tell none, th'art made, farewell.

Camp. Thus to meet heauen, who would not wade through hell ?

Exeunt Campeius *and Sayler, manet* 3. *King, enter Sayler preſently.*

3. *King.* To flea off this hypocriſie, tis time,
Leaſt worne too long, the Foxes skinne be known :

In our diſſembling now we muſt be braue,
Make me a courtier : come ; Aſſes I ſee,
In nothing but in trappings, different be
From foote-cloth nags, on which gay fellows ride,
Saue that ſuch gallants gallop in more pride.
Away. Stow vnder hatches the light ſtuffe :
Tis to be worne in *Babylon.—Exit Sayler.* At this groue
And much about this howre, a ſlaue well moulded,
In profound, learned villany, gaue oath

Enter Coniurer.

To meet me : Art thou come ! Can thy blacke Arte
This wonder bring to paſſe ?
Con. See, it is done.
3. *King.* *Titaniaes* picture right.
Con. This virgin waxe,
Burie I will in ſlimie putred ground,
Where it may peece-meale rot : As this conſumes,
So ſhall ſhee pine, and (after languor) die.
Theſe pinnes ſhall ſticke like daggers to her heart,
And eating through her breaſt, turne there to gripings
Cramp-like Convulſions, ſhrinking vp her nerues,
As into this they eate.
3. *King.* Thou art fam'd for euer,
If theſe thy holy labours well ſucceed,
Statues of molten braſſe ſhall reare thy name,
The *Babylonian* Empreſſe ſhall thee honour.
And (for this) each day ſhalt thou goe in chaines.
Where wilt thou burie it ?
Coniur. On this dunghill.
3. *King.* Good :
And bind it down with moſt effectuall charmes,
That whoſoeuer with vnhallowed hands,
Shall dare to take it hence, may raue and die.
Con. Leaue me.
3. *King.* Farewell and proſper : be blinde you skies,
You looke on things vnlawfull with ſore eies. *Exit.*

Dumbe ſhewe. The Hault-boyes ſound, and whilſt hee is burying the picture, Truth *and* Time *enter,* Fideli, Parthenophil, Elfiron, *and a Guard following aloofe. They diſcouer the fellow, hee is taken, the picture found, hee kneeles for mercy, but they making ſignes of refuſall, he ſnatcheth at ſome weapon to kill himſelfe, is preuented, and led away.*

Trumpet. The Empres, Cardinals, &c.

Emp. Who ſets thoſe tunes to mocke vs? Stay them.
Omn. Peace.
1. *King.* Peace there.
1. *Card.* No more: your muſicke muſt be dombe.
Emp. When thoſe Cæleſtiall bodies that doe moue,
Within the ſacred Spheres of Princes boſomes
Goe out of order, tis as if yon Regiment,
Weare all in vp-roare: heauen ſhould then be vext,
Me thinkes ſuch indignation ſhould reſemble,
Dreadfull eclypſes, that portend dire plagues
To nations, fall to Empires, death to Kings,
To Cities deuaſtation, to the world,
That vniuerſall hot calamitie
Of the laſt horror. But our royall bloud,
Beates in our veines like ſeas ſtrugling for bounds,
Aetna burns in vs: bearded Comets ſhoote
Their vengeance through our eyes: our breath is lightning,
Thunder our voyce; yet, as the idle Cannon,
Strikes at the Aires Invulnerable breſt)
Our darts are phillip'd backe in mockery,
Wanting the poynts to wound.
1. *King.* Too neere the heart,
(Moſt royall Empreſſe) theſe diſtempers ſit,
So pleaſe you, weele againe aſſayle her bewtie
In varied ſhapes, and worke on ſutler Charmes,

Again loues poyſoned arrowes weele let flie.
Emp. No : proud ſpirits once denying, ſtill deny.
1. *Car.* Then be yourſelfe, (a woman) change thoſe ouertures
You made to her of an vnuſuall peace,
To an vnuſde defiance : giue your reuenge,
A full and ſwelling ſaile, as from your greatnes
You tooke, in veyling to her : you haue beene
Too cold in puniſhment, too ſoft in chyding,
And like a mother (cauſe her yeares are greene)
Haue winck't at Errors, hoping time, or councell,
Or her owne guilt (ſeing how ſhe goes awry,)
Would ſtreigten all—you find the contrarie.
Empe. What followes ?
1. *Card.* Sharp chaſtizment, leaue the Mother
And be the ſtepdame ; wanton her no more
On your Indulgent knee, ſigne no more pardons
To her Off-fallings and her flyings out,
But let it be a meritorious Act :
Make it a ladder for the ſoule to climbe,
Lift from the hindges all the gates of heauen ;
To make way for him that ſhall kill her.
Omnes. Good.
1. *Card.* Giue him an office in yon Starr-chamber,
Or els a Saints place and Canonize him ;
So Sanctifie the arme that takes her life,
That ſylly ſoules may go on pilgrimage,
Only to kiſſe the Inſtrument (that ſtrikes)
As a moſt reuerent relique.
Empe. Be it ſo.
1. *King.* In that one word ſhe expires.
Empe. Her fayrie Lordes
(That play the Pilots nowe, and ſteere her kingdome
In fowleſt weather) as white bearded corne
Bowes his proud head before th' imperiall windes,
Shall ſo ly groueling (heere) when that day comes.
1. *Ki.* And that it ſhall come fates themſelues prepare.

Emp. True, but old Lyons hardly fall into the ſnare.

1. *King.* Is not the good and politique Satyran
(Our leagued brother, and your vaſſaile ſworne)
Euen now (this very minute) ſucking cloſe
Their faireſt boſomes? if his traynes take well:
They haue ſtrange workings (down-wards) into hel.

Emp. That Satiran is this hand; his braines a forge
Still working for vs, he's the trew ſet clocke
By which we goe, and of our houres doth keepe
The numbred ſtrokes, when we lye bound in ſleepe.

1. *Card.* Beſides ſuch voluntaries as will ſerue
Vnder your holy cullors and forſake
The Fairie ſtandard, all ſuch fugitiues
Whoſe heartes are Babylonized: all the Mutiners
All the damb'd Crew, that would for gold teare off
The deuills beard; All ſchollers that doe eate
The bread of ſorrow, want, and diſcontent,
Wiſe Satyran takes vp, preſſes, apparrels,
Their backes like Innocent Lambes, their mindes like wolues,
Rubs or'e their tongues with poyſon, which they ſpet
Againſt their owne annointed; their owne Country,
Their very parent. And thus ſhippes 'em hither.
To make em yours.

Emp. To vſe.

1. *Card.* Only to imploy them
As Bees whilſt they haue ſtings, & bring thighs laden
With hony, hiue them, when they are droanes, deſtroy them.

1. *King.* The earneſt which he giues you (adored Empreſſe,)
Are three fit engines for vs.

Empr. Are they wrought?

2. *King.* They are: and waite in Court your vtmoſt pleaſure,
Out of your Cup made wee them drunke with wines,
To ſound their hearts, which they with ſuch deuotion

Receiued downe, that euen whilſt *Bacchus*, ſwom
From lippe to lippe, in mid'ſt of taking healths,
They tooke their owne damnation, if their bloud
(As thoſe grapes) ſtream'd not forth, to effect your good.
Emp. Let vs behold theſe fire-workes, that muſt run
Vpon ſhort lines of life : yet wil *Wee* vſe them,
Like inſtruments of muſicke, play on them,
A while for pleaſure, and then hang them by,
Who Princes can vpbrayd, tis good they die.
For as in building ſumptuous pallaces,
We climb by baſe and ſlender ſcaffoldings,
Till wee haue raized the Frame : and that being done,
(To grace the worke) we take the Scaffolds downe,
So muſt we theſe : we know they loue us not,
But Swallow-like when their owne ſummers paſt,
Here ſeeke for heat : or like ſlight Traualers,
(Swolne with vaine-glory, or with luſt to ſee,)
They come to obſerue faſhions and not mee.
1. *King.* As Traualers vſe them then, till they be gone,
Looke Cheerefully; backs turn'd, no more thought vpon.
Emp. What are they that fly hither (to our boſome)
But ſuch as hang the wing, ſuch as want neaſts ;
Such as haue no ſound feathers : birds ſo poore,
They ſcarce are worth the killing : with the Larke
(The morning's fawlkner) ſo they may mount hie,
Care not how baſe and low their riſings be ?
What are they but leane hungry Crowes that tyre
Vpon the mangled quarters of a Realme ?
And on the houſe-tops of Nobilitie
(If there they can but ſit) like fatall Rauens,
Or Skrich-Owles croake their fals and hoarſely bode,
Nothing but ſcaffolds and vnhallowed graues ?
1. *King.* Fitter for vs : yet ſit they here like doues.
Emp. True : like corrupted Churchmen they are doues,

That haue eate carrion: home weele therefore ſend
Theſe buſie-working Spiders to the wals
Of their owne countrey, when their venemous bags
(Which they ſhall ſtuffe with ſcandales, libels, treaſons)
Are full and vpon burſting: let them there
Weaue in their politicke loomes nets to catch flies;
To vs they are but Pothecary drugs,
Which we will take as Phyſicall pils, not food:
Vſe them as lancets to let others bloud,
That haue foule bodies, care not whom you wound,
Nor what parts you cut off, to keepe this ſound.
Omn. Here come they.

Campeius, Parydell, and †*Lupus.* †*Lopes*

Emp. Welcome: riſe, and riſe vp high
In honours and our fauour: you haue thruſt
Your armes into our cofers, haue you not?
All 3. Yes ſacred Empreſſe.
Camp. And into our owne,
Haue rayned downe ſhowers of gold.
Emp. You ſhall deſerue it:
You ſee what Ocean can repleniſh you,
Be you but duteous tributarie ſtreames:
But is your temper right? are not the edges
Of your ſharpe ſpirits rebated? are you ours?
Doe not your hearts ſinke downe yet? will you on?
All 3. Stood death ith' way.
Lup. Stood hell.
Emp. Nobly reſolu'de:
But liſten to vs, and obſerue our counſell:
Backe muſt we ſend you to the Fairie Land,
Danger goes with you; here's your ſafetie: liſten.
Chuſe winds to ſayle by; if the wayward ſeas
Grow ſtormie, houer, keepe aloofe: if feares,
Shipwracks, and death lie tumbling on the waues,
And will not off, then on: be venturous,
Conqueſts hard got are ſweet and glorious.
Being landed, if ſuſpition caſt on you
Her narrow eyes, turne your ſelues then to Moles,

Worke vnder ground, and vndermine your countrey,
Tho you caſt earth vp but a handfull high,
To make her ſtumble: if that bloud-hound hunt you,
(That long-ear'd Inquiſition) take the thickets,
Climbe vp to Hay-mowes, liue like birds, and eate
The vndeflowred corne: in hollow trees
Take ſuch prouiſion as the Ant can make:
Flie with the Batt vnder the eeues of night,
And ſhift your neaſts: or like to Ancreſſes,
Cloſe vp your ſelues in artificiall wals:
Or if you walke abroad, be wrapt in clouds,
Haue change of haires, of eie-brows, halt with ſoldiers,
Be ſhauen and be old women, take all ſhapes
To eſcape taking: But if the ayre be cleere,
Flie to the Court, and vnderneath the wings
Of the Eagle, Faulcon, or ſome great bird houer,
Oakes and large Beech-trees many beaſts doe couer.
He that firſt ſings a Dirge tun'de to the death
Of that my onely foe the Fairie Queene,
Shal be my loue, and (clad in purple) ride
Vpon that ſcarlet-coloured beaſt that beares
Seuen Kingdomes on ſeuen heads.

Camp. If all the Spels
That wit, or eloquence, or arts can ſet:
If all the ſleights that bookemen vſe in ſchooles
Be powrefull in ſuch happineſſe, 'tis mine.

Rop. What phyſicke can I dare onely to grow
(But as I merit ſhall) vp in your eye.

Emp. Weele erect ladders for you ſtrong and high,
That you ſhall climbe to ſtarrie dignitie.

Both. We take our leaue dread Empreſſe. *Exeunt.*

Emp. Fare you well:
Our benediction goe along with you—
Our malediction and your ſoules confuſion
Like ſhiuer'd towers fall on your luckeleſſe heads,
And wedge you into earth low as the deepe
Where are the damned, if our world you fire,
Since deſperately you'le ride and dare aſpire.

1. *King.* But is this all? ſhall we thus bend our ſinews
Onely to emptie quiuers, and to ſhoot
Whole ſheafes of forked arrowes at the Sunne,
Yet neuer hit him?
2. *Car.* And the marke ſo faire!
Com. Nay, which is more, ſuppoſe that al theſe torrents
Which from your ſea of Greatneſſe, you (for your part)
And al thoſe ſtragling flouds which we haue driuen
With full and ſtiffe winds to the Fairie Stronds,
Should all breake in at once, and in a deluge
Of Innouation, rough rebellion, factions,
Of maſſacres, and pale deſtruction
Swallow the kingdome vp, and that the bloud
Euen of *Titania's* heart ſhould in deepe crimſon
Dye all theſe waters: what of this? what ſhare
Is yours? what land ſhall you recouer?
1. *King.* All.
Com. All!
1. *King.* I, all:
Betweene the Tranſuerſaries that doe run
Vpon this croſſe ſtaffe, a dull eye may find
In what degree we are, and of what height
Your ſelfe (our brighteſt *Ariadne*) is,
Being vnderneath that Tropicke: as thoſe jewels
Of night and day are by alternate courſe
Worne in Heauens fore-head, ſo when Deaths Winter comes,
And ſhortens all thoſe beames of Maieſtie,
Which in this oblique and Zodiacall Sphere
Moue with *Titania* now, ſhall looſe their heat,
Where muſt the next Sun riſe but here? from whence
Shall Fairie land get warmth? meerely from hence.
Let but the taper of her life burne out,
We haue ſuch torches ready in her land
To catch fire from each other, that the flames
Shall make the frighted people thinke earth burnes,
And being dazled with our Copes of Starres,

We ſhall their temples hallow with ſuch eaſe,
As 'twere in ſolemne gay proceſsion.
Com. Some lyne ſea cards, that know not the ſeas taſt,
Nor ſcarce the colour : by your charmes I gather
You haue ſeene Fairie land—but in a Map :
Can tell how't ſtands : but if you giue't a fall,
You muſt get bigger bones : for let me whiſper
This to your eare ; though you bait hookes with gold,
Ten thouſand may be nibbling, when none bites,
And thoſe you take for Angels, you'le find Sprites.
Say that *Titania* were now drawing ſhort breath,
(As that's the Cone and Button that together
Claſpes all our hopes) out of her aſhes may
A ſecond† Phœnix riſe, of larger wing, †*K. Iames.*
Of ſtronger talent, of more dreadfull beake,
Who ſwooping through the ayre, may with his beating
So well commaund the winds, that all thoſe trees
Where ſit birds of our hatching (now fled thither)
Will tremble, & (through feare ſtrucke dead) to earth,
Throw thoſe that ſit and ſing there, or in flockes
Driue them from thence, yea and perhaps his talent
May be ſo bonie and ſo large of gripe,
That it may ſhake all Babilon.
Emp. All Babylon !
Com. Your pardon : but who'le ſwear this may not be ?
Emp. How the preuention ?
Com. Thus ; to fell downe their Q. is but one ſtroake ;
Our axe muſt cleaue the kingdome, that's the Oake.
Emp. The manner.
Com. Eaſie ; whileſt our thunderbolts
Are anuiling abroad, call *Satyran* home,
He in his ſadome metes vaſt *Argozies*,
Huge Galeaſſes, and ſuch wodden Caſtles,
As by enchantment of the waters moue :
To his, marry yours and ours ; and of them all
Create a braue *Armado*, ſuch a Fleete,

That may breake *Neptunes* backe to carry it:
Such for varietie, number, puiſſance,
As may fetch all the Fairie Land in turfes,
To make a greene for you to walke vpon
In Babilon.

1. *King.* Inuincible! goe on.

Com. Now when the volley of thoſe murdring ſhot
That are to play firſt on *Titaniaes* breaſt,
And (yet) leane on their reſts, goe off and kill her,
So that the very *Aluerado* giuen,
Sounds the leaſt hope of conqueſt; then, then ſhew
Your warlike Pageants dancing on the waues,
Yours is the Land, the Nation are your ſlaues.

Omn. Counſell from Heauen!

Emp. None this ſhall ouer-whelme:
Braue voyage! Rig out ſhips, and fetch a Realme.

Exeunt.

Parydell and Palmio.

Pal. You ariue on a bleſt ſhore. The freight you bring
Is good: it will be bought vp of vs all
With our deere blouds: be conſtant, doe not warpe
In this your zeale to Babilon.

Paryd. Craue *Palmio*,
To you I haue vnladen euen my ſoule,
The wings from home that brought me had ſick feathers,
Some you haue puld off: my owne countrey graſſe
Was to my feet ſharpe needels (ſtucke vpright)
I tread on downe-beds now.

Pal. But are your countreymen
(I meane thoſe that in thought with vs feaſt richly)
Fed with the courſe bread of affliction ſtill?

Paryd. Still father *Palmio* ſtill, and to relieue them
I dare doe what I told you.

Pal. Noble valour!

Pary. So that I might but read on yonder ſcrolls,
A warrant writ vnder the ſeale of Heauen,
To juſtifie the Act.
Palm. You haue my hand,
And ſhall haue more. Y'are reconcil'de (Sonne?)
Pary. Yes.
Pal. Who did confeſſe you?
Pary. Father *Anniball.*
Pal. But did the *Nuntio Campeggio*
Preſent your letters, and your vowed ſeruice
At Babylon.
Pary. He did: I ſued out warrant
For paſſage ſafely thither: and from graue *Como*
(One of the capitall Columnes of the ſtate)
This I receiued.
Palm. He ſends you here good welcome:
'Tis ſtrong; why went you not?
Pary. I like it not:
There wants a conuoy of ſome better words,
Which hourely I expect: vpon a Sea
So dangerous, ſo full of rockes, ſo narrow,
(Albeit the venture holy and of honour)
I would not gladly ſayle, without direction
Of noble Pilots, home I would not come
Baſely, but like a glorious voyager.

Enter Ragazzoni.

Palm. Yea, you do well; the *Nuntio Raggazoni*!
Not know him?
Pary. Certes no.
Palm. Come, you ſhall meete:
Monſignor, here's a Gentleman deſires
To haue your armes about him.——
Rag. Willingly.
Palm. He vndertakes an action full of merit,
Sans promiſe or reward, to cure all thoſe
Through Fairie land, that are diſeaſ'd within,
And he will doo't, by letting one veine bloud.
Ragaz. Shootes he at higheſt?

Palm. Yes.
Rag. Draw home, and giue
Your arrowes compaſſe, that vntill they fall
Full on the head, none ſee them : you do well :
My hands are yours : good ſpeede.——
Exit Ragazoni.

Campeggio.

Pal. Campeggio ?
Now ſhall you heare ſome newes.
Camp. I doe aſſure you,
The Miſtris of vs all, hath on this paper
Breath'd you a bleſsing : your deuotion
Is recommended highly, and to nouriſh
The flames new kindled in you, here's more ſewell.
Pary. Licence to go and come, *in verbo imperatricis per omnes Iurisdictiones Babilonicas abſq' impedimento.*
Good : would it had come ſooner.
Camp. Why ?
Palm. 'Tis generall,
Exceeding abſolute and peremptorie.
Pary. It giues me my ful ſaile : but by deepe vows,
I am to trauell lower, yet if ſeaſon
Beat me not backe, I will to Babylon,
What rubs ſoe're I meete in letters ſtill,
Ile kiſſe her ſacred hand.
Camp. You change not byas.
Pary. Oh good ſir, yonder is the goale I run for !

Raggazoni at one dore, a Gentleman at another.

Rag. Lend me your ſpeeches both.
Pal. Yonder comes one of your owne countrey.
Pary. Oh I know him Sir.
Pal. Walk in this colledge claſſe but ſom few minutes,
Ile ſend or bring to you a Gentleman,
Next neighbour to your countrey : an Albanois——
The man I told you of. *Exeunt.*

Pary. Thankes Sir.
Gent. Met happily, I look'd for you.
Pary. Deere countryman the parly we late held
About the land that bred vs, as how order
Was rob'd of ceremonie (the rich robe of order)
How Truth was freckled, ſpotted, nay made leaprous:
How Iuſtice—
Gent. Come, no more.
Pary. Euen now (as then)
You ward blowes off from her, that at all weapons
Strikes at your head: but I repent we drew not
That dialogue out to length, it was ſo ſweet.
Gent. At houres more opportune we ſhal: but countryman
I heard of late the muſicke of my ſoule,
And you the inſtrument are made that ſounds it:
Tis giuen me, that your ſelfe hath ſeal'd to heauen
A bond of your deuotion, to goe forth
As champion of vs all, in that good quarrell,
That hath coſt many liues.
Pary. What need we vſe
Circumgyrations, and ſuch wheelings? Sir,
Beleeue it, to recouer our ſicke Nurſe
Ide kill the nobleſt foſter-child ſhe keepes.
Gent. I know what bird you meane, & whom you hate,
But let him ſtand to fall: no ſir, the Deere
Which we all hope you'le ſtrike, is euen the pride
And glory of the Forreſt: So, or not.
Pary. My vowes are flowne vp, and it muſt be done,
So this may be but ſettled.
Gent. Doe you ſtagger?
Pary. All winds are not yet layd.
Gent. Haue you looked out
For skilfull coaſters, that know all the ſounds,
The flats, and quicke ſands, and can ſafely land you
Out of all touch of danger?

Pary. I haue met many,
And like a conſort they hold ſeuerall tunes
Gent. But make they muſicke
Pary. Faith a little jarring ;
Sometimes a ſtring or ſo : yet reuerend *Palmio*,
And *Anniball* a *Codreto* keepe the ſtreame
In which I ſwim ; the *Nuntio Ragazzoni*
Plies me with wholeſome phiſicke ; ſo the *Nuntio*,
My honored Friend *Campeggio* makes it cleere,
That it is lawfull.
Gent. Where at ſtick you then ?
Pary. At a ſmall rocke, (a diſpenſation.)

Raggazzoni, Palmio, Campeggio, & the Albonoys.

Gent. You cannot want for hands to helpe you forward :
In ſuch a noble worke your friends are neere ;
Deere Countriman, my ſword, my ſtate, and honor,
Are for your vſe, goe on ; and let no heate
Thaw your ſtrong reſolution, I ſhall ſee you,
Before you take to Sea.
Pary. You ſhall.
Gen. My dewtie.
Pal. This is the worthy Gentleman, to whome
I wiſh your loue endeer'de : we haue ſome conference.
Pary. Borne Sir in Fairy Land ?
Alba. No marry Sir—An *Albanois.*
Pary. Then for proximitie
Of Countries, let vs enterchange acquaintance,
I wiſh'd for your embracements, for your name
Is crown'd with titles of integritie,
Iudgement and Learning : let me vpon their *Baſes*
Erect a piller, by which *Babylon*,
And all we may be ſtrengthned.
Alba. I pray be apert and plaine.
Pary. Then thus Sir ; by the way of Argument
I would a queſtion put, to taſt your cenſure,
Becauſe I doe not ſoundly reliſh it.
Alba. Propone it Sir, Ile ſolue it as I can.

Pary. Suppoſe that in the field there were an Army,
Commixt of halfe your kinsfolke, friends, and louers,
The other halfe ſworne foes, (all countrimen ;)
And that the leader of them were your father,
And that this leading father were ſo partiall,
That to preſerue that halfe which loues you not,
Ye would looſe that which loues you : & that to take
This Captaines life away, might bring this good,
Of two ſides to make one, and ſaue much bloud :
Would not you doe it.

Alba. Vmh : ya're ful of Ambage :
I anſwere as my ſpirits leade me, thus,
I would not doe it.

Pary. Why Sir.

Alba. Becauſe I hold, *Quod non omninò Licet.*

Par. Come, Come, I know (without al commenting)
This text you vnderſtand : wey the vtilitie,
That goes with it : the health it giues to thouſands ;
The ſap it ſpreads through branches which now wither :
The reſtauration—

Alba. Sir I ſee to' th bottome,
Of this deepe well you diue in : I doe arme you,
In this ſtrong fight, iuſt with the ſelfe ſame weapons
Which I would weare to guard mee, and thoſe are
My readings and beliefe ſettled by reading,
And this I find—*Quod non ſunt facienda mala, vt veniant bona.*
For good ; (how great ſoeuer) muſt be don,
No ill how ſmall ſoeuer.

Pary. Tis no euill
To barre out ſo great ill, with ſo great good.

Alba. All good muſt not be done, but onely that —*Quod benè & legitimè fieri poteſt* : For Sir I know, that *Deus magis amat aduerbia quam nomina. Quia in actionibus magis ei Placent Benè & legitimè quàm bonum. Ita vt nullum bonum Liceat facere, niſi bene*

& legitime fieri poteſt. Quod in hoc Caſu fieri non potest.

Pary. Yet (with your fauour) ſeuerall learned men,
Are cleane from your opinion, and doe hold,
Quòd licet.

Alba. Thoſe learned men perhaps may hold it fit,
That to ſaue many, they to one mans danger
(Referring all to the depth inſcrutable)
May allow of a particular ; on no warrant
That they can ſhew me written, but being ſtird,
With a humaine compaſſion to mens liues :
And leſſe you reuelation haue diuine,
That bids you do, doe not ; Thus you haue mine.

Omn. What ſo hard at it.

Pary. We haue done : the time,
Does pull me from your ſweet ſocietie.

Pal. You will to *Babylon.*

Pary. I cannot tell ;
Whether I doe or no, you ſhall haue notice,
How this great worke goes forward : ſtrengthen mee,
With all your comforts, and commend my ſeruice
To the moſt glorious throne : if I get or'e,
There lands blacke vengeance on the Fairy ſhore.

Omn. If prayers can doe it ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Plaine dealing and Truth.

Pla. But how ſhall I know, thou art the right truth ?

Tru. Becauſe I am not painted.

Pla. Nay if thou haſt no better coulour then that, ther's no trueth in thee, for Im'e ſure your faireſt wenches are free of the painters.

Tru. Beſides I am not gorgious in attire,
But ſimple, plaine and homely ; in mine eyes,
Doues ſit, not Sparrowes : on my modeſt cheekes,
No witching ſmiles doe dwell : vpon my tongue
No vnchaſt language lies : my Skins not ſpotted
With foule diſeaſe, as is that common harlot,
That baſeborne trueth, that liues in *Babylon.*

Pla. Why? is ſhee ſpotted?

Tru. All ouer, with ſtrange vglines, all ouer,

Pla. Then ſhe has got the pox, and lying at my hoſt *Gryncums*, ſince I left her company: how ſoeuer it be thou and I will liue honeſt togither in one houſe, becauſe my court miſtris will haue it ſo: I haue beene a Trauailer a great while, plaine dealing hath lept from country to country, till he had ſcarce a paire of ſoales to carrie him.

Tru. Why? in what Countries haue you beene?

Pla. In more then I had mind to ſtay in; I haue beene amongſt the Turkes too, the Turkes made as much of poore plaine dealing, as thoſe whom we call Chriſtians.

Tru. What man is that great Turke? I neuer ſaw him:

Pla. Nor euer ſhalt: why the great Turke is a very little fellow; I haue ſeene a ſcuruy little bad paltry Chriſtian, has beene taken for the greateſt Turke there.

Tru. Where had you bin, when now you met with me.

Plain. Looking vp and downe for thy ſelfe: and yet I lie too, now I remember, I was in the citie: our miſtreſſe would needes haue me goe thither, to ſee faſhions: I could make an excellent Taylor for Ladies and gentlemen, and fooles, for I haue ſeene more faſhions there, then a picture drawer makes skuruy faces, the firſt two yeares of his trade: its the maddeſt circle to coniure in, that euer raiz'd ſpirit.

Truth. Tell me good kinſman, what in the citie ſaw you?

Plain. What did I ſee? why Ile tell thee cozen; I ſawe no more conſcience in moſt of your rich men, then in Tauerne faggots: nor no more ſobernes in poore men, then in Tauerne ſpiggots: I ſee that citizens fine wiues vndo their husbands (by their pride) within a yeare after they are married; and within halfe a yeare after they be widdowes, knights

vndo them: they'le giue a 100. pound to be dubd ladies, and to ride in a coach, when they haue ſcarce another hundred pound left to keep the horſes. But cozen *Truth*, I met in one ſtreet a number of men in gowns, with papers in their hands, what are all thoſe?

Truth. Oh! they are the ſonnes of Iuſtice; they are thoſe
That beat the kingdom leuell, keep it ſmooth
And without rubs: they are the poore mans captaine,
The rich mans ſouldier, and cal'd Lawiers.

Plain. Lawiers? doeſt know any of them?

Truth. A few.

Plain. I wondred what they were, I asked one of them if they were going to foot-ball, yes ſaid he, doe you not ſee thoſe countrey fellowes, we are againſt them; and who do you thinke ſhall winne, ſaid I, oh ſaid he, the gownes, the gownes.

Enter Time.

Time. Follow me *Truth*; *Plaine dealing* follow me. *Exit.*

Plain. He charges like a Conſtable; come, wee are his watch: follow me? Is our *Time* mad? O braue mad *Time.* *Exeunt.*

Dumb ſhew. A caue ſuddenly breakes open, and out of it comes Falſhood, (*attir'd as Truth is*) *her face ſpotted, ſhee ſtickes vp her banner on the top of the Caue; then with her foot in ſeuerall places ſtrikes the earth, and vp riſeth* Campeius; *a Frier with a boxe: a gentleman with a drawn ſword, another with rich gloues in a boxe, another with a bridle,* Time, Truth *with her banner, and Plain-dealing enter & ſtand aloofe beholding all.*

Time. See there's the Caue, where that *Hyena* lurkes,

That counterfets thy voyce, & calles forth men
To their deſtruction.

Plain. How full of the ſmall poxe ſhee is, what ayles ſhee to ſtamp thus? is the whore mad? how now? Yea do you riſe before Doomes day; father *Time*, what conduit-pipes are theſe, that breake out of the earth thus?

Time. The conduit-heads of treaſon, which conuey
Conſpiracies, ſcandals, and ciuill diſcord,
Maſſacres, poyſonings, wrackes of faith and fealtie
Through Fairies hearts, to turne them into elues:
See *Truth*, ſee ſonne, the ſnake ſlips off his skinne,
A ſcholler makes a ruffian.

Plain. Now muſt that ruffian cuffe the ſcholler, if I were as he.

Time. And ſee, that ſhape which earſt ſhew'd reuerend,
And wore the outward badge of ſanctitie,
Is cloath'd in garments of hypocriſie.

Plain. See, ſee, father, he has a iacke in a boxe: whats that?

Time. A wild beaſt, a mad bull, a bull that roares,
To fright allegiance from true ſubiects boſoms;
That Bull muſt bellow, at the *Flamins* gate:
His gate, that tends the flockes of all thoſe ſheep,
That graze in the fatſt paſture of the land,
Beeing all inclos'd: that bull will on his backe
Beare all.

Plain. Whither? whither?

Time. To hell: tis ſaid to heauen
That will but fit him, till with hoofe or horne,
He goare the annointed Fairie.

Plain. Such Bulls haue I ſeene ſent out of *Babylon*, to runne at people: I ſhould once haue rid vpon one of them, but he that beg'd my office, broke his necke by the bargaine, and ſau'd me a labour: whats he with the ſword, a maſter of the noble Science?

Truth. A noble villaine: ſee, he pulls down heauen

With imprecations, if that blade he ſheath not,
In our ſweet miſtreſſe breaſt.

Plain. O rogue! what good cloathes hee weares, and yet is a villaine?

Time. I, doe: clap hands vpon't, that poyſoned gloue,
Shall ſtrike thee dead to death, with the ſtrong ſent
Of thy diſcouered treaſon.

Plain. Whats that horſe-courſer with the bridle?

Time. A ſlaue, that ſince he dares not touch her head,
Would worke vpon her hand: —— laugh and conſpire;
The higher villaines climbe, they fall the higher.

Plain. Stay father, now the Armie comes forward: ſhee takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done; what will ſhee beare the collours? thou haſt collour enough in thy face already, thou needſt no more: did ye euer ſee a more lowſie band? there's but two rapiers in the whole regiment: now they muſter, now they double their files: marke how their hands juggle, and lay about; this is the maine battell: O well floriſht Ancient! the day is their's; ſee, now they ſound retrait: whither march they now? *Exeunt.*

Tim. To death; their falles, thus *Time* and *Truth* proclaime,
They ſhall like leaues drop from the Tree of ſhame.
Lets follow them.

Plain. To the gallowes? not I; what doe we know, but this freckled face queane, may be a witch.

Time. Shee is ſo; ſhee's that damned ſorcereſſe,
That keepes the inchanted towers of *Babylon.*
This is the *Truth*; that did bewitch thee once.

Plain. Is this ſpeckled toade ſhee? Shee was then in mine eye,
The goodlieſt woman that euer wore fore part of Sattin:
To ſee what theſe female creatures are, when they deale with 2. or 3. Nations; how quickly they were

carbuncles & rich ſtones? now ſhee is more vgly then a bawd.

Truth. Shee look'd ſo then; fairenes it ſelfe doth cloth her
In mens eyes, till they ſee me, and then they loath her.

Time. Looſe no more minutes, come, lets follow them.

Plain. With hue and crie, now I know her: this villanous drab is bawd, now I remember, to the Whore of *Babylon*; and weele neuer leaue her, till ſhee be carted: her face is full of thoſe red pimples with drinking *Aquauite*, the common drinke of all bawdes: come. *Exeunt.*

Titania, Elfiron, Florimel, a gentleman ſtanding aloofe, and Ropus.

Titan. What comes this paper for?

Fid. Your hand.

Titan. The cauſe?

Fidel. The Moone that from your beames did borrow light,
Hath from her ſiluer bow ſhot pitchy clowds
T'ecclipſe your brightnes: heauen tooke your part,
And her ſurpriz'd; A jurie of bright ſtarres,
Haue her vnworthy found to ſhine agen:
Your Fairies therefore on their knees intreat,
Shee may be puld out from the firmament,
Where ſhee was plac'd to glitter.

Titan. Muſt we then,
Strike thoſe whom we haue lou'd? albeit the children,
Whom we haue nouriſht at our princely breaſt,
Set daggers to it, we could be content
To chide, not beat them, (might we vſe our will,)
Our hand was made to ſaue, but not to kill.

Flor. You muſt not (cauſe hee's noble) ſpare his blood.

Titan. We ſhould not, for hee's noble that is good.

Fid. The fall of one, like multitudes on yce,
Makes all the reſt, (of footing) be more nyce:
But if by ventring on that glaſsie floore
Too farre, he ſinks, and yet riſe with no more harme,
Ten thouſand to like danger it doth arme:
All mercy in a Prince, makes vile the ſtate,
All juſtice makes euen cowards deſperate.

Titan. In neither of theſe ſeas, ſpread we our ſayles,
But are the impartiall beame between both ſcales;
Yet if we needs muſt bow, we would incline
To that where mercy lies, that ſcale's diuine:
But ſo to ſaue were our owne breaſt to wound,
Nay (which is more) our peoples: for their good,
We muſt the Surgeon play, and let out blood.
Euery Peeres birth ſtickes a new ſtarre in heauen,
But falling by *Luciferan* inſolence,
With him a Conſtellation drops from thence.
Giue me his Axe - - - how ſoon the blow is giuen?
writes
Witneſſe: ſo little we in blood delight,
That doing this worke, we wiſh we could not write.
Let's walke my Lords. *Florimel?*

Flor. Madame.

Titan. Stay:
Not one arm'd man amongſt vs? you might now
Be all old-beaten ſouldiers: truth I thanke ye;
If I were now a jewel worth the ſtealing,
Two theeues might bind you all.

Omn. With much adoe.

Tita. I marry I commend yon gentleman.
Pray Sir come neere, looke you, hee's well prouided
For all rough wethers: Sir, you may be proud,
That you can giue armes better then theſe Lords,
I thanke you yet, that if a ſtorme ſhould fall,
We could make you our ſhelter. A good ſword?
This would goe through ſtich; had I heart to kill
I'de wiſh no better weapon; but our dayes
Of quarreling are paſt; Shall we put vp Sir,

We ha put vp wrongs ere now, but this is right,
Nay we are not falling yet.

Flor. It did vs good
To ſee how your Maieſtick preſence dawnted
The ſilly gentleman.

Tita. The ſillie gentleman!

Fid. He knew not how to ſtand, nor what to ſpeak.

Tita. The ſilly gentleman? know you him Lords? Where is hee?

Flor. Gotten hence poore wretch with ſhame.

Tita. That wretch hath ſworne to kill me with that ſword.

Omn. How?

Fid. The traytor.

Flor. Locke the Court gates.

Omn. Guard her perſon. *Exeunt omnes.*

Tita. You guard it well. Alacke! when louers wooe,
An extreame ioy and feare, them ſo apall,
That ouer much loue, ſhewes no loue at all.
Zeale ſometimes ouer-does her part—It's right—
When the frais done, Cowards crie whers the Flight.
Pentioners.

Florimell.

Flor. The wolfes in his own ſnare: O damned ſlaue!
I had like to ha made his heart my ponyards graue.
How got you to this knowledge?—bleſſed heauen!

Tita. It came vnto me ſtrangely: from a window,
Mine eyes tooke marke of him; that he would ſhoot
Twas told me, and I tried if he durſt doo't.
Is *Ropus* here, our Doctor?

Rop. Gratious Lady.

Tita. You haue a lucky hand ſince you were ours,
It quickens our taſt well; fill vs of that
You laſt did miniſter: a draught, no more,
And give it fire, euen Doctor how thou wilt.

Rop. I made a new extraction, you ſhall neuer
Relliſh the like.
Tyta. Why, ſhall that be my laſt?
Ro. Oh my deere Miſtres!

Exit Ropus. Enter Parthenophill.

Tyta. Go, go, I dare ſware thou lou'ſt my very heart.
Parth. This ſcaly Serpent
Is throwne (as he deſerues) vpon the Sword
Of Iuſtice; and to make theſe tydings twinnes,
I bring this happy newes, *Campeius*,
(A Snake that in my boſome once I warm'd:)
The man for whome ——.
Tyta. Oh, wee remember him.
Parth. This Owle, that did not loue your ſacred light,
Stole or'e the Seas by darknes, and was held
In *Babilon* a bird of noble flight:
They tourn'd him to a Goſhawke, fether'd him
Arm'd him with tallents, & then gaue him bels,
And hither charg'd him fly, he did: and ſoar'd
O're all your goodlyeſt woods, and thickeſt groues,
Inticing birdes that had the skill in ſong,
To learne harſh notes: and thoſe that fail'd in voice,
He taught to pecke the tender bloſſomes off,
To ſpoyle the leauy trees, and with ſharpe bils
To mangle all the Golden eares of corne.
But now hee's tan'e.
Tyta. Good ſheapheards ought not care,
How many foxes fall into the Snare.

Enter Elfyron.

Elf. Your ciuill Doctor, Doctor *Paridell*
Caſts Anchor on your ſhores againe, being freighted
With a good venture, which he ſaies, your ſelfe
Muſt onely haue the ſight of. *Exit.*

Tyta. Bring him hither :
Lord *Florimell*, pray call *Fideli* to vs.

Florimell, Fidèli, Ropus.

Tyta. Sure 'tis too hot.
Fid. Oh roague !
Tyta. Set it to coole.
Fid. Hell and damnation, Diuels.
Flor. What's that ?
Fid. The damned'ſt treaſon ! Dog : you whorſen dog ;
O bleſſed mayd : let not the toad come neere her :
What's this ? If't be his brewing, touch it not——
For 'tis a drench to kill the ſtrongeſt Deuill,
That's Druncke all day with brimſtone : come ſucke, Weezell,
Sucke your owne teat, you —— pray, Thou art preſeru'd.
Tyta. From what ? From whome ?
Fid. Looke to that Gliſter-pipe :
One crowne doe's ſerue thy tourne, but heere's a theefe,
That muſt haue 50000. crownes to ſteale
Thy life : Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life,
Sirra thou *Vrinall*, *Tynoco*, *Gama*,
Andrada, and *Ibarra*, names of Diuels,
Or names to fetch vp Diuels : thou knoweſt theſe Scar-crowes.
Rop. Oh mee ! O mercy, mercy ! I confeſſe.
Fid. Well ſayd, thou ſhalt be hang'd then.
Tyta. Haue we for this
Heap'd fauours on thee.

Shee reades the letter. Enter Gard.

Fid. Heape halters on him : call the Guard : out polecat :
He ſmels, thy conſcience ſtincks Doctor goe purge
Thy ſoule, for 'tis diſeas'd. Away with *Ropus*.

Omn. Away with him : foh.
Rop. Here my tale but out.
Fid. Ther's too much out already.
Rop. Oh me accurſed ! and moſt miſerable.
Exit with Guard.

Tyta. Goodnes of vertue ! is my bloud ſo ſweet,
That they would pay ſo deere for't.
Fid. To ſucke Lambes,
What would not Wolues doe, he that this paper writte,
Had neuer meaning we ſhould finger it.
Tyta. Our mercy makes them cruell, hunt out theſe Leopards :
Their own ſpots will betray them : they build caues
Euen in our parkes : to them, him, and the reſt,
Let death be ſent, but ſent in ſuch a ſhape,
As may not be too frightfull. Alacke ! what glorie
Is it to buffet wretches bound in giues ?
The debt is derely paid that's payd with liues
Oh ! leaue vs all.

Enter Elfiron and Paridell.

Fid. More Doctors ! if this doe
Aſwell as tother, beſt to hang him too. *Exeunt.*

Tytania, Paridell.

Tyta. *Florimell* ! Stay,
But giue vs liberty.
Pari. This is the bleſſed day for which (through want
Of thoſe bright rayes that ſparkle from your eyes)
My frozen ſoule hath languiſh'd Goddeſſe compleate,
If you, a wretch ſo meane, will bid to ſpeake,
I ſhall vnclaſpe a booke whoſe very firſt line,
(Being not well pointed) is my doome to death :
But if your ſacred iudgement (on the Margine,)
Controwle all wreſting comments, All your ſubiects

Will fold me in their boſomes.

Tvta. Giue your minde.

Par. A Pilgrim haue I been on forren ſhores,
(Your gracious hand allow'd it) in my wandring,
With Monſters I encountred of ſtraunge ſhape,
Some that ſuckt poyſon vp, and ſpet it foorth,
Vpon your land : ſome, that ſhot forked ſtinges,
At your moſt God-like perſon : all were Gyants,
Fighting againſt the heauen of your bleſt raigne :
With theſe (oh pardon me !) with theſe I held
A polliticke league, the lines of all their treaſons,
(Drawne from one damned circle) met in mee,
My heart became the Center, and the point
Was this —— I dare not tell it.

Tyta. Speake ?

Pari. To kill you.

Tyta. How durſt you (being our ſubiect) wade ſo far ?

Par. Your eare of mercy. I became a ſpunge
To drincke vp all their miſchiefe, and lay drown'd
In their infected waters, (with much loathing,)
Onely that I before you might wring out
This their corruption, and my ſelfe make cleere.
And now (immortall maid) i'me not vnlike
A casket wherein papers ſtuft with danger,
Haue cloſe beene lockt, but thoſe tane out, the cheſt
Serues to good vſe, ſo may my loyall breſt :
For from their flintie hearts what ſparkes I got,
Were but to fire themſelues.

Tyta. I praiſe your plotte,
You make vs now your debter, but a day
Will come, when we ſhal pay. My Lord, we want your Arme.

Pary. Vmh ! I feare ——

Tyta. Doctor, weele haue (Sir) other Dialogues.

Exeunt.

Pary. O ſhallow foole, thou haſt thy ſelfe vndone,
Shees hardned and thou melted at one ſunne. *Exit.*

Enter Como, *and the three Kings.*

Como. Our eyes haue luſted for you, and your preſence
Comes as the light to day, ſhowers to the ſpring,
Or health to ſicke men.

3. *King.* Thankes moſt reuerend Fathers.

1. *King.* Our bloud ranne all to water, yea our ſoules
Stroue all (at once) t'expire, (when it was blowne
Hither from Faiery land, that all the darts
Which ours heere, and your arme deliuered there,
Fell either ſhort, or lighted vpon yce)
Leſt you had loſt bloud in the enterprize.

3. *King.* No, I weare ſtronger Armour: gameſter-like
I ſawe the dogges brought forth; and ſet them on,
Till the Diuell parted them; but pluckt off none,
I kept aloofe out of the reach of pawes:
Better to fight with Lions then with lawes.
What drummes are theſe?

2. *King.* Muſicke of heauen.

Como. The dancers reuell in ſteele.

1. *King.* Theſe march to fill our Fleete.

3. *King.* From whence weele march with prowd victorious feete,
And walke on Fayeries hearts, their beaten waies
With their owne heades weele paue, whilſt ours with bayes,
And oake (the conquering ſouldiers wreath) we crowne:
Theſe hookes, or none, muſt pull their Cities downe,
Inuaſion is the fire: See, See, i'th Ayre
Angels hang beckoning vs to make more haſte,
Vengeance deferd growes weake, and runs to waſte.
Whats this?

Enter a Herrald before one: ſounds once, and ſtaies.

Como. Ere we take ſhip, we muſt to Court.

Omn. Away.

3. *King.* In thunder: tis the ſouldiers ſport.

Exeunt.

The Herrald reades.

Herald. It is the Imperiall pleaſure, decree, peremptory edict, and dreadfull command (vpon paine of a curſe to be denounced vpon him that is diſobedient) from her who hath power giuen her to make the backes of ſtubborne Kings her foote-ſtooles, and Emperours her vaſſalles: the mother of Nations; the triple-crowned head of the world; the purple-rider of the glorious beaſt; the moſt high, moſt ſupreame, and moſt adored Empreſſe of *Babilon*; that no Captaine Generals of Armies, Generals of Squadrons, Admirals, Colonels, Captaines, or any other Officers of her magnificent, incomparable, formidable, and inuincible *Armada*, which is ordayned to ſwallow vp the kingdome of *Faiery*, ſhall preſume to ſet one foote on ſhip-bord, till her ſacred hand hath bleſſed the enterprize by ſealing them all on the forhead, and by bowing their knees before the Beast. Sound, goe on. *Exeunt.*

Dumb ſhew: Empreſſe on the Beaſt.

Emp. Feeles the baſe earth our weight? iſt common Aire
We ſuck in and reſpire? doe ſeruile clowdes,
(Whoſe azure winges ſpread ouer graues and tombes)
Our glorious body circumvolue? dare night
Caſt her black-nets into dayes criſtall ſtreames,
To draw vp darkneſſe on our golden beames:
And vs t' ecclipſe, why is not *Babilon*
In a contorted chaire made all of ſtarres,
Wound vp by wheeles as high, nay boue the thrones
Supernall, which with *Ioues* owne ſeate ſtand euen,
That we might ride heere as the Queene of heauen.
And with a ſpurne from our controwling foote,

That ſhould like thunder ſhake th' etheriall floore,
Of life and heauen them both at once bereaue,
That thither vp dare clime without our leaue.
Com. You doe: you ride there now this is your Sphere,
Earth is all one with heauen when you are heere.
3. *King.* Yet ther's a hell on earth or if not hell,
Diuels there are or worſe then Diuels, that roare Onely at you.
Emp. At vs? what, dare they roare?
3. *King.* Your pardon, and ile tell it.
Emp. Tell: We feare
No ſpots, the orbe we ſhine in is ſo cleere.
3. *King.* Thus then: the Faiery Adders hiſſe: they call you
The ſuperſtitious Harlot: purple whore:
The whore that rides on the roſe-coloured beaſt:
The great whore, that on many waters ſitteth,
Which they call many Nations: whilſt their Kings,
Are ſlaues to ſate your luſt, and that their bloud,
(When with them you haue done) ſerues as a flood,
For you to drinke or ſwimme in.
Omn. O prophane!
Emp. Goe on: the ſearching ſmall wounds is no paine.
3. *King.* Theſe cowards thus when your back's turnd (that ſtrike)
Follow their blowe and ſweare, that where you claime,
Supremacie monarchall ouer Kings,
Tis but your tiranous pride, and not your due.
Emp. But what your ſelues giue, what haue we from you?
You ſay we are your mother, and if ſo,
Muſt not ſonnes kneele? they pay but what they owe.
3. *King.* They ſay the robes of purple which you weare,
Your ſcarlet veiles, and mantles are not giuen you
As types of honour and regality,
But dyed ſo deepe with bloud vpon them ſpilt,

And that (all or'e) y'are with red murder gilt.
The drinke euen in that golden cup, they ſweare
Is wine ſophiſticated, that does runne
Low on the lees of error, which in taſte,
Is ſweete and like the neate and holſome iuyce
Of the true grape, but tis ranke poyſon downe.
Omn. Haue we not all it taſted?
Emp. Nay, vtter all.
Out of their lips you ſee flowes naught but gall.
3. *King.* What can my breath doe more, to blaſt your cheekes,
And leaue them glowing as red gads of ſteele?
My tongue's already bliſtred ſounding this,
Yet muſt I whiſper to your ſacred eare:
That on your brow (they ſay) is writ a name
In letters miſticall, which they interpret
Confuſion, by great *Babylon* they meane
The Citie of *Confuſion*.
Emp. View our forhead?
Where are we printed with ſuch Characters?
Point out theſe markes: Which of you all can lay
A finger on that Moale which markes our face?
3. *King.* They ſay you can throw miſts before our eyes,
To make us thinke you faire.
Omn. Damnd blaſphemies.
Com. You ſhall with rods of iron ſcourge theſe treaſons.
1. *King.* The Mace is in your hand, grinde them to duſt.
2. *King.* And let your blowes be ſound.
3. *King.* For they are iuſt.
Emp. Lets heare with what lowde throats our thunder ſpeakes,
Repeate our vengeance o're, which to beate Kings
Muſt now flie o're the ſeas with linnen winges.
Com. Our Galeons, Galeaſſes, Zabraes, Gallies,
Ships, Pynaces, Pataches, huge Caruiles,
For number, rib and belly are ſo great,

That ſhould they want a Sea neere Faiery land
Of depth to beare them vp, they in their wombs
Might ſwim with a ſea thither: here are breifes
Of your imperiall Armies.
Emp. Reade them lowde:
Thunder ner'e ſpeakes, but the voice crackes a clowde.
Com. In the firſt Squadron twelue great Galeons:
Floate like twelue moouing Caſtles: Zabraes two,
Habilimented glorioufly for warre,
With Souldiers, Seamen, ſhot, and ordinance:
This Squadron ſtout *Medyna* does command:
Who of the maine is Captaine Generall.
The ſecond Squadron braue *Recalde* leades,
Being Admirall to foureteene Galleons.
Flores de Valdes guides the third, the fourth
Followes the ſilken ſtreamers of the haughty
Pedro de Valdes that tryed warriour.
Oquendo in the fift front cries a Charge.
Bretandona bringes vp the *Leuantines*
With his ſixt Squadron: *Gomes de Medyna*
Waftes vp the ſeauenth like the God of warre,
The eighth obayes *Mendoza*: and the ninth
Fierce *Vgo de Monçada*: all theſe Squadrons,
For veſſell, numbred are one hundred thirtie,
The ſight of Souldiers, Marriners, and Slaues
Twentie nine thouſand, eight hundred thirtie three.
Peeces of braſſe for battery theſe,
Six hundred thirtie: adde to theſe Gallions
Twentie Caruiles, and Saluees ten: which make
The whole *Armada*, eightſcore luſtie ſaile.
Add to all theſe your Generals of Armies,
Your Captaines, Enſigne bearers, (which in role,
Are eightſcore and eleauen) the Voluntaries,
With officers and ſeruants, then the Regiments
That are in pay: to theſe, all men of orders,
All miniſters of iuſtice; and to theſe
Supplies of forces that muſt ſecond vs,
And laſt that hoſt of ſtarres which from the Moone
Will fall to guide vs on: theſe totald vp,

You ſhall a hundred thowſand ſwordes behold
Brandiſh't at once, whoſe ———— ſtandes
Men will ſeeme borne with weapons in their handes.
Emp. Goe: cut the ſalt ſome with your mooned keeles,
And let our Galeons feele euen child-birth panges,
Till their great bellies be deliuered
On the ſoft Faiery ſhoares: captiue their Queene,
That we may thus take off her crowne, whilſt ſhe
Kneeles to theſe glorious wonders, or be trampled
To death for her contempt: burne, batter, kill,
Blow vp, pull downe, ruine all, let not white haires,
Nor red cheekes blunt your wrath, ſnatch babes from breſts,
And when they crie for milke, let them ſucke bloud,
Turne all their fieldes to lakes of gellyed goare,
That Sea-men one day ſayling by the land
May ſay, there Faiery kingdome once did ſtand.
Omn. They ſhall.
3. *King.* Tis done already.
Emp. To be ſure
You all are ours, bow and adore the beaſt,
On whome we ride.
Omn. We fall beneath his feete.
Emp. Be bleſt, obedience is in ſonnes moſt ſweete,
O ſtrange, to you he ſtoopes as you before him,
Humility, he bowes whilſt you adore him:
To kindle luſtie fires in all your bloud,
A health to all, and as our cup goes rownd,
Draw neere, weele marke you for our choſen flocke:
Who buildes on heartes confirmd, buildes on a rocke:
The ſeale of heauen! who on their foreheads weare it,
We chooſe for counſaile: on their hands who beare it,
We marke for Action: Heere, a health to all.
Omn. Braue health! to pledge it, ſee Kings proſtrate fall. *Kneele.*
Emp. On.
All. On.

3. *King.* Sing warre thy lowd and loftieſt notes.
We winne ; our ſhips meete none but fiſher-boates.
Exeunt.

Enter Paridell *and his kinſman.*

Pari. What if I ſhewe you a foundation,
Firme as earthes fixed Center ? a ſtrong warrant,
To ſtrike the head off, an Iniunction
That bids me doo't : A diſpenſation
For what I doe : A pardon ſign'd, that giues
Indulgence plenarie, and full remiſſion
(For any criminall breach of the higheſt Law)
After 'tis done : nay more, a voice as cleere
As that of Angels, which proclaimes the act,
Good, honourable, meritorious,
Lawfull, and pyous, what if I ſhew you this ?

Coz. Come, come, you cannot, then let riotous heires
Beg pattents to kill fathers : graunt but this
Murder may be a faire *Monopoly*,
And Princes ſtab'd by Acts of parliament :
Who i'ſt dare that thing meritorious call,
Which feindes themſelues count diabolicall ?

Pari. Your coldnes makes me wonder : why ſhould you
Ronne vp to'th necke, from drowning to ſaue her,
That treades vpon your head, your throat, to ſincke you ?

Coz. Say you ſhould wound me ; ſhould I (in reuenge)
Murder my ſelfe ? for what can be the cloſe
But death, diſhonour ; yea, damnation
To an act ſo baſe, nay ſo impoſſible.

Pari. Impoſſible ; the parting of the ayre,
Is not more eaſy : looke vpon the Court,
Through narrowe ſights, and ſhees the faireſt marke,
And ſooneſt hit of any : like the Turke
Shee walkes not with a *Ianiſarie-Guard*,
Nor (as the Ruſſian with fowle big-boand ſlaues.

Strutting on each ſide with the ſlicing Axe,
Like to a payre of hangmen : no, alas :
Her Courts of *Guard* are Ladies, & (ſometimes)
Shee's in the garden with as ſmall a trayne,
As is the Sun in heauen : and our Acceſſe,
May then as eaſy be as that of Clyents,
To Lawyers out of terme-time.
Coz. Grant all this :
Nay, ſay the blow were giuen : how would you ſcape ?
Pari. Oh ſir, by water.—
Coz. I but—
Pari. Nay good cozen.—
Coz. You leape as ſhort at ſafety, as at ſtarres.
By water : why the gates will all be lockt,
Wayters you muſt haue none.
Pari. Heare me.
Coz. Heare me,
You muſt not haue a man, and if you kill
With powder, ayre betrayes you.
Pari. Powder ! no ſir,
My dagge ſhall be my dagger : Good ſweete Cozen,
Marke but how ſmooth my pathes are : looke you ſir.
Coz. I haue thought vpon a courſe.
Pari. Nay, nay, heare mine,
You are my marke, ſuppoſe you are my marke,
My leuell is thus lowe, but er'e I riſe,
My hand's got vp this hie : the deere being ſtrucke,
The heard that ſtand about ſo frighted are,
I ſhall haue leaue to ſcape, as does a pirate,
Who hauing made a ſhot through one more ſtrong,
All in that ſhip runne to make good the breach,
Whilſt th' other ſailes away. How like you this ?
Coz. As I like paper harneſſe.
Pari. Ha, well, pawſe then :
This bow ſhall ſtand vnbent, and not an arrow
Be ſhot at her vntill we take our ayme
In *S. Iagoes* parke ; a rare, rare Altar !
The fitt'ſt to ſacrifize her bloud vpon :
It ſhall be there : in *S. Iagoes* parke :

Ha coz! it ſhall be there: in the meane time,
We may keepe followers (nine or ten a peece)
Without ſuſpition: numbers may worke wonders;
The ſtorme being ſudden too: for were the guard
A hundred ſtrong about her, looke you ſir,
All of vs well appoynted—Caſe of dags
To each man, ſee you? you ſhoote there, we heere,
Unleſſe ſome ſpirits put the bullets by,
Ther's no eſcape for her: ſay the dags faile,
Then to our ſwordes.—Come, ther's no mettle in you.

Coz. No mettle in me? would your warres were honeſt,
I quickly would finde Armour: what's the goade
So ſharpe, that makes you wildely thus to runne
Vpon your certaine ruine?

Pari. Goad? ſharp ponyards,
Why ſhould I ſpare her bloud?

Coz. She gaue you yours.

Pari. To ha tan'e it had bin tyrany, her owne lips
Confeſt I ſtrucke her lawes not hard: I ha ſpent
My youth, and meanes in ſeruing her: what reape I?
Wounds (diſcontents) what giues ſhe me? good words,
(Sweet meates that rotte the eater:) why, laſt day
I did but begge of her the maiſterſhip
Of *Santa Cataryna*, twas denied me.

Coz. She keepes you to a better.

Pari. I tuſh, thats not all:
My bonds are yonder ſeald; And ſhe muſt fall.

Coz. Well coz, ile hence.

Pari. When ſhall I ſee you?

Coz. Hah.
Soone? very ſoone: ſooner than you expect,
Let me but breath, and what I meane to doe,
I ſhall reſolue you.

Pari. Fare you well.

Coz. Adue.—— *Exit.*

Tytania, Elfyron, Parthenophil, Parydel, Florimell.

Flor. Newes; thundring newes ſweete Lady:
Enuy, Ambition,

Theft ſacrilegious, and baſe treaſon, lay
Their heads and handes togither, at one pull
To heaue you from your throne: that manniſh woman-
Diuell,
That luſtfull bloudie Queene of *Babylon*,
Hath (as we gather ripe intelligence)
Rigd an Armd fleete, which euen now beates the
waues,
Boaſting to make their wombes our Cities graues.
Tyta. Let it come on: our Generall leades aboue
them,
Earth-quakes may kingdomes mooue, but not remooue
them.

Fideli.

Fid. He yonder, he that playes the fiend at ſea,
The little Captaine that's made all of fire,
Sweares (Flemming-like) by twenty thouſand Diuels,
If our tongues walke thus, and our feete ſtand ſtill,
So many huge ſhips neere our coaſts are come,
An Oyſter-boate of ours will ſcarce finde roome.
He ſweares the windes haue got the ſailes with childe,
With ſuch big bellies, all the linnen's gone,
To finde them linnen and in *Babylon*,
That ther's not one ragge left.
Tyta. Why ſwels this fleete?
Fid. Thus they giue out, that you ſent forth a
Drake,
Which from their riuers beate their water-fowle,
Tore ſiluer feathers from their faireſt Swannes,
And pluckt the Halcions winges that roue at ſea,
And made their wilde-duckes vnder-water diue,
So long, that ſome neuer came vp aliue.
This Sea-pie *Babylon*, her bug-Beare calles,
For when her baſtards cry, let the nurſe cry
But this, *the Drake comes*, they huſh preſently,
For him thei'le cudgell vs: will you ha the troth?
That ſcarlet-whore is thirſtie and no bloud,
But yours, and ours (ſweete maide) can doe her good.

Tyta. That drake ſhal out againe: to counſel Lords.

Fid. Come, come, ſhort counſell: better get long ſwordes.

Flor. Good Lady dread not you, what ere befall.

Fid. Weel'e die firſt, yours is the laſt funeral: Away, away, away.

Omn. Poſts, poſts, cal meſſengers, poſts with al ſpeed. *Exeunt.*

Tyta. How? feare!
Why ſhould white boſomes feare a Tyrants Arme?
Tyrants may kill vs, but not doe vs harme.
Are we your priſoners that you garde vs thus?

Exeunt. Manet Paridell.

Stay, and you too, we are alone: when laſt
We entertaynd your ſpeech (as we remember)
Cloſe traines and dangerous you did diſcover
To fire which you were praid.

Pari. I was.

Tyta. And yeelded.
Albeit it were againſt our life.

Pari. Moſt true:—my reaſons.——

Tyta. We forget them not: at that time
Here was but one, (true) but one counceller,
Who ſtood aloofe, heard nothing; and though a bloud
Of courſer veines then ours, would haue beene ſtird
Into a ſea tempeſtuous to boyle vp,
And drowne the Pilate that durſt faile ſo farre,
Yet of our princely grace (tho twas not fitte,
Nor ſtood with wiſdome) did we ſilence it.
Theſe heaped fauours, notwithſtanding (Doctor)
Tis in our eare: the hammers lie not ſtill,
But that new clubs of iron are forging now,
To bruiſe our bones, and that your ſelſe doe knowe,
The very Anuile where they worke.

Pari. I.

Tyta. Heare vs,
Becauſe tis thought ſome of thoſe worſer ſpirits,

And moſt malignant that at midnight riſe
To blaſt our Faiery circles by the Moone,
Are your Familiars.
Pari. Madam.
Tyta. Sir anone.
Thee therefore I coniure (if not by faith,
Oathed allegeance, nor thy conſcience,
Perhaps this ranckling vlcerateth them)
Yet by thy hopes of bliſſe, tell, and tell true,
Who i'ſt muſt let vs bloud?
Pary. O vnhappie man;
That thou ſhouldſt breathe this long: mirrour of women,
I open now my breſt euen to the heart,
My very ſoule pants on my lips: none, none,
I know of none.
Tyta. Well; none: riſe and take heede,
They are no common droppes when Princes bleede.
What houre is this? does not my larum ſtrike?
This watch goes falſe.
Pari. This watch goes true.
Tyta. All's naught,——
What houre is this?
Pari. Thy laſt houre, O heauens, furder
The worke you haue begun: where art thou heart?
Tyta. Oh we ſee't: Doctor wind vp the wheele, tis downe.
Pari. Tis downe.
Tita. How now? what ſtrucke thee downe? thy lookes are wilde:
Why was thine armed hand reard to his height?
What blacke worke art thou doing?
Pari. Of damnation vpon my ſelfe.
Tita. How?
Pari. Your wordes haue ſplit my heart in thowſand ſhiuers,
Heere, heere that ſtickes which I feare will not out.
Better to die than liue ſuſpected. Had not your bright eyes

Turnd backe vpon me, I had long ere this
Layen at your feete a bloudie ſacrifice.
Tyta. Staind Altars pleaſe not vs : why doeſt thou weepe ?
Thou mak'ſt my good thoughts of thee now declyne,
Who loues not his owne bloud, will ne're ſpare mine,
Why doeſt thou weepe ?
Pari. When on your face I looke,
Me thinkes I ſee thoſe Vertues drawne aliue
Which did in *Elfilyne* the ſeauenth ſuruiue,
(Your fathers father, and your grandfather),
And then that you ſhould take me for a ſerpent
Gnawing the branches of that glorious tree,
The griefe melts euen my ſoule, O pardon me.
Tita. Contract thy ſpirits togither, be compos'd ;
Take a full man into thee, for beholde
All theſe blacke clowdes we cleere : looke vp, tis day,
The ſunne ſhines on thee ſtill : weel'e reade : away—
Pari. O matchleſſe ; im'e all poyſon, and yet ſhe
Turnes all to goodnes by wiſe tempering me.
Goes off.
Tita. If thou prou'ſt copper—well ; this makes vs ſtrong
As towers of flint. All traytors are but waues,
That beate at rockes, their own blowes digge their graues.

Paridell manet.

Pari. For not dooing am I damde : how are my ſpirits
Halde, tortured, and growne wilde ? on leaues eternall
Vowes haue I writ ſo deepe, ſo bound them vp,
So texted them in characters capitall,
I cannot race them but I blot my name
Out of the booke of ſence : mine oath ſtands filde
On your court-roles. Then keepe it, vp to heauen
Thy ladder's but thus hie : courage, to kill
Ten men I ſhould not freeze thus : yet her murder

Cannot be named bloud-ſhed, for her Faieries
Are all of faith, and fealty aſſoyled,
The balme that her annoynted is waſht off,
Her crowne is now not hers ; vpon the paine
Of a blacke curſe, no more muſt I obey her.
I climbe to heauen by this, climbe then and ſtay her.
Tyta. A tyrants ſtrange, but iuſt end ! —*Reades.*
Ran mad for ſleepe, and died. Princes that plumge
Their ſoules in ranke and godleſſe appetites
Muſt ſeeke no reſt but in the armes of Sprites.
Pa. Nothing to read ? that (if my nerues ſhould ſhrink
And make mine arme reuolt) I might haue colour
To vſurp this walke of hers : whats this ? ſee, ſee
An Angel thruſts this iron into my hand,
My warrant ſignd from *Babylon* to kill her,
Endorſed, the laſt will of *Paridell.* ——*Reade.*
**Le concede ſua Benedictione, plenaria indulgenza,*
E remiſſione di tutti li peccati—tutti li peccati——
**The very wordes of Cardinal Como his letter ſent to Parry.*
All, all my ſinnes are paid off, paying this,
Tis done, tis done, All you bleſt powers I charme,
Now, now, knit all your ſinewes to this arme.
As he offers to ſtep to her, he ſtaies ſodainly, vpon the approch of Fidely, Florimel, Parthenophil, Elfiron, *the Ladies, a Guard, and the Doctors Cozen.*
Omn. You ha proou'd your ſelfe a loyall gentleman.
Fid. The hand of Angels guide vs : Shees not heere,
The Queen's kild ; treaſon : Wenches, raiſe the Court.
Omn. Walke ſeuerall waies firſt.
Fid. Waies ; ſhees murdered : treaſon.
Tyt. Treaſon ; a ſword. What traytor dare ? who ? where ?
Flo. A guard : the damned ſerpent, ſee, lurkes heere.

Fid. Sure heeres ſome neſt they breed in : paw him faſt
This Woolfe, this Toade (marke, he ſwelles red with poyſon,)
This learned knaue is ſworne to murder thee.
Pari. I defie any man that ſpeakes it.
Fid. Hah :——
Defie this noble, honeſt gentleman,
Defie him, he ſhal ſpit it on thy face,
Thy beard ſcald Doctor.
Pari. And doeſt thou betray me? Saiſt thou ſo?
Coz. And will ſeale my ſpeech with bloud.
Pari. My no againſt his yea ; My no is as good.
Fid. Better, his yeas goe naked, and your noes
Very well clokd : off, come, truth naked goes,
And heres his naked truth.— *Shewes his drawn dagger.*
Tyta. Againe.
Pari. Oh me :—
Now nothing but your mercy me can ſaue.
Tyta. It muſt not : Princes that would ſafely liue,
May grieue at traytors falles but not forgiue.
Let him be ſommond to the barre of ſhame.
Pari. Tis welcome, a blacke life, ends in blacke fame. *Exit.*
Omn. Away with him.
Earth. Now to the buſines,
We haue one foote.
Fid. I, I, looke to the head.
The hangman cures thoſe members.
Tita. What is done?
Flor. This (ſacred Lady :) we with either hand
Have raiſde an Armie both by ſea and land.
Your goodly ſhips beare the moſt royall freight,
That the world owes (true hearts :) their wombes areful,
Of noble ſpirits, each man in his face
Shewes a Kings daunting looke, the ſouldiers ſtand
So thickly on the decke, ſo brauely plum'd,
(The Silken ſtreamers wauing or'e their heades)
That (ſeeing them) you would iudge twere *Pentecoſt*,
And that the iollie youngſters of your townes,

Had flockt togither in gay multitudes,
For May-games, and for ſummer merriments,
They looke ſo cheerely ; In ſuch little roome
So many Fairies neuer dwelt at once,
Neuer ſo many men were borne ſo ſoone,
The drum that gaue the call, could not be heard
For iuſtling armours : er'e the call was done,
It was ſo ringd about with groues of pikes,
That when they brake on both ſides to giue way,
The beating of the drum was thunders noiſe,
Whilſt coates of ſteele claſht ſo on coates of ſteele,
Helmets on helmets that they ſtrucke out fire,
Which ſhewd like lightning, or thoſe flames that flie
From the huge Cyclops-hammer, when they ſweate
To forge *Ioues* thunder : And in ſuch a heate
With quicknes ruſh they armed forth, captaines ſwore,
Harneſſe was ſure the cloathes they daily wore.
Men faſter came to fight then to a feaſt.

Fid. Nay, women ſued to vs they might be preſt.

Parth. Old grandams that on crutches beare vp age,
Full nimbly buckled Armours on their ſonnes,
And when twas on, ſhe clapt him on his backe,
And ſpake thus, runne my boye, fight till th'art dead,
Thy bloud can neuer be more brauely ſhed.

Tita. How are the numbers you haue leuied ?

Fid. What your ſea-forces are, this briefe doth ſpeak.

Elf. We haue rais'd double walls to fence your land.
The one the bodie of a ſtanding Camp,
Whoſe tents by this are pitcht in *Beria*,
On the ſhores point, to barre the foe from footing.

Tita. Ouer that Camp at *Beria** we create

* *Tilbury.*

You *Florimell* Lieutenant Generall ;

Elf. The other is to guarde your royall perſon.

Tita. Whoſe charge is yours : the ſea *Fideli*, yours.

Elf. The ſtanding camp of horſemen and of foote,

Theſe numbers fill. Launces 253. Horſemen 769.
Footemen 22000. The mouing Army, which attends
on you,
Is thus made vp: of horſmen & of foote, Launcers 481.
Light horſe-men 1421. Footemen 34050.
Tita. We do not raiſe our hopes on points of
ſpeares.
A handfull is an hoſt, in a good fight,
Lambes may beate Lions in a warre not right.
The Generall of all armies be our leader,
Be full of courage Lordes as y'are in yeares.
For this be ſure weele not out-liue our peeres.
Fid. Weele al liue, but will firſt have them bi'th
eares.
Tyta. Goe on, your conduct be the proſperous
hand,
Make you the ſea good, weele not looſe the land.
Your Queene will to the field, it ſhall be ſaid,
Once ſouldiers to their Captaine had a Maide.
Exeunt.

Truth *and* Plaine-dealing *leading ſouldiers with drum and colours*, Time *meeting them.*

Time. You ſweate well in this harueſt.
Plai. Nay, when we come to binde vp the whore
of *Babilons* Punckes and Pynaces in ſheaues, weele
ſweate worſe.
Time. Haue you beſtowed the other bandes?
Tru. I haue.
Time. Incorporate this to you then: tis the man-
date
Of your Liefetenant Generall. You fight
In your great Faieries quarrell, and Truthes right,
Stand therefore too't.
Volu. I will haue no woundes on my ſhoulders,
I ſcorn to run,
Or to cry out of warlike kybes in the heele.
Time. Goe (thou moſt God-like maide) & buckle on

The breſt-plates fetcht from thine owne Armoury,
Let euery ſouldier weare one, on each leader
Beſtowe a guiding-ſtaffe, and a ſtrong ſhield
That may as faithfull be to his good ſword
As thou art to his heart: head all the ſpeares
With gold of Angell-proofe. Sit like a doue
Upon the Horſmans helme, and on his face
Fan with thy ſiluer winges ſweete victorie,
Goe, beate thy drum, that men may know thy march,
Spread thine owne colours (*Truth*) ſo let them ſhine,
Souldiers may ſweare thei'le follow none but thine.
Away.

Tru. I flie, ſwift as the winged windes. *Exit.*

Plai. To day is workiday with me for all I haue my beſt clothes on, what doe you ſet me to?

Time. Goe thou and ſweepe th' abuſes from the camp.

Plai. Conſcience has left no broomes big enough to doe that cleane.

Time. Then purge the tents of all infectious aires.

Plai. Yonder's one infection new broke out, if it be not ſtopt from running, will choake vs all.

Time. Name it, ile miniſter the remedie.

Plai. Time may do it, this tis: A Broker and his wife that dropt out of the Hangmans budget but laſt day, are now eating into the Camp, and are victualers to it: their very Cannes haue hoopes of gold lace now, that bangd Captaines Ierkins all o're but yeſterday: 15. Liefetenants haue eaten vp their buffe Ierkins with cheeſe and muſtard: Nay this villaine of foureſcore ith hundred has ſet vp three Armourers ſhops with harneſſe caps, and pewter coates, that are linde cleane out with Ale: the Rogue lies euery night vpon as many fethers which grew in ſouldiers hats, as will vndooe foure hundred Schoolemaſters to hire them for their boyes to goe a feaſting.

Time. Breede ſuch diſorders mongſt the ſouldiers?

Plai. They ſwarme like lyce: nay his wife tickels it too, for three Muskateeres came but to drinke

Tabacco in her cabbin, and ſhe fired their flaskes and tuch-boxes.

Time. Goe ridde the Camp of theſe, and al like theſe.

Plai. If any ſouldier ſwere ile caſheere him too.

Time. You will ſcarce leaue two in the Army then.

Plai. What ſhall I doe with thoſe Pyoners yonder?

Ti. You know the ground, lead them to caſt vp trenches. Away.

Plai. They are by this time leading one another, for when I left them, I left them all caſting, ile now goe ſee what it comes to. *Exit.*

Time. Ile flie hence to the fleete of *Babylon*.
And from their tacklings and their maine-maſt tops,
Time ſhal ſhoote vengeance through his bow of ſteele,
Wedge-like to ſplit their Nauie to the keele.
Ile cut their Princes downe as blades of graſſe,
As this glaſſe, ſo the Babilonian power,
The higher ſhall runne out to fill the lower. *Exit.*

The Sea fight.

3. *Ki.* The ſulphurous *Ætna* belcheth on our ſhips,
Cut Cables, or the whole fleete drownes in fire.

1. *King.* Holla.

2. *King.* Of *Babilon.*

1. *Ki.* What Hulkes ar theſe, that are on fire?

3. *Ki.* The Diuels: the ſea's on fire, the Diuel ſure takes Tabacco.

1. *King.* Wher's *Medyna?*

2. *King.* Cloſe vnder hatches, dares not ſhew his head.

3. *King.* Damnation on ſuch liuerd Generals. Wher's braue *Recalde*?

2. *King.* Who?

3. *King.* Our Admiral:

The Admirall of our Nauy, wiſe *Recalde.*

2. *King.* Our ſtowte and braue *Recalde* keepes his bed.

3. *King.* All poxes fire him out; *Pedro de Valdes* Hauing about him 50. Canons throates,
Stretch wide to barke is boarded, taken.

2. *King.* Taken?

3. *King.* Without reſiſtance: *Pycmentelly* ſunken, *Oquendo* burnt, *Monçada* drown'd or ſlaine.

1. *King.* The ſhip of all our medicaments is loſt.

3. *King.* Dogges eate our medicaments, ſuch are our woundes
We more ſhall Sextons neede than Surgeons.

2. *King.* What courſe is beſt?

3. *King.* The beſt to get the day,
Is to hoiſe ſayles vp, and away.

Omn. Away, away, hoiſe ſailes vp and away.

3. *King.* A world of men and wealth loſt in one day. *Exeunt.*

Florimell *followed by Captaines, Marriners and Gunners with Linſtockes.*

Flor. Shoot, ſhoot, they anſwer; braue: more Linſtocks: ſhoot:
This ſtratagem dropt downe from heauen in fire.

Om. Board, board, hoyſe more ſailes vp, they flie, ſhoot, Shoot. *Exeunt.*

Titania *in the Camp.*

Tita. We neuer held a royal Court till now:
(Warriours) would it not ſeeme moſt glorious,
To haue Embaſſadors to greete vs thus?
Our chaire of ſtate, a drum: for ſumptuous robes
Ruffling about vs, heads cas'd vp in globes
Of bright reflecting ſteele: for reuellers
(Treading ſoft meaſures) marching ſouldiers.
Truſt me, I like the martiall life life ſo well,

I could change Courts to campes, in fieldes to dwell.
Tis a braue life : Me thinkes it beſt becomes
A Prince to march thus, betweene guns and drummes.
My fellow ſouldiers I dare ſweare you'le fight,
To the laſt man, your Captaine being in ſight.
Volu. To the laſt leaſt mans little finger.

They ſhoote. A peale goes off.

Fid. What flames through all our blood your breath inſpires.
Tita. For that we come not : no breſt heere wants fires.
Twas kindled in their cradles, ſtrength, courage, zeale,
Meete in each boſome like a three-fold floud,
We come with yours to venture our owne bloud.
For you and we are fellowes ; thus appeares it,
The ſouldier keeps the crowne on, the prince weares it.
Of all men you we hold the moſt moſt deere,
But for a ſouldier I had not beene heere.
Fid. Doe not their gunnes offend you?
Tita. How? we are tried,
Wh' im'e borne a ſouldier by the fathers ſide.
The Cannon (thunders Zany) playes to vs,
Soft muſikes tunes, and more mellodious :
And me more rarely like, becauſe all theſe,
That now can ſpeake the language of ſterne warre,
Could not ſpeake ſwords, or guns, nay ſcarce could go,
Nay were not borne, but like to new ſowne graine
Lay hid i'th mold, when we went to be crown'd,
Tho' now th'are tall corne fields, couering the ground.

Plaine Dealing.

Plai. Roome, roome, newes, newes, the youngeſt

newes that euer was brought forth amonſt men at Armes: a woman (ſweete miſtris) is brought to bed of a man {childe it'h Camp: a boy that lookes as if he would ſhoote off already: the bed they haue ſwaddled him in, is the peece of an old torne Ancient: his blankets are two ſouldiers Mandilions: his cradle is the hollow backe-peece of a ruſtie Armour: his head lies in a Murren thats quilted to keepe him warme, the firſt thing that euer he laid hold on, was a truncheon, on which a Captaine leand to looke vpon him, hee'le bee a warriour I warrant. A Can of beere is ſet to his mouth already, yet I doubt hee'le prooue but a victualer to the Camp: A notable fat double-chind bulchin.

Tyta. A child borne in our Camp! goe giue him fame,
Let him be *Beria* cald, by the Campes name.

Plai. Thats his name then: *Beria*; in ſteede of a Midwife, a Captaine ſhall beare him to the Fount, and if there be any women to followe it, they ſhal either traile pikes, or ſhoote in Caliuers; who would ſweate thus to get goſſips for an other mans child? but fathers themſelues are guld ſo ſometimes, farewel miſtris. *Exit.*

Time, Florimell, Captaines, Souldiers.

Tita. With roſes vs you crowne, your ſelfe with palme.

Flor. Had we al woundes, your words are ſoueraigne balme.

Tyta. Are thoſe clowds ſperſt that ſtroue to dimme our light?

Flor. And driuen into the gloomie caues of night.

Tyta. Our handes be heau'd vp for it.

Time. Theres good cauſe,
We'are bownd to doe ſo by the higher lawes.

Thoſe roaring Whales came with deuouring wombes
To ſwallow vp your kingdomes: fooliſh heires;
When halfe of them ſcarce knew where it did ſtand,
Vnder what *Zenith*, did they ſhare your land.
At dice they plaid for *Faieries*; at each caſt
A Knight at leaſt was loſt: what doe you ſet?
This Knight cries one (and names him) no, a Lord
Or none, tis done, he throwes and ſweepes the bord,
His hatte is full of Lords vp to the brimme,
The ſea threw next at all, won all and him,
Would you theſe Gameſters ſee now?

Fid. See now? where?

Thei'le ſcarce ſee vs, the laſt fight coſt ſo deere.

Ti. Bid you me do it, tis done, Time takes ſuch pride,
To waite on you, heele lackie by your ſide.
Thoſe daies of their Arriuall, battaile, flight,
And ignominious ſhipwrackes (like loſt Arrowes)
Are out of reach: of them the world receaues
But what Times booke ſhewes turning back the leaues.
But if you'le ſee this *Concubine* of Kinges,
In her maieſticke madnes with her ſonnes,
That houre is now but numbring out in ſand,
Theſe minutes are not yet run through Times hand.
For you and for your Faieries ſweete delight
Time ſhall doe this.

Tyta. Twil be a glorious fight.

Time. Vnſeene you ſhall both ſee and heare theſe wonders.
On the greene Mount of *Trueth*: let the Armie moue,
And meete you in the vale of *Oberon*,
Your captiues are ſent thither: quicke as thought
You ſhall flie hence vpon my actiue winges,
Time at one inſtant ſees all Courts of Kings.

Exeunt.

Time *deſcending: Enter the Empreſſe, three Kings, and foure Cardinals.*

Emp. Hence: ſting me not: y'are Scorpions to my breſt,
Diſeaſes to my bloud: he dies that ſpeakes.
3. *King.* Y'are madde.
Ambo. Y'are madde.
4. *Card.* ô falles not heauen!
Emp. Be ſilent:
Be damned for your ſpeech: as y'are for Act,
You are all blacke and cloſe conſpirators
In our diſgrace.
3. *King.* You lie:
4. *Card.* O horrible!
3. *King.* You Raue yet know not why.
Emp. Thou faiſt all's loſt.
3. *King.* Drownd, burnt, ſplit vpon rockes, caſt ouer bord,
Throates cut by Kernes, whoſe haires like elfe-lockes hang.
2. *King.* One of thoſe ſhamrock-eaters at one breakefaſt,
Slit foureſcore wezand-pipes of ours.
1. *King.* Of yours.
Oquendo burnt, *Piementelli* Slaine,
Pedro de Valdes tane.
1. *Card.* Could dwarfes beate Gyants?
3. *King.* In one day fell 500. Galleons 15.
Drownd at the ſame time; or which was worſer taken,
The ſame day made 1000. priſoners.
Yet not a cherry ſtone of theirs was ſunke.
Not a man ſlaine nor tane, nor drownd.
Emp. O damnd!
3. *King.* Two with two ſpit-frog Rapiers tooke a Galleon.
Com. O pittie her.
3. K. Let her taſte al.

Emp. Fall thunder,
And wedge me into earth, ſtiffe as I am :
So I may be but deafe, turne me into
A ſpeckled Adder : O you Mountaines fall,
And couer me, that of me, memory
May neuer more be found.
4. *Card.* O holy mother !
Emp. Earth, Ile ſucke all thy venome to my breſt,
It cannot hurt me ſo as doe my ſonnes,
My diſobedient, deſperate, damned ſonnes,
My heauy curſe ſhall ſtrike you.
Com. Oh kneele downe !
Kneele downe and begge a pardon, leaſt her curſe.—
1. *King.* I thats the blocke, wee muſt kneele, or doe worſe.
Com. Lift vp your ſacred head : your children come,
Vpon their knees to take a mothers doome.
Emp. O *Syrian Panthers* ! you ſpend breath moſt ſweete,
But you are ſpotted or'e, from head to feete,
This neck ile yoke,—this throate a ſtaires ile make,
By which ile climbe—like ſtubble thou ſhalt burne,
In my hot vengeance.
2. *King.* Vengeance I defie.
I ſhall fall from thee, ſince thou makſt my breſt
Thy ſcorne, true Kings ſuch baſenes will deteſt.
Electors will I call, and they ſhall make thee,
But ſeruant of mine Empire : they ſhall thruſt
A ring into thy noſtrils.
Emp. Come let me kiſſe thy cheeke : I did but ieſt.
Tyta. Marke : thoſe that moſt adore her, moſt are ſlau'd,
She neuer does grow baſe, but when ſhees brau'd :
3. *King.* You ſeeme ſtill angry.
Emp. No, yes : leade the way,

Neuer was day to me thus *Tragicall*,
Great *Babylon* thus lowe did neuer fall.
Tita. Thankes *Time* for this; lanch forth to *Oberons* vayle
We are neere ſhore: your hands to ſtrike our ſaile.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

VVEST-VVARD HOE.

As it hath beene diuers times Acted by the Children of Paules.

Written by Tho: Decker, and Iohn Webſter.

Printed at London, and to be ſold by Iohn Hodgets dwelling in Paules Churchyard.
1 6 0 7.

VVEST-VVARD HOE

SCÆNE LONDON.
< Justiniano's House >.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Birdlime and Taylour.

Birdlime. Stay Taylour, This is the Houſe, pray thee looke the gowne be not rufled: as for the Iewels and Pretious Stones, I know where to finde them ready preſently. Shee that muſt weare this gowne if ſhe wil receiue it, is Maſter *Iuſtinianos* wife (the *Italian* Marchant) my good old Lord and Maiſter, that hath beene a Tylter this twenty yeere, hath ſent it. Mum Taylor, you are a kinde of Bawd. Taylor, if this Gentlewomans Husband ſhould chaunce to bee in the way now, you ſhall tell him that I keepe a Hot-houſe in Gunpowder Ally (neere crouched Fryers) and that I haue brought home his wiues foule Linnen, and to colour my knauery the better, I haue heere three or foure kindes of complexion, which I will make ſhewe of to ſell vnto her: the young Gentlewoman hath a good Citty wit, I can tell you, ſhee hath red in the Italian Courtyer, that it is a ſpeciall ornament to gentlewomen to haue skill in painting.

Taylour. Is my Lord acquainted with her?

Bird. *O*, I.

Taylor. Faith Miſtris *Birdlime* I doe not com-

mend my Lordes choyce ſo well : now me thinkes he were better to ſet vp a Dairy, and to keepe halfe a ſcore of luſty wholeſome honeſt Countrey Wenches.

Bird. Honeſt Countrey Wenches, in what hundred ſhall a man find two of that ſimple vertue ?

Tay. Or to loue ſome Lady, there were equality and coherence.

Bir. Taylor, you talk like an aſſe, I tel thee ther is equality inough betweene a Lady and a Citty dame, if their haire be but of a colour : name you any one thing that your cittizens wife coms ſhort of to your Lady. They haue as pure Linnen, as choyce painting, loue greene Geeſe in ſpring, Mallard and Teale in the fall, and Woodcocke in winter. Your Cittizens wife learnes nothing but fopperies of your Ladie, but your Lady or Iuſtice-a-peace Madam, carries high wit from the Citty, namely, to receiue all and pay all : to awe their Husbands, to check their Husbands, to controule their husbands ; nay, they haue the tricke ont to be ſick for a new gowne, or a Carcanet, or a Diamond, or ſo : and I wis this is better wit, then to learne how to weare a Scotch Farthingale : nay more.

Enter Prentiſe.

Heere comes one of the ſeruants : you remember Taylor that I am deafe : obſerue that.

Taylor. I thou art in that like one of our young Gulles, that will not vnderſtand any wrong is done him, becauſe hee dares not anſwer it.

Bird. By your leaue Batcheller : is the gentlewoman your Miſtris ſtirring ?

Prent. Yes ſhe is mooving.

Bird. What ſayes he ?

Taylor. Shee is vp.

Bird. Wheres the Gentleman your Maiſter, pray you ?

Ptr. Wher many women deſire to haue their husbands, abroad.

Bird. I am very thicke of hearing.

43 I wist ~~wist husbands~~ Q_1.
~~by Lord Pr. B.~~

Prent. Why abroad? you ſmell of the Bawd.

Bird. I pray you tell her heres an olde Gentlewoman would ſpeake with her.

Prent. So.

Tay. What, will you be deafe to the gentlewoman when ſhee comes to?

Bird. O no, ſhees acquainted well inough with my knauery.

Enter the Marchants Wife.

She comes.
How do you ſweet Ladie?

Ma. Wife. Lady.

Bird. By Gods me I hope to call you Lady eare you dye, what miſtris do you ſleepe well on nights.

M. Wife. Sleepe, I as quietly as a Clyent hauing great buſineſſe with Lawyers.

Bir. Come, I am come to you about the old ſuit: my good Lord and maiſter hath ſent you a veluet gowne heare: doe you like the colour? three pile, a pretty fantaſticall trimming, I would God you would ſay it by my troth. I dreamt laſt night, you lookt ſo prettily, ſo ſweetly, me thought ſo like the wiſeſt Lady of them al, in a veluet gowne.

M. Wife. Whats the forepart?

Bird. A very pretty ſtuffe, I know not the name of your forepart, but tis of a haire colour.

M. Wife. That it was my hard fortune, beeing ſo well brought vp, hauing ſo great a portion to my marriage, to match ſo vnluckily? Why my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparell, well, I ſhall vndergoe a ſtrange report in leauing my huſband.

Bird. Tuſh, if you reſpect your credit, neuer thinke of that, for beauty couets rich apparell, choyce dyet, excellent Phyſicke. No German Clock ~~not~~ Mathematicall Ingin whatſoeuer, requires ſo much reparation as a womans face; and what meanes hath your Husband to allow ſweet Doctor Gliſter-pipe, his pention. I haue heard that you haue threeſcore

~~66 Bird B.M.~~
~~69 respect B.M.~~ ~~S.D. Enter Bird.~~
91 tich appatell B.M. Bod. 91 tich appatell. Q_1.
~~92 no] no B.M.~~ 93 no] no ~~B.M.~~ Q_1.

Smocks, that coſt three poundes a Smocke, will theſe ſmockes euer hold out with your husband? no, your linnen and your apparell muſt turne ouer a new leaſe I can tell you.

Tay. O admirable Bawd? O excellent *Birdlime?*

Bird. I haue heard he loued you before you were marryed intyrely, what of that? I haue euer found it moſt true in myne owne experyence, that they which are moſt violent dotards before their marryage are moſt voluntary Cuckoldes after. Many are honeſt, either becauſe they haue not means, or becauſe they haue not opportunity to be diſhoneſt, and this Italian your Husbands Countryman, holdes it impoſſible any of their Ladies ſhould be excellent witty, and not make the vttermoſt vſe of their beauty, will you be a foole then?

M. Wife. Thou do'ſt perſwade me to Ill, very well.

Bird. You are nice and peeuiſh, how long will you holde out thinke you, not ſo long as *Oſtend.*

Enter Iuſtiniano the Marchant.

Paſſion of me, your husband? Remember that I am deafe, and that I come to ſell you complexion: truely Miſtris I will deale very reaſonably with you.

Iuſt. What are you? Say ye?

Bird. I forſooth.

Iuſt. What my moſt happy wife?

Ma. Wife. Why your Iealiouſie?

Iuſt. Iealiouſie: in faith I do not feare to looſe that I haue loſt already: What are you?

Bird. Pleaſe your good worſhip I am a poor Gentlewoman, that caſt away my ſelfe vppon an vnthrifty Captaine, that liues now in Ireland, I am faine to picke out a poore liuing with ſelling complexion, to keepe the frailty (as they ſay) honeſt.

Iuſti. Whats he? complexion to? you are a bawd.

Bird. I thanke your good worſhip for it.

Iuſt. Do not I know theſe tricks,

10 Cuckoldes Bawdy Q_1

10 meanes not Bawdy Q_1

That which thou makeſt a colour for thy ſinne,
Hath beene thy firſt vndoing? painting, painting..
Bird. I haue of all ſorts forſooth? Heere is the burned powder of a Hogs Iaw-bone, to be laide with the Oyle of white Poppy, an excellent *Fucus* to kill Morphew, weede out Freckles, and a moſt excellent ground-worke for painting; Heere is *Ginimony* likewiſe burnt, and puluerized, to be mingled with the iuyce of Lymmons, ſublimate Mercury, and two ſpoonefuls of the flowers of Brimſtone, a moſt excellent receite to cure the fluſhing in the face.
Iuſti. Doe you heare, if you haue any buſineſſe to diſpatch with that deafe goodneſſe there, pray you take leaue: opportunity, that which moſt of you long for (though you neuer bee with Child) opportunity? Ile finde ſome idle buſineſſe in the mean time, I wil, I will in truth, you ſhall not neede feare me, or you may ſpeake French, moſt of your kinds can vnderſtand French: god buy you.
Being certaine thou art falſe: ſleepe, ſleepe my braine,
For doubt was onely that, which fed my paine.
Exit Iuſt.
Ma. Wife. You ſee what a hel I liue in, I am reſolu'd to leaue him.
Bird. O the moſt fortunat Gentlewoman, that will be ſo wiſe, and ſo, ſo prouident, the *Caroche* ſhall come.
M. Wife. At what houre?
Bird. Iuſt when women & vintners are a cuniuring at midnight. O the entertainment my Lord will make you, ſweet Wines, luſty dyet, perfumed linnen, ſoft beds, O moſt fortunat Gentlewoman.

Enter Iuſtiniano.

Iuſt. Haue you done? haue you diſpatch? tis well, and in troth what was the motion?
M. Wife. Motion, what motion?
Iuſti. Motion, why like the motion in law, that ſtaies for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing. Come lets not haue Aprill in your eyes I pray you,

it ſhewes a wanton month followes your weeping? Loue a woman for her teares? Let a man loue Oiſters for their water, for women though they ſhoulde weepe licour enough to ſerue a Dyer, or a Brewer, yet they may bee as ſtale as Wenches, that trauaile euery ſecond tyde betweene Graues ende, and Billingſgate.

Ma. Wife. This madneſſe ſhewes very well.

Iuſt. Why looke you, I am wonderous merry, can any man diſcerne by my face, that I am a Cuckold? I haue known many ſuſpected for men of this misfortune; when they haue walkt thorow the ſtreetes, weare their hats ore their eye-browes, like pollitick penthouſes, which commonly make the ſhop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam. His cloak ſhrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had loſt his beard in Aprill, and if he walk through the ſtreet, or any other narrow road (as tis rare to meete a Cuckold) hee duckes at the penthouſes, like an Antient that dares not flouriſh at the oath taking of the *Pretor*, for feare of the ſigne-poſts? Wife, wife, do I any of theſe? Come what newes from his Lordſhip? has not his Lordſhips vertue once gone againſt the haire, and coueted corners.

M. Wife. Sir, by my ſoule I will be plaine with you.

Iuſt. Except the forehead deere wife, except the forehead.

Ma. Wife. The Gentleman you ſpake of hath often ſolicited my loue, and hath receiued from me moſt chaſt denials.

Iuſt. I, I, prouoking reſiſtance, tis as if you come to buy wares in the Citty, bid mony fort, your Mercer, or Gold-ſmith ſayes, truely I cannot take it, lets his cuſtomer paſſe his ſtall; next, nay perhaps two, or three, but if he finde he is not prone to returne of himſelfe, he cals him backe, and backe, and takes his mony: ſo you my deere wife, (O the pollicy of women, and Tradſmen: theile bite at any thing.)

M. Wife. What would you haue me do? all your plate and moſt part of your Iewels are at pawne, beſides I heare you haue made ouer all your eſtate to men in the Towne heer? What would you haue me do? would you haue mee turne common ſinner, or ſell my apparell to my waſtcoat and become a Landreſſe?

Iuſt. No Landreſſe deere wife, though your credit would goe farre with Gentlemen for taking vp of Linnen: no Landreſſe?

M. Wife. Come, come, I will ſpeake as my misfortune prompts me, Iealiouſie hath vndone many a Cittizen, it hath vndone you, and me. You married me from the ſeruice of an honorable Lady, and you knew what matches I mought haue had, what woulde you haue me to do? I would I had neuer ſeene your eies, your eies.

Iuſt. Very good, very good.

M. Wife. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your conforting your ſelfe with Noble men, your building a ſummer houſe hath vndone vs, hath vndoone vs? What would you haue me doe?

Iuſti. Any thing: I haue ſold my Houſe, and the wares int: I am going for Stoad next tide, what will you do now wife?

Ma. Wife. Haue you indeed?

Iuſt. I by this light als one, I haue done as ſome Cittizens at thirty, and moſt heires at three and twenty, made all away, why doe you not aske me now what you ſhall do?

Ma. Wife. I haue no counſell in your voiage, neither ſhall you haue any in mine.

Iuſt. To his Lordſhip: wil you not wife?

Ma. Wife. Euen whether my misfortune leades me.

Iuſti. Goe, no longer will I make my care thy priſon.

M. Wife. O my fate; well ſir, you ſhall anſwere for this ſinne which you force mee to; fare you well, let not

the world condemne me, if I ſeeke for mine owne maintenance.

Iuſt. So, ſo.

M. Wife. Do not ſend me any letters; do not ſeeke any reconcilement. By this light Ile receiue none, if you will ſend mee my apparell ſo, if not chooſe, I hope we ſhall neare meet more. *Exit Ma. Wife.*

Iuſti. So farewell the acquaintance of all the mad Deuils that haunt Iealiouſie, why ſhould a man bee ſuch an aſſe to play the antick for his wiues appetite? Immagine that I, or any other great man haue on a veluet Night-cap, and put caſe that this night-cap be to little for my eares or forehead, can any man tell mee where my Night-cap wringes me, except I be ſuch an aſſe to proclaime it? Well, I do play the foole with my misfortune very handſomly. I am glad that I am certaine of my wiues diſhoneſty: for a ſecret ſtrumpet, is like mines prepard to ruine goodly buildings. Farewel my care, I haue told my wife I am going for Stoad: thats not my courſe, for I reſolue to take ſome ſhape vpon me, and to liue diſguiſed heere in the Citty; they ſay for one Cuckolde to knowe that his friend is in the like head-ake, and to giue him counſell, is as if there were two partners, the one to bee arreſted, the other to baile him: my eſtate is made ouer to my friends, that doe verily beleeue, I meane to leaue England. Haue amongſt you Citty dames? You that are indeede the fitteſt, and moſt proper perſons for a Comedy, nor let the world lay any imputation vpon my diſguiſe, for Court, Citty, and Countrey, are meerely as maskes one to the other, enuied of ſome, laught at of others, and ſo to my comicall buſineſſe. *Exit Iuſtiniano.*

Enter Maiſter Tenterhooke, his Wife, Maiſter Monopoly, a Scriuener and a Caſheire.

Ten. Moll.

Moll. What would hart?

Tenter. Wheres my *Caſheire*, are the ſummes right? Are the bonds ſeald?

Seruant. Yea ſir.

Tent. Will you haue the bags ſeald?

Mono. O no ſir, I muſt disburs inſtantly: we that be Courtyers haue more places to ſend mony to, then the diuell hath to ſend his ſpirits: theres a great deale of light gold.

Tent. O ſir, twill away in play, and you will ſtay till to morrow you ſhall haue it all in new ſoueraignes.

Mony. No, in-troth tis no matter, twill away in play, let me ſee the bond? let me ſee when this mony is to bee paid? the tenth of Auguſt. The firſt day that I muſt tender this mony, is the firſt of Dog-daies.

Scriue. I feare twill be hot ſtaying for you in London then.

Tent. Scriuener, take home the bond with you. Will you ſtay to dinner ſir? Haue you any Partridge Moll?

Moll. No in-troth hart, but an excellent pickeld Gooſe, a new ſeruice: pray you ſtay.

Mono. Sooth I cannot: by this light I am ſo infinitly, ſo vnboundably beholding to you?

Tent. Well *Signior*, Ile leaue you; My cloake there?

Moll. When will you come home hart?

Tent. Introth ſelfe I know not, a friend of yours and mine hath broke.

Moll. Who ſir?

Tent. Maiſter *Iuſtiniano* the *Italian*.

Moll. Broke ſir.

Tent. Yea ſooth, I was offred forty yeſterday vpon the Exchange, to aſſure a hundred.

Moll. By my troth I am ſorry,

Tent. And his wife is gone to the party.

Mol. Gone to the party? O wicked creature?

Tent. Farewell good maiſter *Monopoly*, I pre-thee viſit mee often. *Exit Tenter.*

Mono. Little Moll, ſend away the fellow?

Moll. Phill. Phillip.

Seruant. Heere forſooth.

Moll. Go into Bucklers-bury and fetch me two ounces of preſerued *Melounes*, looke there be no Tobacco taken in the ſhoppe when he weighes it.

Ser. I forſooth.

Mono. What doe you eate preſerued Melounes for Moll?

Moll. In troth for the ſhaking of the hart, I haue heere ſometime ſuch a ſhaking, and downwards ſuch a kind of earth-quake (as it were.)

Mono. Doe you heare, let your man carry home my mony to the ordinary, and lay it in my Chamber, but let him not tell my hoſt that it is mony: I owe him but forty pound, and the Rogue is haſty, he will follow me when he thinks I haue mony, and pry into me as Crowes perch vpon Carion, and when he hath found it out, prey vpon me as Heraldes do vpon Funerals.

Mol. Come, come, you owe much mony in Towne: when you haue forfeited your bond, I ſhall neare ſee you more?

Mono. You are a Monky, Ile pay him for's day: Ile ſee you to morrow to.

Moll. By my troth I loue you very honeſtly, you were neuer the gentleman offred any vnciuility to me, which is ſtrange methinks in one that comes from beyond Seas, would I had giuen a Thouſand pound I could not loue thee ſo.

Mono. Do you heare, you ſhall faine ſome ſcuruy dyſeaſe or other, and go to the Bath next ſpring.

Enter Miſtris Honiſuckle, and Miſtris Wafer.

Ile meete you there.

Hony. By your leaue ſweet miſtris Tenterhooke.

Mol. O, how doſt partner?

Mono. Gentlewomen I ſtayed for a moſt happy wind, and now the breath from your ſweet, ſweet lips, ſhould ſet me going: good miſtris *Honiſuckle*, good miſtris *Wafer*, good miſtris *Tenterhooke*, I will pray for you, that neither riuallſhippe in loues, pureneſse of painting, or riding out of town, not acquainting each other with it, be a cauſe your ſweet beautyes do fall out, and raile one vpon another.

Wafer. Raile ſir, we do not vſe to raile.

Mono. Why miſtris, railing is your mother tongue as well as lying.

Hony. But, do you thinke we can fall out?

Mono. In troth beauties (as one ſpake ſeriouſly) that there was no inheritance in the amity of Princes, ſo thinke I of Women, too often interviewes amongſt women, as amongſt Princes, breeds enuy oft to others fortune, there is only in the amity of women an eſtate for will, and euery puny knowes that is no certaine inheritance.

Wafer. You are merry ſir.

Mono. So may I leaue you moſt fortunat gentlewoman. *Exit.*

Moll. Loue ſhoots heare.

Waf. *Tenterhooke*, what Gentleman is that gon out, is he a man?

Hony. O God and an excellent Trumpetter,
He came lately from the vniuerſity, and loues Citty dames only for their victuals, he hath an excellent trick to keepe Lobſters and Crabs ſweet in ſummer, and cals it a deuiſe to prolong the dayes of ſhel-fiſh, for which I do ſuſpect he hath beene Clarke to ſome Noblemans kitchen. I haue heard he neuer loues any Wench, tell ſhee bee as ſtale as Frenchmen eate their wilde foule, I ſhall anger her.

Mol. How ſtale good Miſtris nimble-wit?

Hony. Why as ſtale as a Country Oſtes, an Exchange Sempſter, or a Court Landreſſe.

Mol. He is your couſin, how your tongue runs?

Hony. Talke and make a noiſe, no matter to what purpoſe, I haue learn'd that with going to puritan Lectures. I was yeſterday at a banquet, wil you diſcharge my ruffes of ſome wafers, and how doth thy husband *Wafer*?

Waf. Faith very well.

Hony. He is iuſt like a Torchbearer to Maskers, he wears good cloathes, and is rankt in good company, but he doth nothing: thou art faine to take al, and pay all.

Mol. The more happy ſhe, would I could make ſuch an aſſe of my husband to. I heare ſay he breeds thy childe in his teeth euerie yeare.

Waf. In faith he doth.

Hony. By my troth tis pitty but the foole ſhoulde haue the other two paines incident to the head.

Waf. What are they?

Hony. Why the head-ake and horne-ake. I heard ſay that he would haue had thee nurſt thy Childe thy ſelfe to.

Waf. That he would truely.

Hony. Why theres the policy of husbands to keepe their Wiues in. I doe aſſure you if a VVoman of any markeable face in the Worlde giue her Childe ſucke, looke how many wrinckles be in the Nipple of her breaſt, ſo many will bee in her forheade by that time twelue moneth: but ſirra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent ſecret: we two learne to write.

Mol. To write?

Hony. Yes beleeue it, and wee haue the fineſt Schoole maiſter, a kind of Preciſion, and yet an honeſt knaue to: by my troth if thou beeſt a good wench let him teach thee, thou mayſt ſend him of any arrant, and truſt him with any ſecret; nay, to ſee how demurely he will beare himſelfe before our husbands, and how iocond when their backes are turn'd.

Mol. For Gods loue let me ſee him.

Waf. To morrow weele ſend him to thee: til then

ſweet Tenterhook we leaue thee, wiſhing thou maiſt haue the fortune to change thy name often.

Mol. How? change my name?

Waf. I, for theeues and widdowes loue to ſhift many names, and make ſweet vſe of it to.

Mol. O you are a wag indeed. Good *Wafer* remember my ſchool maſter. Farewel good *Honyſuckle.*

Hony. Farewel *Tenterhooke.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus Scæna Prima.

Enter Boniface a prentice bruſhing his Maiſters cloake and Cappe. ſinging.

Enter Maſter Honiſuckle in his night-cap truſſing himſelfe.

Hony. *Boniface,* make an ende of my cloake and Cap.

Bon. I haue diſpatch em Sir: both of them lye flat at your mercie.

Hony. Fore-god me thinkes my ioynts are nimbler euery Morning ſince I came ouer then they were before. In France when I riſe, I was ſo ſtiffe, and ſo ſtarke, I would ha ſworne my Legs had beene wodden pegs: a Conſtable new choſen kept not ſuch a peripateticall gate: But now I'me as Lymber as an Antiant that has flouriſht in the raine, and as Actiue as a Norfolk tumbler.

Bon. You may ſee, what change of paſture is able to doe.

Hony. It makes fat Calues in *Rumny* Marſh, and leane knaues in *London*: therefore *Boniface* keepe your ground: Gods my pitty, my forehead has more cromples, then the back part of a counſellors gowne, when another rides vppon his necke at the barre:

Boniface take my helmet: giue your miſtris my night-cap. Are my Antlers ſwolne ſo big, that my biggen pinches my browes. So, requeſt her to make my head-piece a little wyder.

Bon. How much wider ſir.

Hony. I can allow her almoſt an ynch: go, tell her ſo, very neere an inch.

Bon. If ſhe bee a right Cittizens wife, now her Husband has giuen her an inch, ſheele take an ell, or a yard at leaſt. *Exit.*

Enter Signior Iuſtiniano the Merchant, like a wryting Mechanicall Pedant.

Hony. Maiſter *Parentheſis! Salue, Salue Domine.*

Iusti. Salue tu quoq.: *Iubeo te ſaluere plurimum.*

Hon. No more *Plurimums* if you loue me, lattin whole-meates are nowe minc'd, and ſerude in for Engliſh Gallimafries: Let vs therefore cut out our vplandiſh Neates tongues, and talke like regenerate *Brittains.*

Iuſt. Your worſhip is welcome to England: I powrd out Oriſons for your arriuall.

Hony. Thanks good maiſter *Parentheſis*: and *Que nouelles*: what newes flutters abroad? doe Iack-dawes dung the top of Paules Steeple ſtill.

Iuſti. The more is the pitty, if any dawes do come into the temple, as I feare they do.

Hony. They ſay *Charing-croſſe* is falne downe, ſince I went to *Rochell*: but thats no ſuch wonder, twas old, and ſtood awry (as moſt part of the world can tel.) And tho it lack vnder-propping, yet (like great fellowes at a wraſtling) when their heeles are once flying vppe, no man will ſaue em; downe they fall, and there let them lye, tho they were bigger then the Guard: *Charing-croſſe* was olde, and old thinges muſt ſhrinke aſwell as new Northern cloth.

Iuſt. Your worſhip is in the right way verily: they muſt ſo, but a number of better things between Weſtminſter bridge and temple barre both of a worſhipfull, and honorable erection, are falne to decay, and haue ſuffred putrifaction, ſince *Charing* fell, that were not of halfe ſo long ſtanding as the poore wry-neckt Monument.

Hony. Whoſe within there? One of you call vp your miſtris! tell her heeres her wryting Schoolemaſter. I had not thought maſter *Parenthefis* you had bin ſuch an early ſtirrer.

Iuſti. Sir, your vulgar and foure-peny-pen-men, that like your London Sempſters keepe open ſhop, and ſell learning by retaile, may keepe their beds, and lie at their pleaſure: But we that edifie in priuate, and traffick by whole ſale, muſt be vp with the lark, becauſe like Country Atturnies, wee are to ſhuffle vp many matters in a for-enoone. Certes maiſter *Honiſuckle*, I would ſing *Laus Deo*, ſo I may but pleaſe al thoſe that come vnder my fingers: for it is my duty and function, *Perdy*, to be feruent in my vocation.

Ho. Your hand: I am glad our Citty has ſo good, ſo neceſſary, and ſo laborious a member in it: we lacke painfull and expert pen-men amongſt vs. Maiſter *Parenthefis* you teach many of our Merchants ſir, do you not?

Iuſt. Both Wiues, Maides, and Daughters: and I thanke God, the very worſt of them lye by very good mens ſides: I picke out a poore liuing amongſt em: and I am thankefull for it.

Ho. Truſt me I am not ſorry: how long haue you exercizd this quality?

Iuſt. Come Michaell-tide next, this thirteene yeare.

Ho. And how does my wife profit vnder you ſir? hope you to do any good vpon her.

Iuſt. Maiſter *Honiſuckle* I am in great hope ſhee ſhall fructify: I will do my beſt for my part: I can do no more then another man can.

any] ſo ? & Q_1 and Q_2. any any

Hony. Pray ſir, ply her, for ſhe is capable of any thing.

Iuſt. So far as my poore tallent can ſtretch, It ſhall not be hidden from her.

Hony. Does ſhe hold her pen well yet?

Iuſti. She leanes ſomewhat too hard vppon her pen yet ſir, but practiſe and animaduerſion will breake her from that.

Hony. Then ſhe grubs her pen.

Iusti. Its but my paines to mend the neb agen.

Hony. And where abouts is ſhee now maiſter *Parentheſis*? Shee was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me ſhe was paſt her letters.

Iuſt. Truely ſir ſhe tooke her letters very ſuddenly: and is now in her Minoms.

Hony. I would ſhe were in her Crotchets too maiſter *Parentheſis*: ha-ha, I muſt talke merily ſir.

Iuſti. Sir ſo long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility, tis not vnfit for your calling: I truſt ere few daies bee at an end to haue her fal to her ioyning: for ſhe has her letters *ad vnguem*: her A. her great B. and her great C. very right D. and E. dilicate: hir double F. of a good length, but that it ſtraddels a little to wyde: at the G. very cunning.

Hony. Her H. is full like mine: a goodly big H.

Iuſti. But her double LL. is wel: her O. of a reaſonable Size: at her p. and q. neither Marchantes Daughter, Aldermans Wife, young countrey Gentlewoman, nor Courtiers Miſtris, can match her.

Hony. And how her v.

Iuſti. You ſir, She fetches vp you beſt of al; her ſingle you ſhe can faſhion two or three waies: but her double you, is as I would wiſh it.

Ho. And faith who takes it faſter; my wife, or miſtris *Tenterhook*?

Iuſt. Oh! Your wife, by ods: ſheele take more in one hower, then I can faſten either vpon miſtris *Ten-*

her: double. LL. P12. Emended P.

terhooke, or miſtris *Wafer*, or Miſtris *Flapdragon* (the Brewers wife) in three.

Enter Iudyth, Honyſuckle his wife.

Hony. Do not thy cheekes burne ſweete chuckaby, for wee are talking of thee.

Iud. No goodneſſe I warrant: you haue few Cittizens ſpeake well of their wiues behind their backs: but to their faces theile cog worſe and be more ſuppliant, then Clyents that ſue in *forma paper*; how does my maſter? troth I am a very trewant: haue you your *Ruler* about you maiſter? for look you, I go cleane awry.

Iuſti. A ſmall fault: moſt of my ſchollers do ſo: looke you ſir, do not you thinke your wife will mend: marke her daſhes, & her ſtrokes, and her breakings, and her bendings?

Hony. She knowes what I haue promiſt her if ſhee doe mende: nay by my fay *Iude*, this is well, if you would not flie out thus, but keepe your line.

Iud. I ſhal in time when my hand is in: haue you a new pen for mee Maiſter, for by my truly, my old one is ſtark naught, and wil caſt no inck: whether are you going lamb?

Hony. To the Cuſtome-houſe: to the Change, to my VVare-houſe, to diuers places.

Iud. Good *Cole* tarry not paſt eleuen, for you turne my ſtomak then from my dinner.

Hony. I wil make more haſt home, then a Stipendary Swizzer does after hees paid, fare you well Maiſter *Parenthefis.*

Iud. I am ſo troubled with the rheume too: Mouſe whats good fort?

Hony. How often haue I tolde you, you muſt get a patch. I muſt hence. *Exit.*

Iud. I thinke when all's done, I muſt follow his counſell, and take a patch, I haue had one long ere this, but for diſſiguring my face: yet I had noted that

a maſticke patch vpon ſome womens Temples, hath bin the very rheuwme of beauty.

Iuſt. Is he departed? Is old *Neſtor* marcht into Troy?

Iud. Yes you mad Greeke: the Gentlemans gone.

Iuſt. Why then clap vp coppy-bookes: downe with pens, hang vp inckhornes, and now my ſweete *Honi-ſuckle*, ſee what golden-winged Bee from *Hybla*, flies humming, with *Crura thymo plena*, which he wil empty in the Hiue of your boſome.

Iud. From whom.

Iuſt. At the skirte of that ſheete in blacke worke is wrought hys name, breake not vp the wildfoule, till anon, and then feed vpon him in priuate: theres other irons i'th fire: more ſackes are comming to the Mill. O you ſweet temptations of the ſonnes of *Adam*, I commende you, extol you, magnifie you: Were I a Poet by *Hipocrene* I ſweare, (which was a certaine VVell where all the Muſes watred) and by *Pernaſſus* eke I ſweare, I would rime you to death with praiſes, for that you can bee content to lye with olde men all night for their mony, and walk to your gardens with yong men i'th day time for your pleaſure: Oh you delicat damnations: you do but as I wud do: were I the propreſt, ſweeteſt, plumpeſt, Cherry-cheekt, Corrall-lipt woman in a kingdome, I would not daunce after one mans pipe.

Iud. And why?

Iuſt. Eſpecially after an old mans.

Iud. And why, pray!

Iuſt. Eſpecially after an old Cittizens.

Iud. Still, and why.

Iuſt. Marry becauſe the Suburbes, and thoſe without the bars, haue more priuiledge then they within the freedome: what need one woman doate vpon one Man? Or one man be mad like *Orlando* for one woman.

Iud. Troth tis true, conſidering how much fleſh is in euery Shambles.

Iuſt. Why ſhould I long to eate of Bakers bread onely, when theres ſo much Sifting, and bolting, and grynding in euery corner of the Citty; men and women are borne, and come running into the world faſter then Coaches doe into Cheap-ſide vppon *Symon* and *Iudes* day: and are eaten vp by Death faſter, then Mutton and porridge in a terme time. Who would pin their hearts to any Sleeue: this world is like a Mynt, we are no ſooner caſt into the fire, taken out agen, hamerd, ſtampt, and made Currant, but preſently we are changde: the new Mony (like a new Drab) is catcht at by Dutch, Spaniſh, Welch, French, Scotch, and Engliſh: but the old crackt King *Harry* groates are ſhoueld vp, feele bruzing, and battring, clipping, and melting, they ſmoake fort.

Iud. The worlds an Arrant naughty-pack I ſee, and is a very ſcuruy world.

Iuſt. Scuruy? worſe then the conſcience of a Broome-man, that carryes out new ware, and brings home old ſhoes: a naughty-packe? Why theres no Minute, no thought of time paſſes, but ſome villany or other is a brewing: why, euen now, now, at holding vp of this finger, and before the turning downe of this, ſome are murdring, ſome lying with their maides, ſome picking of pockets, ſome cutting purſes, ſome cheating, ſome weying out bribes. In this Citty ſome wiues are cuckolding ſome Husbands. In yonder Village ſome farmers are now-now grynding the Iaw-bones of the poore: therefore ſweete Scholler, ſugred Miſtris *Honi-ſuckle*, take Summer before you, and lay hold of it? why, euen now muſt you and I hatch an egge of iniquity.

Iud. Troth maiſter I thinke thou wilt proue a very knaue.

Iuſt. Its the fault of many that fight vnder this band.

Iud. I ſhall loue a Puritans face the worſe whileſt I liue for that Coppy of thy countenance.

Iuſt. We are all wethercocks, and muſt follow the winde of the preſent: from the byas.

Iud. Change a bowle then.

Iuſt. I will ſo; and now for a good caſt: theres the Knight, ſir *Goſlin Glo-worme.*

Iud. Hees a Knight made out of waxe.

Iuſt. He tooke vp Silkes vppon his bond I confeſſe: nay more, hees a knight in print: but let his knighthood be of what ſtamp it will, from him come I, to intreate you, and Miſtris *Wafer*, and miſtris *Tenterhook*, being both my ſchollers, and your honeſt pew fellowes, to meet him this afternoon at the Rheneſh-wine-houſe ith Stillyard. Captaine *Whirlepoole* will be there, young *Lynſtock* the Alder-mans Son and Heire, there too, will you ſteale forth, & taſt of a Dutch Bun, and a Keg of Sturgeon.

Iud. What excuſe ſhall I coyne now?

Iuſt. Few excuſes: You muſt to the pawne to buy Lawne: to Saint Martins for Lace; to the Garden: to the Glaſſe-houſe; to your Goſſips: to the Powlters: elſe take out an old ruffe, and go to your Sempſters: excuſes? Why, they are more ripe then medlers at Chriſtmas.

Iud. Ile come. The hower.

Iuſt. Two: the way-through Paules: euery wench take a piller, there clap on your Maskes: your men will bee behind you, and before your prayers be halfe don, be before you, & man you out at ſeuerall doores. Youle be there?

Iud. If I breath. *Exit.*

Iuſt. Farewell. So: now I muſt goe ſet the tother Wenches the ſelfe ſame Coppy. A rare Scholemaiſter, for all kind of handes, I. Oh: What ſtrange curſes are powred downe with one bleſſing? Do all tread on the heele? Haue all the art to hood-winke wiſe men thus? And (like thoſe builders of *Babels* Tower) to ſpeake vnknowne tongues. Of all (ſaue by their husbands) vnderſtood:

Iuſt. So P. 2 9,2 The ſpeech is by miſtake assigned to Iud

Few. A MS. annotation in the Bodl. copy 8, 5 Volume 1607 copies the emendation Phew!

Well, if (as Iuy bout the Elme does twine)
All wiues loue clipping, theres no fault in mine.
But if the world lay ſpeechles, euen the dead
Would riſe, and thus cry out from yawning graues,
Women make men, or Fooles, or Beaſts, or Slaues.

Exit.

Scæna 2. *Enter Earle and Miſtris Birdlime.*

Earle. Her anſwer! talke in muſick: Wil ſhe come?

Bird. Oh my ſides ake in my loines, in my bones? I ha more need of a poſſet of ſacke, and lie in my bed and ſweate, than to talke in muſick: no honeſt woman would run hurrying vp & down thus and vndoe her ſelfe for a man of honour, without reaſon? I am ſo lame, euery foot that I ſet to the ground went to my hart. I thoght I had bin at Mum-chance my bones ratled ſo with iaunting? had it not bin for a friend in a corner. *Takes Aqua-vitæ.* I had kickt vp my heeles.

Earl. Miniſter comfort to me, Wil ſhe come.

Bird. All the Caſtles of comfort that I can put you into is this, that the iealous wittal her husband, came (like a mad Oxe) belowing in whilſt I was ther. Oh I ha loſt my ſweet breth with trotting.

Earl. Death to my hart? her husband? What faith he?

Bird. The freeze-Ierkin Raſcal out with his purſe, and cal'd me plaine Bawd to my face.

Earl. Affliction to me, then thou ſpak'ſt not to her?

Bird. I ſpake to her, as Clients do to Lawiers without money (to no purpoſe) but Ile ſpeak with him, and hamper him to, if euer he fall into my clutches: Ile make the yellow-hammer her husband knowe, (for all hees an Italian) that theres a difference betweene a cogging Baud and an honeſt motherly gentlewoman. Now, what cold whetſtones ly ouer

your ſtomacher? wil you haue ſome of my *Aqua?* Why my Lord.

Earl. Thou haſt kild me with thy words.

Bird. I ſee baſhful louers, and young bullockes are knockt down at a blow: Come, come, drinke this draught of Cynamon water, and plucke vp your ſpirits: vp with em, vp with em. Do you hear, the whiting mop has nibled.

Earl. Ha?

Bird. Oh? I thought I ſhould fetch you: you can *Ha* at that: Ile make you Hem anon. As I'me a ſinner I think youl find the ſweeteſt, ſweeteſt bedfellow of her. Oh! ſhe lookes ſo ſugredly, ſo ſimpringly, ſo gingerly, ſo amarouſly, ſo amiably. Such a redde lippe, ſuch a VVhite foreheade, ſuch a blacke eie, ſuch a full cheeke, and ſuch a goodly little noſe, nowe ſhees in that French gowne, Scotch fals, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you ſent her, and is ſuch an intycing ſhee-witch, carrying the charmes of your Iewels about her. Oh!

Earl. Did ſhe recieue them? ſpeake: Heres is golden keyes
T'vnlock thy lips. Did ſhe vouchſafe to take them?

Bird. Did ſhe vouchſafe to take them, thers a queſtion: you ſhall find ſhe did vouchſafe: The troath is my Lord, I gotte her to my houſe, there ſhe put off her own cloths my Lord and put on yours my Lord, prouided her a Coach, Searcht the middle Ile in Pawles, and with three Elizabeth twelue-pences preſt three knaues my L. hirde three Liueries in Long-lane, to man her: for al which ſo God mend me, I'me to paie this night before Sun-ſet.

Earl. This ſhowre ſhall fil them al:
Raine in their laps, what golden drops thou wilt.

Bird. Alas my Lord, I do but receiue it with one hand, to pay it away with another, I'me but your Baily.

Earl. Where is ſhe?

Bird. In the greene veluet Chamber; the poore

ſinneful creature pants like a pigeon vnder the hands of a Hawke, therefore vſe her like a woman my Lord: vſe her honeſtly my Lorde, for alas ſhees but a Nouice, and a verie greene thinge.

Earl. Farewell: Ile in vnto her.

Bird. Fie vpont, that were not for your honor: you know gentlewomen vſe to come to Lords chambers, and not Lordes to the Gentlewomens: Ide not haue her thinke you are ſuch a Rank-ryder: walke you heere: Ile becken, you ſhal ſee ile fetch her with a wet finger?

Earl. Do ſo.

Bird. Hyſt? why ſweet heart, miſtris *Iuſtiniano*, why prettie ſoule tread ſoftlie, and come into this roome: here be ruſhes, you neede not feare the creaking of your corke ſhooes.

Enter Miſtris Iuſtiniano.

So, wel ſaide, theres his honour. I haue buſines my Lord, very now the marks are ſet vp. Ile get me 12. ſcore off, and giue Ayme. *Exit.*

Earl. Yare welcome: Sweet y'are welcome.
Bleſſe my hand
With the ſoft touch of yours: Can you be Cruell
To one ſo Proſtrate to you? Euen my Hart,
My Happines, and State lie at your feet:
My Hopes me flattered that the field was woon,
That you had yeilded, (tho you Conquer me)
And that all Marble ſcales that bard your eies
From throwing light on mine, were quite tane off,
By the Cunning Womans hand, that Workes for me,
Why therefore do you wound me now with frownes?
Why do you flie me? Do not exerciſe
The Art of woman on me? I'me already
Your Captiue: Sweet! Are theſe you hate, or feares.

Miſt. Iuſt. I wonder luſt can hang at ſuch white haires.

Earl. You giue my loue ill names, It is not luſt: Lawleſſe deſires wel tempred may ſeem Iuſt

A thouſand mornings with the early Sunne,
Mine eies haue from your windowes watcht to ſteale
Brightnes from thoſe. As oft vpon the daies
That Conſecrated to deuotion are,
Within the Holy Temple haue I ſtood diſguiſ'd,
Waiting your preſence: and when your hands went
Vp towards heauen to draw ſome bleſſing down,
Mine (as if all my Nerues by yours did moue,)
Beg'd in dum Signes ſome pitty for my Loue,
And thus being feaſted onely with your ſight,
I went more pleaſed then ſickmen with freſh health,
Rich men with Honour, Beggers do with wealth.

Miſt. Iuſt. Part now ſo pleaſ'd, for now you more Inioy me.

Earl. O you do wiſh me Phiſicke to deſtroy me.

Miſt. Iuſt. I haue already leapt beyond the bounds
Of modeſty, In piecing out my wings
With borrowed feathers: but you ſent a Sorceres
So perfect in her trade, that did ſo liuely
Breath forth your paſſionate Accents, and could drawe
A Louer languiſhing ſo piercingly,
That her charmes wrought vppon me, and in pitty
Of your ſick hart which ſhe did Counterfet,
(Oh ſhees a ſubtle Beldam!) See I cloth'd
My limbes (thus Player-like in Rich Attyres,
Not fitting mine eſtate, and am come forth,
But why I know not?

Earl. Will you Loue me?

Miſti. Iuſt. Yes,
If you can cleare me of a debt thats due
But to one Man, Ile pay my hart to thee.

Earl. Whoſe that?

Miſt. Iuſt. My Husband.

Earl. Vmh.

Miſt. Iuſt. The ſums ſo great
I know a kingdome cannot anſwer it,
And therefore I beſeech you good my Lord,
To take this gilding off, which is your owne,
And henceforth ceaſe to throw out golden hookes

To choake mine honor: tho my husbands poore,
Ile rather beg for him, then be your Whore.

Earl. Gainſt beauty you plot treaſon, if you ſuffer tears to do violence to ſo faire a Cheeke. That face was nere made to looke pale with want. Dwell heere and be the Soueraigne of my fortunes. Thus ſhall you goe attir'd.

Miſt. Iuſt. Till luſt be tir'd. I muſt take leaue my Lord.

Earl. Sweet Creature ſtay,
My Cofers ſhall be yours, my Seruants yours,
My ſelfe will be your ſeruant, and I ſweare
By that which I houlde deare in you, your beauty
(And which Ile not prophane) you ſhall liue heere
As free from baſe wrong, as you are from blackeneſſe,
So you will deigne, but let mee inioy your ſight,
Anſwere mee will you.

Miſt. Iuſt. I will thinke vpont.

Earl. Vnleſſe you ſhall perceiue, that al my thoughts,
And al my actions bee to you deuoted,
And that I very iuſtly earne your loue,
Let me not taſt it.

Miſt. Iuſt. I wil thinke vpon it.

Earl. But when you find my merits of full weight,
wil you accept their worth.

Miſt. Iuſt. Ile thinke vpont.
Ide ſpeake with the old woman.

Earl. She ſhall come,
Ioyes that are borne vnlookt for, are borne dumb.
Exit.

Miſt. Iuſt. Pouerty, thou bane of Chaſtity,
Poiſon of beauty, Broker of Mayden-heades,
I ſee when Force, nor Wit can ſcale the hold,
Wealth muſt. Sheele nere be won, that defies golde.
But liues there ſuch a creature: Oh tis rare.

Enter Birdlime.

To finde a woman chaſt, thats poore and faire.

Bird. Now lamb! has not his Honor dealt like an honeſt Nobleman with you. I can tel you, you ſhal

not find him a Templer, nor one of theſe cogging Cattern pear-coloured-beards, that by their good wils would haue no pretty woman ſcape them.

Miſtris Iuſt. Thou art a very bawd: thou art a Diuel
Caſt in a reuerend ſhape; thou ſtale damnation!
Why haſt thou me intiſt from mine owne Paradice,
To ſteale fruit in a barren wildernes.

Bird. Bawde and diuel, and ſtale damnation! Wil womens tongues (like Bakers legs) neuer go ſtraight.

Miſtris Iuſt. Had thy *Circæan* Magick me transford
Into that ſenſuall ſhape for which thou Coniurſt,
And that I were turn'd common Venturer,
I could not loue this old man.

Bird. This old man, vmh: this old man? doe his hoarye haires ſticke in your ſtomacke? yet methinkes his ſiluer haires ſhoulde mooue you, they may ſerue to make you Bodkins: Does his age grieue you? foole? Is not old wine wholeſommeſt, olde Pippines ſoothſommeſt, old wood burne brighteſt, old Linnen waſh whiteſt, old ſouldiors Sweet-hart are ſureſt, and olde Louers are ſoundeſt. I ha tried both.

Miſtris Iuſt. So wil not I.

Bird. Youd haue ſome yong perfum'd beardles Gallants board you, that ſpits al his braines out ats tongues end, wud you not?

Miſtris Iuſt. No, none at al, not anie.

Bird. None at al? what doe you make there then? why are you a burden to the worlds conſcience, and an eie-ſore to wel giuen men, I dare pawne my gowne and all the beddes in my houſe, and al the gettings in Michaelmas terme next to a Tauerne token, that thou ſhalt neuer be an innocent.

Miſtris Iuſt. Who are ſo?

Bird. Fools? why then you are ſo precize: your ausbands down the wind, and wil you like a haglers Arrow, be down the weather. Strike whilſt the iron is

hot. A woman when there be roſes in her cheekes, Cherries on her lippes, Ciuet in her breath, Iuory in her teeth, Lyllyes in her hand, and Lickoriſh in her heart, why ſhees like a play. If new very good company, very good company, but if ſtale, like old *Ieronimo*: goe by, go by. Therefore as I ſaid before, ſtrike. Beſides: you muſt thinke that the commodity of beauty was not made to lye dead vpon any young womans hands: if your husband haue giuen vp his Cloake, let another take meaſure of you in his Ierkin: for as the Cobler, in the night time walks with his Lanthorne, the Merchant, and the Lawyer with his Link, and the Courtier with his Torch: So euery lip has his Lettice to himſelfe: the Lob has his Laſſe, the Collier his Dowdy, the Weſterne-man his Pug, the Seruing-man his Punke, the ſtudent his Nun in white Fryers, the Puritan his Siſter, and the Lord his Lady; which worſhipfull vocation may fall vppon you, if youle but ſtrike whileſt the Iron is hot.

Miſt. Iuſt. Witch; thus I breake thy Spels: Were I kept braue,

On a Kings coſt, I am but a Kings ſlaue. *Exit.*

Bird. I ſee, that as Frenchmen loue to be bold, Flemings to be drunke, Welchmen to be cald *Britons*, and Iriſhmen to be Coſtermongers, ſo, Cocknyes, (eſpecially Shee-Cocknies) loue not *Aqua-vite* when tis good for them.

Enter Monopoly.

Mo. Saw you my vncle?

Bird. I ſaw him euen now going the way of all fleſh (thats to ſay) towardes the Kitchin: heeres a letter to your worſhip from the party.

Mono. What party?

Bird. The *Tenterhook* your wanton.

Mono. From her? Fewh? pray thee ſtretch me no more vppon your *Tenterhook*: pox on her? Are there no Pottecaries ith Town to ſend her Phiſick-bils to,

but me : Shees not troubled with the greene ſickneſſe ſtill, Is ſhe ?

Bird. The yellow Iaundis, as the Doctor tels me : troth ſhees as good a peat : ſhe is falne away ſo, that ſhees nothing but bare skin and bone : for the Turtle ſo mournes for you.

Mono. In blacke ?

Bird. In black ? you ſhall find both black and blew if you look vnder her eyes.

Mo. Well : ſing ouer her ditty when I'me in tune.

Bird. Nay, but will you ſend her a Box of *Mithridatum* and Dragon water, I meane ſome reſtoratiue words. Good Maiſter *Monopoly*, you know how welcome yare to the Citty, and will you maſter *Monopoly*, keepe out of the Citty ; I know you cannot, would you ſaw how the poore gentlewoman lies.

Mo. Why how lies ſhe ?

Bird. Troth as the way lies ouer *Gads-hill*, very dangerous : you would pitty a womans caſe if you ſaw her : write to her ſome treatiſe of pacification.

Mon. Ile write to her to morrow.

Bird. To morrow : ſheele not ſleepe then but tumble, and if ſhe might haue it to night, it would better pleaſe her.

Mo. Perhaps Ile doot to night, farewell.

Bi. If you doot to night, it would better pleaſe her then to morrow.

Mo. Gods ſo, doſt heare, I'me to ſup this night at the Lyon in Shoredich with certen gallants : canſt thou not draw forth ſome dilicate face, that I ha not ſeene, and bring it thither, wut thou ?

Bird. All the painters in London ſhal not fit for colour as I can ; but we ſhall haue ſome ſwaggering ?

Mo. All as ciuill (by this light) as Lawyers.

Bird. But I tell you, ſhees not ſo common as Lawyers, that I meane to betray to your Table : for as I'me a Sinner, ſhees a Knights Cozen ; a Yorkſhire gentlwoman, and only ſpeakes a little broad, but of very good carriage.

Mono. Nay thats no matter, we can ſpeake as broad as ſhe? but wut bring her?

Bird. You ſhal call her Cozen, do you ſee: two men ſhall waite vpon her, and Ile come in by chance: but ſhall not the party bee there?

Mono. Which party?

Bird. The writer of that ſimple hand.

Mon. Not for as many Angels as there be letters in her Paper: Speake not of mee to her, nor our meeting if you loue mee: wut come?

Bird. Mum, Ile come.

Mono. Farewell.

Bird. Good Maiſter Monopoly, I hope to ſee you one day a man of great credite.

Mo. If I be, Ile build Chimnies with Tobacco but Ile ſmoake ſome: and be ſure *Bird.* Ile ſticke wooll vpon thy back.

Bird. Thankes ſir, I know you wil, for all the kinred of the *Monopolies* are held to be great Fleecers.

Exeunt.

Enter ſir Gozlin: Lynſtocke, Whirlepoole, and the three Cittizens wiues maskt, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare.

Goz. So draw thoſe Curtaines, and lets ſee the pictures vnder em.

Lyn. Welcome to the Stilliard faire Ladies.

All 3. Thankes good maiſter *Lynſtocke.*

Whirl. *Hans*: ſome wine *Hans.*

Enter Hans with cloth and Buns.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, you ſall hebben it meſter: Old vine, or new vine?

Goz. Speake women.

Iud. New wine good ſir *Gozlin*: wine in the muſt, good Dutchman, for muſt is beſt for vs women.

Hans. New vine? vell: two pots of new vine.

Exit Hans.

Iud. An honeſt Butterbox: for if it be old, theres none of it coms into my belly.

Mab. Why *Tenterhooke* pray thee lets dance friskin, & be mery.

Lin. Thou art ſo troubled with *Monopolies*, they ſo hang at thy heart ſtringes.

Cla. Pox a my hart then.

Enter Hans with Wine.

Iud. I and mine too, if any Courtier of them all ſet vp his gallowes there: wench vſe him as thou doſt thy pantables, ſcorne to let him kiſſe thy heele, for he feedes thee with nothing but Court holy bread, good words, and cares not for thee: ſir *Gozlin*, will you taſt a Dutch whatch you callum.

Mab. Heere maiſter *Lynſtocke*, halfe mine is yours. *Bun, Bun, Bun, Bun.*

Enter Parentheſis.

Par. Which roome? where are they? wo ho, ho, ho, ſo, ho, boies.

Goz. Sfoot whoſe that? lock our roome.

Par. Not till I am in: and then lock out the diuell tho he come in the ſhape of a puritan.

All 3. Scholemaiſter, welcome? welcome in troth?

Par. Who would not bee ſcratcht with the bryers and brambles to haue ſuch burs ſticking on his breeches: Saue you gentlemen: O noble Knight.

Goz. More wine *Hans.*

Par. Am not I (gentlemen) a Ferret of the right haire, that can make three Conies bolt at a clap into your purſenets? ha? little do their 3. husbands dreame what coppies I am ſetting their wiues now? wert not a rare Ieſt if they ſhould come ſneaking vppon vs like a horrible noiſe of Fidlers.

Iud. Troth Ide not care: let em come: Ide tell em, weede ha none of their dull Muſicke.

Mab. Heere miſtris *Tenterhooke.*

Clar. Thanks good miſtris *Wafer.*

Par. Whoſe there? Peepers: Intelligencers: Eueſdroppers.

Omni. Vds foot, throw a pot ats head?

Par. O Lord? O Gentlemen, Knight, Ladies, that may bee, Cittizens wiues that are, ſhift for your ſelues, a paire of your husbands heads are knocking together with *Hans* his, and inquiring for you.

Omni. Keepe the doore lockt.

Iud. Oh I, do, do: and let ſir *Gozlin* (becauſe he has bin in the low Countries) ſwear gotz Sacrament, and driue e'm away with broken Dutch.

Pa. Heres a wench has ſimple Sparkes in her: ſhees my pupile Gallants: Good-god? I ſee a man is not ſure that his wife is in the Chamber, tho his owne fingers hang on the Padlocke: Trap-doores, falſe Drabs, and Spring-lockes, may cozen a Couy of Conſtables. How the ſilly Husbands might heere ha beene guld with Flemiſh mony: Come: drinke vp *Rhene*, *Thames* and *Mæander* dry, Theres Nobody.

Iud. Ah thou vngodly maiſter.

Par. I did but make a falſe fire, to try your vallor, becauſe you cryed let em come. By this glaſſe of womans wine, I would not ha ſeene their Spirits walke heere, to bee dubd deputy of a Ward, I, they would ha Chronicled me for a Foxe in a Lambes skin: But come: Is this merry Midſomer night agreed vpon? when ſhal it be? where ſhall it be?

Lynſt. Why faith to morrow at night.

While. Weele take a Coach and ride to *Ham*, or ſo.

Tent. O fie vpont: a Coach? I cannot abide to be iolted.

Mab. Yet moſt of your Cittizens wiues loue iolting?

Goz. What ſay you to Black-wall, or Lime-houſe?

Iud. Euery roome there ſmels to much of Tar.

Lynſt. Lets to mine hoſt *Dogbolts* at Brainford then, there you are out of eyes, out of eares, priuate

roomes, ſweet Lynnen, winking attendance, and what cheere you will?

Omni. Content, to *Brainford*?

Mab. I, I, lets go by water, for ſir *Gozlin* I haue heard you ſay you loue to go by water.

Iud. But wenches, with what pullies ſhall wee ſlide with ſome clenly excuſe, out of our husbandes ſuſpition, being gone Weſtward for ſmelts all night.

Par. Thats the blocke now we all ſtumble at: Winde vp that ſtring well, and all the conforts in tune.

Iud. Why then goodman ſcraper tis wound vp, I haue it. Sirra *Wafer*, thy childes at nurſe, if you that are the men could prouide ſome wiſe aſſe that could keepe his countenance.

Par. Nay if he be an Aſſe he will keepe his countenance.

Iud. I, but I meane, one that could ſet out his tale with audacity, and ſay that the child were ſick, and neare ſtagger at it: That laſt ſhould ſerue all our feete.

Whir. But where will that wiſe Aſſe be found now?

Par. I ſee I'me borne ſtill to draw Dun out ath mire for you: that wiſe beaſt will I be. Ile bee that Aſſe that ſhall grone vnder the burden of that abhominable lye. Heauen pardon me, and pray God the infant be not puniſht fort. Let me ſee: Ile breake out in ſome filthy ſhape like a Thraſher, or a Thatcher, or a Sowgelder, or ſomething: and ſpeak dreamingly, and ſwear how the child pukes, and eates nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God, (as all children and old folkes doe) and then ſcholler *Wafer*, play you your part.

Mab. Feare not me, for a veny or two?

Par. Where will you meet ith morning?

Goz. At ſome Tauerne neare the water-ſide, thats priuate.

Par. The Grey-hound, the Greyhound in Black-fryers, an excellent *Randeuous.*

Lin. Content the Greyhound by eight?

Par. And then you may whip forth two firſt, and two next, on a ſudden, and take Boate at Bridewell Dock moſt priuately.

Omni. Beet ſo: a good place?

Par. Ile go make ready my ruſticall properties: let me ſee ſcholler hie you home, for your child ſhall bee ſicke within this halfe howre. *Exit.*

Enter Birdlime.

Iud. Tis the vprighteſt dealing man? Gods my pitty, whoſe yonder?

Bird. I'me bold to preſse my ſelfe vnder the Cullors of your company, hearing that Gentlewoman was in the roome: A word miſtris?

Clar. How now, what ſaies he?

Goz. Zounds what ſhe? a Bawd, bith Lord Iſt not?

Mab. No indeed, ſir *Gozlin* ſhees a very honeſt woman, and a Mid-wife.

Clar. At the Lyon in Shoredich? And would he not read it? nor write to me? Ile poyſon his Supper?

Bird. But no words that I bewrayd him.

Clar. Gentlemen I muſt be gone. I cannot ſtay in faith: pardon me: Ile meete to morrow: come Nurſe, cannot tarry by this element.

Goz. Mother, you: Grannam drinke ere you goe.

Bird. I am going to a womans labour, indeede ſir, cannot ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Amb. I hold my life the blacke-beard her husband whiſſels for her.

Iud. A reckoning: Breake one, breake all.

Goz. Here *Hans*, draw not, Ile draw for all as Ime true knight.

Iud. Let him : amongſt women this does ſtand for law,
the worthieſt man (tho he be foole) muſt draw.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius Scæna Prima.

Enter maiſter Tenterhooke and his wife.

Tent. What booke is that ſweet hart?

Miſt. Tent. Why the booke of bonds that are due to you.

Tent. Come, what doe you with it? Why do you trouble your ſelfe to take care about my buſineſſe?

Miſt. Tent. Why ſir, doth not that which concerns you, concerne me. You told me *Monopoly* had diſcharged his bond, I finde by the booke of accounts heere, that it is not canceld. Eare I would ſuffer ſuch a cheating companion to laugh at me, Ide ſee him hanged I. Good ſweete hart as euer you loued me, as euer my bedde was pleaſing to you, arreſt the knaue, we were neuer beholding to him for a pin, but for eating vp our victuals. Good Mouſe enter an action againſt him.

Tent. In troth loue I may do the gentleman much diſcredit, and beſides it may be other actions may fall very heauy vpon him.

Miſt. Tent. Hang him, to ſee the diſhoneſty of the knaue.

Tent. O wife, good woods : A Courtier, A gentleman.

Miſt. Tent. Why may not a Gentleman be a knaue, that were ſtrange infaith : but as I was a ſaying, to ſee the diſhoneſty of him, that would neuer come ſince he receiued the mony to viſit vs you know. *Maiſter Tenterhook* he hath hung long vpon you. *Maiſter Tenterhooke* as I am vertuous you ſhall arreſt him.

Tent. Why, I know not when he will come to Towne.

Miſt. Te. Hees in town: this night he ſups at the Lyon in Shoaredich, good husband enter your action, and make haſt to the Lyon preſently, theres an honeſt fellow (Sergeant Ambuſh) will doe it in a trice, he neuer ſalutes a man in Curteſie, but he catches him as if he would arreſt him. Good hart let Seriant Ambuſh ly in waite for him.

Tent. Well at thy entreaty I will doe it. Giue me my Cloake there, buy a linck and meet me at the Counter in Woodſtreete; buſſe me Moll.

Miſt. Tent. Why now you loue me. Ile goe to bed ſweet hart.

Tent. Do not ſleep till I come Moll. *Exit Tent.*

Miſt. Tent. No lamb, baa ſheep, if a woman will be free in this intricate laborinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, ſhe ſhal not be much troubled with him. By my ſooth my Husband hath a hand as dry as his braines, and a breath as ſtronge as ſix common gardens. Wel my husband is gon to arreſt Monopoly. I haue dealt with a Sargeant priuatly, to intreate him, pretending that he is my Aunts Son, by this meanes ſhal I ſee my young gallant that in this has plaid his part. When they owe mony in the Citty once, they deale with their Lawyers by atturny, follow the Court though the Court do them not the grace to allow them their dyet. O the wit of a woman when ſhe is put to the pinch.

Exit Miſtris Tenterhook.

Scena 2. Outside the Lion Tauern in Shoreditch

Enter maiſter Tenterhooke, Sergeant Ambuſh, and yeoman Clutch.

Ten. Come Sergeant Ambuſh, come yeoman Clutch, yons the Tauerne, the Gentleman will come out preſently: thou art reſolute.

Amb. Who I, I carry fire & ſword that fight for me, hear, and heare. I know moſt of the knaues about London, and moſt of the Theeues to, I thanke God, and good intelligence.

Tent. I wonder thou doſt not turne Broker then.

Amb. Pew; I haue bin a Broker already; for I was firſt a Puritan, then a Banquerout, then a Broker, then a Fencer, and then Sergeant, were not theſe Trades woulde make a man honeſt? peace the doore opes, wheele about yeoman Clutch.

Enter Whirlepoole, Linſtocke, and Monopoly vnbraſt.

Mono. And eare I come to ſup in this Tauerne againe. Theres no more attendance then in a Iaile, and there had bin a Punk or two in the company then we ſhould not have bin rid of the drawers: now were I in an excellent humor to go to a valting houſe, I wold break downe all their Glaſſ-windowes, hew in peeces all their ioyne ſtooles, tear ſilke petticotes, ruffle their Periwigges, and ſpoyle their Painting, O the Gods what I could do: I could vndergo fifteene bawds by this darknes, or if I could meete one of theſe Varlets that were Pannier-ally on their baks (Sergeants) I would make them ſcud ſo faſt from me, that they ſhould think it a ſhorter way betweene this and Ludgate, then a condemned Cutpurſe thinkes it between Newgate and Tyburne.

Lynſt. You are for no action to night.

Whirl. No Ile to bed.

Mono. Am not I drunke now: *Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguiſq. Tobacco.*

Whirle. Faith we are all heated.

Mono. Captain *Whirlepoole* when wilt come to Court and dine with me?

Whirl. One of theſe daies Franke, but Ile get mee two Gaunlets for feare I loſe my fingers in the diſhes, their bee excellent ſhauers I heare in the moſt of your vnder offices? I proteſt I haue often come thether, ſat downe, drawne my knife, and eare I could ſay grace all the meate hath bin gone. I haue riſen, and departed thence as hungry, as euer came Coun-

trey Atturny from Weſtminſter? Good night honeſt Franke, doe not ſwagger with the watch Franke.

Exeunt.

Tenter. So now they are gone you may take him.

Amb. Sir I arreſt you?

Mono. Arreſt me, at whoſe ſuite you varlets?

Clouch. At maiſter *Tenterhookes.*

Mono. Why you varlets dare you arreſt one of the Court.

Amb. Come will you be quiet ſir?

Mo. Pray thee good yeoman call the gentlemen backe againe. Theres a Gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, becaus I dare not carry it ouer the fields, Ile diſcharge it preſently.

Amb. Thats a trick ſir, you would procure a reskue.

Mono. Catchpole do you ſee, I will haue the haire of your head and beard ſhaued off for this, and eare I catch you at *Grayes Inne* by this light law.

Amb. Come will you march.

Mono. Are you Sergeants Chriſtians? Sirra thou lookeſt like a good pittyfull raſcall, and thou art a tall man to it ſeemes, thou haſt backt many a man in thy time I warrant.

Amb. I haue had many a man by the backe ſir.

Mono. Wel ſaide in troth, I loue your quality, las tis needfull euery man ſhould come by his own: but as God mend me gentlemen I haue not one croſse about me, onely you two. Might not you let a Gentlemen paſse out of your handes, and ſay you ſaw him not? Is there not ſuch a kinde of mercy in you now and then my Maiſters, as I liue, if you come to my lodging to morrowe morning, Ile giue you fiue brace of Angelles? good yeoman perſwade your graduat heere: I know ſome of you to be honeſt faithfull Drunkards, reſpect a poore Gentleman in my caſe.

Tent. Come, it wil not ſerue your turne, Officers looke to him, vpon your perril.

Mono. Do you heare ſir, you ſee I am in the hands of a couple of Rauens here, as you are a Gentleman lend me forty ſhillings, let me not liue if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and neuer plead Conſcience.

Tent. Not a penny, not a penny: God night ſir.

Exit Tenter.

Mono. Well, a man ought not to ſwear by anie thing in the hands of Sergeants but by ſiluer, and becauſe my pocket is no lawful Iuſtice to Miniſter any ſuch oath vnto me, I will patiently incounter the Counter. Which is the deareſt warde in Priſon Sergeant! the knights ward?

Amb. No ſir, the Maiſters ſide.

Mono. Well the knight is aboue the maiſter though his Table be worſe furniſht: Ile go thether.

Amb. Come ſir, I muſt vſe you kindly the Gentlemans Wife that hath arreſted you.

Mono. I what of her.

Amb. She ſaies you are her Antes ſonne.

Mono. I, am?

Amb. She takes on ſo pittifully for your Arreſting, twas much againſt herwil (good Gentlewoman) that this affliction lighted vpon you.

Mono. She hath reaſon, if ſhe reſpect her poore kindred.

Amb. You ſhall not go to priſon.

Mono. Honeſt Sergeant, Conſcionable Officer, did I forget my ſelf euen now, a vice that ſtickes to me alwaies when I am drunke to abuſe my beſt friends: where didſt buy this buffe? Let me not liue but Ile giue thee a good ſuite of durance. Wilt thou take my bond Sergeant? Wheres a Scriuener, a Scriuener good Yeoman? you ſhal haue my ſword and hangers to paie him.

Amb. Not ſo Sir: but you ſhall be priſoner in my houſe: I do not thinke but that your Coſin will viſit you there i'th morning, and take order for you.

Mono. Well ſaid; waſt not a moſt treacherous part

to arreſt a man in the night, and when he is almoſt drunk, when he hath not his wits about him to remember which of his friends is in the Subſedy: Come did I abuſe you, I recant, you are as neceſſary in a city as Tumblers in Norfolke, Sumners in Lancaſhire, or Rake-hels in an Armie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Parentheſis like a Colliar, and a Boy.

Iuſt. Buy any ſmall Coale, buy any ſmal Coale.

Boy. Collier, Collier?

Iuſt. What ſaiſt boy.

Boy. Ware the Pillory.

Iuſt. O boy the pillory aſſures many a man that he is no cukold, for how impoſſible weare it a man ſhould thruſt his head through ſo ſmall a Loope-hole if his foreheade were brauncht boy?

Boy. Collier: how came the gooſe to be put vpon you, ha?

Iuſt. Ile tell thee, the Tearme lying at Wincheſter in Henry the Thirds daies, and many French Women comming out of the Iſle of *Wight* thither (as it hath alwaies beene ſeene) though the Iſle of *Wight* could not of long time neither in dure Foxes nor Lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful Cockatrice, there were many Punkes in the Towne (as you know our Tearme is their Tearme) your Farmers that would ſpend but three pence on his ordinarie, woulde lauiſh halfe a Crowne on his Leachery: and many men (Calues as they were) would ride in a Farmers foule bootes before breakefaſt, the commonſt ſinner had more fluttering about her, then a freſh punke hath when ſhe comes to a Towne of Garriſon, or to a vniuerſity. Captains, Schollers, Seruingman, Iurors, Clarks, Towneſmen, and the Blackeguarde vſed all to one Ordinarye, and moſt of them were cald to a pittifull reckoning, for before two returnes of Michaelmas, Surgeons were full of buſi-

nes, the care of moſt ſecreſie grew as common as Lice in Ireland, or as ſcabbes in France. One of my Tribe a Collier carried in his Cart 40. maim'd ſouldiors to *Salsbury*, looking as pittifully as Dutchmen firſt made drunke, then carried to bee-heading. Euery one that mette him cried, ware the Gooſe Collier, and from that day to this, thers a record to be ſeene at Croiden, howe that pittifull waſtage which in deede was vertue in the Collier, that all that time would carry no Coales, laid this Imputation on all the poſterity.

Boy. You are ful of tricks Colliar.

Iuſt. Boy where dwels maiſter *Wafer*?

Boy. Why heare! what wouldſt? I am one of his Iuvinals?

Iuſt. Hath he not a child at nurſſe at *Moreclacke*?

Boy. Yes, doſt thou dwel there?

Iuſt. That I do, the Child is wonderous ſicke: I was wild to acquaint thy maiſter and Miſtris with it.

Boy. Ile vp and tel them preſently.

Iuſt. So, if al ſhould faile, I could turne Coilier. O the villany of this age, how full of ſecreſie and ſilence (contrary to the opinion of the world) haue I euer found moſt women. I haue ſat a whole afternoone many times by my wife, and lookt vpon her eies, and felt if her pulſe haue beat, when I haue nam'd a ſuſpected loue, yet all this while haue not drawne from her the leaſt ſcruple of confeſſion. I haue laine awake a thouſand nights, thinking ſhe wold haoe reuealed ſomewhat in her dreames, and when ſhe has begunne to ſpeake any thing in her ſleepe, I haue iog'd her, and cried I ſweete heart. But when wil your loue come. or what did hee ſay to thee over ouer the ſtall? Or what did he do to thee in the Garden-chamber? Or when wil he ſend to thee any letters, or when wilt thou ſend to him any mony, what an idle coxcombe iealouſie wil make a man.

Enter Wafer and his wife.

Well, this is my comfort that heere comes a creature of the ſame head-peece.

Miſt. Waf. O my ſweet Child, wheres the Collier?

Iuſt. Here forſooth.

Miſt. Waf. Run into Bucklers burry for two ounces of Draggon water, ſome Sperma cæty and Treakle. What is it ſicke of Coliar? a burning Feauer?

Iuſt. Faith miſtris I do not know the infirmity of of it: wil you buy any ſmal Coale, ſay you?

Waf. Prethee go in and empty them, come be not ſo impatient.

Miſt. Waf. I, I, I, if you had groand ſort as I haue done you wold haue bin more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: Ile away preſently?

Waf. You wil not go to night, I am ſure.

Miſt. Waf. As I liue but I wil.

Waf. Faith ſweet hart I haue great buſines to night, ſtay til to morrow and Ile goe with you.

Miſt. Waf. No ſir I wil not hinder your buſines. I ſee how little you reſpect the fruits of your owne bodie. I ſhal find ſome bodye to beare me company.

Waf. Wel, I wil deferre my buſines for once, and go with thee.

Miſt. Waf. By this light but you ſhal not, you ſhal not hit me i'th teeth that I was your hindrance, wil you to Bucklers burry ſir?

Waf. Come you are a foole leaue your weeping.

Exit. Waf.

Miſt. Waf. You ſhal not go with me as I liue.

Iuſt. Puple.

Miſt. Waf. Excellent maiſter.

Iuſt. Admirable Miſtris, howe happie be our Engliſhwomen that are not troubled with Icalous husbands; why your Italians in general are ſo Sun-burnt with theſe Dog-daies, that your great Lady there thinkes her husband loues her not if hee bee not Iealious:

what confirmes the liberty of our women more in England, then the Italian Prouerbe, which ſaies if there were a bridge ouer the narrow Seas, all the women in Italy would ſhew their husbands a Million of light paire of heeles, and flie ouer into England.

Miſt. Waf. The time of our meeting? Come?

Iuſt. Seauen.

Miſt. Waf. The place.

Iuſt. In Blacke Friers, there take Water, keepe a loofe from the ſhore, on with your Masks, vp with your ſails, and *Weſt-ward Hoe.*

Miſt. Waf. So. *Exit Miſtris Wafer.*

Iuſt. O the quick apprehenſion of women, the'ile groape out a mans meaning preſently, wel, it reſts now that I diſcouer my ſelfe in my true ſhape to theſe Gentlewomens husbands: for though I haue plaid the foole a little to beguile the memory of mine owne miſfortune, I woulde not play the knaue, though I be taken for a Banquerout, but indeed as in other things, ſo in that, the worlde is much deceiued in me, for I haue yet three thouſand pounds in the hands of a ſufficient friend, and all my debts diſcharged. I haue receiued here a letter from my wife, directed to *Stode*, wherein ſhee moſt repentantly intreateth my return, with proteſtation to gyue me aſſured tryall of her honeſty. I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but I will put it to the teſt, there is a great ſtrife betweene beautie, & Chaſtity, and that which pleaſeth many is neuer free from temtation: as for Iealouſie, it makes many Cuckoldes, many fooles, and many banquerouts: It may haue abuſed me and not my wifes honeſty: Ile try it: but firſt to my ſecure and doting Companion. *Exit.*

Scene 4. Enter Monopoly and Miſtris Tenterhooke.

Mono. I beſeech you Miſtris *Tenterhooke*,
Before God Ile be ſicke if you will not be merry.

Miſt. Tent. You are a ſweet Beagle.

Mono. Come, becauſe I kept from Towne a little,

let mee not liue if I did not heare the ſicknes was in Towne very hot: In troth thy hair is of an excellent colour ſince I ſaw it. O thoſe bright treſſes like to threds of gold.

Miſt. Tent. Lye, and aſhes, ſuffer much in the city for that compariſon.

Mono. Heres an honeſt Gentleman wil be here by & by, was borne at Foolham; his name is *Goſling Gloo-worme.*

Miſt. Tent. I know him, what is he?

Mono. He is a Knight: what aild your husband to be ſo haſty to arreſt me.

Miſt. Tent. Shal I ſpeak truly? ſhal I ſpeak not like a woman.

Mono. Why not like a woman.

Miſt. Tent. Becauſe womens tongues are like to clacks, if they go too faſt they neuer goe true, t'was I that got my husband to arreſt thee, I haue.

Mono. I am beholding to you.

Miſt. Tent. For ſooth I coulde not come to the ſpeech of you I thinke you may be ſpoken with all now.

Mono. I thanke you, I hope youl baile me Coſin?

Miſt. Tent. And yet why ſhould I ſpeak with you, I proteſt I loue my husband.

Mono. Tuſh let not any young woman loue a man in yeares to well.

Miſt. Tent. Why?

Mono. Becauſe heele dye before he can require it.

Mono. I haue acquainted *Wafer* and *Honyſuckle* with it, and they allow my wit for't extreamly.

Enter Ambuſh.

O honeſt Sergeant.

Amb. Welcome good miſtris *Tenterhooke.*

Miſt. Tent. Sergeant I muſt needs haue my Coſin go a little Way out of Town with me, and to ſecure thee, here are two Diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keepe them til I returne him.

Amb. Well tis good ſecuritie.

Miſt. Tent. Do not come in my husbandes fight in the meane time.

Enter Whirle, Glo-worme, Gozling, Linſtocke, Miſtris Honnyſuckle, and Miſtris Wafer.

Amb. Welcom Gallants.

Whirl. How now *Monopoly* Arreſted?

Mono. O my little *Honyſuckle* art come to viſit a Priſoner?

Miſt. Hony. Yes faith as Gentlemen viſit Marchants, to fare wel, or as Poets young quaint Revellers, to laugh at them. Sirrha if I were ſome fooliſh Iuſtice, if I woulde not beg thy wit neuer truſt me.

Miſt. Tent. Why I pray you?

Miſt. Hony. Becauſe it hath bin conceald al this while, but come ſhal we to boat, we are furniſht for attendants as Ladies are, We have our fooles, and our Vſhers.

Sir Goz. I thanke you Madame, I ſhall meete your wit in the cloſe one day.

Miſt. Waf. Sirra, thou knoweſt my husband keeps a Kennell of hounds?

Miſt. Hony. Yes.

Whirl. Doth thy husband loue venery?

Miſt. Waf. Venery?

Whirl. I, hunting, and venery are words of one ſignification.

Miſt. Waf. Your two husband, and hee haue made a match to go find a Hare about Buſty Cauſy.

Miſt. Tent. Theile keepe an excellent houſe till we come home againe.

Miſt Ho. O excellent, a Spaniſh dinner, a Pilcher, and a Dutch ſupper, butter and Onions.

Lynſt. O thou art a mad wench.

Miſt. Tent. Sergeant carry this ell of Cambrick to miſtris *Bird.* tel her but that it is a rough tide, and that ſhe feares the water, ſhe ſhould haue gone with vs

Sir Goz. O thou haſt an excellent wit.

Whirl. To Boat hay?

Miſt. Hony. Sir *Gozlin*? I doe take it your legs are married.

Sir Goz. Why miſtris?

Miſt. Honi. They looke ſo thin vpon it.

Sir Goz. Euer ſince I meaſurd with your husband, I haue ſhrunk in the calfe.

Miſt. Hony. And yet you haue a ſweet tooth in in your head.

Sir Goz. O well dealt for the Calues head, you may talke what you will of legs, and riſing in the ſmall, and ſwelling beneath the garter. But tis certain when lank thighes brought long ſtockings out of faſhion, the Courtiers Legge, and his ſlender tilting ſtaffe grew both of a bigneſſe. Come for *Brainford.*

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus Scæna Prima.

Budlimes house

Enter Miſtris Birdlime and Luce.

Bird. Good morrow miſtris *Luce*: how did you take your reſt to night? how doth your good worſhip like your lodging? what will you haue to breakfaſt?

Luce. A poxe of the Knight that was here laſt night, he promiſt to haue ſent me ſome wilde foule: hee was drunk Ile be ſtewed elſe.

Bird. Why do not you think he will ſend them?

Luce. Hang them: tis no more in faſhion for them to keepe their promiſes, then tis for men to pay their debtes. He will lie faſter then a Dog trots: what a filthy knocking was at doore laſt night: ſome puny Inn-a-court-men, Ile hold my contribution.

Bird. Yes in troth were they, ciuill gentlemen without beards, but to ſay the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking: took them a ſide & ſaid to them: Gentlemen this is not well, that you ſhould come in this habit, Cloakes and Rapiers, Boots and Spurs, I proteſt to you, thoſe that be your Ancientes

in the houſe would haue come to my houſe in their Caps and Gownes, ciuilly, and modeſtly. I promiſe you they might haue bin taken for Cittizens, but that they talke more liker fooles. Who knocks there? vp into your Chamber. *Enter maſter Honiſuckle.* Who are you, ſome man of credit? that you come in mufled thus.

Honi. Whoſe aboue?

Bird. Let me ſee your face firſt. O maiſter *Honiſuckle*, why the old party: the old party.

Honi. Pew I will not go vp to her: no body elſe?

Enter Chriſtian.

Bird. As I liue will you giue me ſome Sacke? wheres *Opportunity*.

Honi. What doſt call her?

Bird. Her name is *Chriſtian*, but miſtris *Luce* cannot abide that name, and ſo ſhe cals her *Oppertunity*.

Honi. Very good, good.

Bird. Iſt a ſhilling, bring the reſt in *Aqua vite*. Come ſhals go to Noddy.

Honi. I and thou wilt for halfe an hower.

Bird. Heere are the Cardes? deale, God ſend mee Duces and Aces with a Court Card, and I ſhall get by it.

Honi. That can make thee nothing.

Bird. Yes if I haue a coate Card turne vp.

Honi. I ſhew foure games?

Bird. By my troth I muſt ſhew all and little enough to, ſixe games: play your ſingle game, I ſhall double with you anone.
Pray you lend me ſome ſiluer to count my games? How now is it good Sack?

Enter Chriſtian.

Chri. Theres a gentleman at doore would ſpeake with you.

Ho. Gods ſo, I will not be ſeene by any means.

Enter Tenterhook.

Bird. Into that cloſet then? What another mufler?

Ten. How doſt thou miſtris *Birdlime?*

Bird. Maſter *Tenterhooke* the party is aboue in the dining Chamber.

Tent. Aboue.

Bird. All alone?

Honi. Is he gone vp? who waſt I pray thee?

Bird. By this ſacke I will not tel you! ſay that you were a contry Gentleman, or a Cittizen that hath a young wife, or an Inne of Chauncery Man, ſhould I tell you? Pardon me; this Sac e taſtes of Horſe fleſh, I warrant you the leg of a dead horſe hangs in the But of Sacke to keepe it quicke?

Hony. I beſeech thee good Miſtris *Birdlime* tel me who it was.

Bird. O God ſir we are ſworne to ſecrecy as wel as Surgeons.
Come drinke to me, and lets to our game.

Tenterhooke and Luce aboue.

Tent. Who am I?

Luce. You, pray you vnblind me, Captaine *Whirlpoole*, no maiſter *Lynſtock*: pray vnblind me you are not ſir *Gozling Glo-worme*, for he weares no Ringes of his fingers! Maiſter *Freeze-leather*, O you are *George* the drawer at the Miter, pray you vnblinde mee, Captaine *Puckſoiſt*, Maiſter *Counterpaine* the Lawier, what the diuel meane you, beſhrew your heart you haue a very dry hand, are you not mine hoſt Dog-bolt of Brainford, Miſtris *Birdlyme*, maiſter *Honyſuckle*, Maiſter *Wafer*.

Tent. What the laſt of al your Clients.

Luce. O how doſt thou good Coſin.

Tent. I you haue many Coſins.

Luce. Faith I can name many that I do not know, and ſuppoſe I did know them what then? I will ſuffer one to keepe me in diet, another in apparrel; another in Phiſick; another to pay my houſe rent. I am iuſt of the Nature of *Alcumy*; I wil ſuffer euery plodding foole to ſpend monie vpon me, marrie none but ſome worthie friend to inioy my more retir'd and vſe-full faithfulnes.

Tent. Your loue, your loue.

Luce. O I, tis the curſe that is laid vppon our quallitie, what wee gleane from others we lauiſh vpon ſome trothleſſe welfac'd younger Brother, that Loues vs onely for maintainance.

Tent. Haſt a good tearme *Luce?*

Luce. A pox on the Tearme, and now I thinke ont, ſaies a gentleman laſt night let the pox be in the Towne ſeauen yeare, Weſtminſter neuer breeds Cob-webs, & yet tis as catching as the plagu, though not al ſo general, there be a thouſand bragging Iackes in London, that wil proteſt they can wreſt comfort from me when (I ſweare) not one of them know wheather my palme be moiſte or not: In troth I loue thee: You promiſt me ſeuen Elles of Cambrick. *Wafer knocks and enters.* Whoſe that knocks?

Honi. What, more Sacks to the Myl, Ile to my old retirement.

Bird. How doth your good worſhip. Paſsion of my hart, what ſhift ſhall I make. How hath your good wor. done, a long time?

Waf. Very well God amercy.

Bird. Your good worſh. I thinke be riding out of towne.

Waf. Yes beleeue me, I loue to be once a weeke a horſebacke, for methinks nothing ſets a man out, better than a Horſe.

Bird. Tis certen, nothing ſets a woman out better than a man.

Waf. What, is miſt. Luce aboue?

Bird. Yes truely.

Waf. Not any company with her.

Bird. Company? Shall I ſay to your good worſhip and not lie, ſhe hath had no company (let me ſee how long it was ſince your Wor. was heare) you went to a Butchers feaſt at Cuckolds-hauen the next day after Saint Lukes day. Not this fortnight, in good truth.

Waf. Alaſſe, good ſoule.

Bird. And why was it? Go to, go to, I thinke you know better than I. The wench asketh euery day, when will M. *wafer* be heere; And if Knightes aske for her, ſhee cries out at ſtayre-hed, As you loue my life let em not come vp, Ile do my ſelfe vyolence if they enter: Haue not you promiſt hir ſomwhat?

Waf. Faith, I thinke ſhe loues me.

Bird. Loues: Wel, wud you knew what I know, then you wud ſay ſomwhat. In good faith ſhees very poore, all her gowns are at pawne: ſhe owes me fiue pound for her dyet, beſides 40. ſh. I lent her to redeem two halfe ſilke Kirtles from the Brokers, And do you thinke ſhe needed be in debt thus, if ſhee thought not of Some-body.

Waf. Good honeſt Wench.

Bird. Nay in troth, ſhees now entring into bond for 5. poundes more, the Scriuener is but new gon vp to take her bond.

Wafer. Come, let her not enter into bond, Ile lend her 5. pound, ile pay the reſt of her debts, Call downe the Scriuener?

Bird. I pray you when he comes downe, ſtand mufled, and Ile tell him you are her brother.

Waf. If a man haue a good honeſt wench, that liues wholy to his vſe, let him not ſee hir want.

Exit Bird. and enter aboue.

Bird. O miſt. *Luce*, miſt. *Luce*, you are the moſt vnfortunate gentlewoman that euer breathde: your young wild brother came newly out of the Countrey, he calles me Bawd, ſweares I keepe a Bawdy houſe,

ſaies his ſiſter is turned whore, and that he wil kill, & ſlay any man that he finds in her company.

Tent. What conuayance wil you make with me miſtris *Birdlime.*

Luce. O God let him not come vp, tis the ſwaggringſt wild-oats.

Bird. I haue pacified him ſomwhat, for I told him, that you were a Scriuener come to take a band of her, now as you go foorth ſay ſhe might haue had ſo much mony if ſhe had pleaſed, and ſay, ſhe is an honeſt Gentlewoman and al wil be wel.

Tent. Inough, farewel good Luce.

Bird. Come change your voice, and muffle you.

Luce. What trick ſhould this be, I haue neuer a brother, Ile hold my life ſome franker cuſtomer is come, that ſhee ſlides him off ſo ſmoothly.

Enter Tenterhooke and Birdlime.

Tent. The Gentlewoman is an honeſt Gentlewoman as any is in London, and ſhould haue had thrice as much money vpon her ſingle bond for the good report I heare of her.

Waf. No ſir hir friends can furniſh her with mony.

Tent. By this light I ſhould know that voice, *Wafer*, od'ſſoote are you the Gentlewomans Brother?

Waf. Are you turnd a Scriuener *Tenterhooke?*

Bird. I am ſpoild.

Waf. Tricks of miſtris Birdlyme by this light.

Enter Honyſuckle.

Hony. Hoick Couert, hoick couert, why Gentlemen, is this your hunting?

Tent. A Confort, what make you here *Honyſuckle?*

Hony. Nay what make you two heare, O excellent miſtris *Bird.* thou haſt more trickes in thee

then a Punke hath Vnckles, coſins, Brothers, Sons or Fathers: an infinit Company.

Bird. If I did it not to make your good worſhips merry, neuer beleeue me, I wil drinke to your worſhip a glaſſe of Sack.

Enter Iuſtiniano.

Iuſt. God ſaue you.

Hony & Waf. Maiſter *Iuſtiniano* welcome from *Stoad.*

Iuſt. Why Gentlemen I neuer came there.

Tent. Neuer there! where haue you bin then?

Iuſt. Mary your daily gueſt I thanke you.

Omn. Ours.

Iuſt. I yours.

I was the pedant that learnt your wiues to write, I was the Colliar that brought you newes your childe was ſicke, but the truth is, for ought I knowe, the Child is in health, and your wiues are gone to make merry at Brainford.

Waf. By my troth good wenches, they little dreame where we are now.

Iuſt. You little dreame what gallants are with them.

Tent. Gallants with them! Ide laugh at that.

Iuſt. Foure Gallants by this light, Mai. *Monopoly* is one of them.

Tent. *Monopoly?* Ide laugh at that in faith.

Iuſt. Would you laugh at that! why do ye laugh at it then, they are ther by this time, I cannot ſtay to giue you more particular intelligence: I haue receiued a letter from my wife heare, if you will cal me at *Putney*, Ile beare you company.

Tent. Od's foot what a Rogue is Sergeant *Ambuſh*, Ile vndo him by this light.

Iuſt. I met Sergeant *Ambuſh*, and wild him come to this houſe to you preſently, ſo Gentlemen I leaue you! Bawd I haue nothing to ſay to you now; do not thinke to much in ſo dangerous a matter for in womens

matters tis more dangerous to ſtand long deliberating, then before a battaile. *Exit Iuſti.*

Waſ. This fellowes pouerty hath made him an arrant knaue.

Bird. Will your worſhip drinke any *Aquavitæ?*

Tent. A pox on your *Aquavitæ*. *Monopoly*, that my wife vrged me to arreſt gon to *Brainford*. *Enter Ambuſh.* Heres comes the varlet.

Amb. I am come ſir to know your pleaſure.

Ten. What hath *Monopoly* paid the mony yet?

Amb. No ſir, but he ſent for mony.

Tent. You haue not caried him to the counter, he is at your houſe ſtil.

Amb. O Lord I ſir as melancholike, &c.

Tent. You lie like an arrant varlet, by this candle I laugh at the ieſt.

Bird. And yet hees ready to cry.

Tent. Hees gone with my wife to Brainford, and there bee any Law in England Ile tickle ye for this.

Amb. Do your worſt, for I haue good ſecurity & I care not, beſides it was his coſin your wiues pleaſure that he ſhould goe along with her.

Tent. Hoy day, her coſin, wel ſir, your ſecurity.

Amb. Why ſir two Diamonds here.

Tent. O my hart: my wiues two Diamonds,
Wel, youle go along and iuſtifie this.

Enter Luce.

Amb. That I wil ſir.

Luce. Who am I?

Tent. What the Murrion care I who you are, hold off your Fingers, or Ile cut them with this Diamond.

Luce. Ile ſee em ifaith,
So, Ile keepe theſe Diamonds tell I haue my ſilke gowne, and ſix els of Cambricke.

Tent. By this light you ſhal not.

Luce. No, what do you think you haue Fops in hand, ſue me for them.

Waſ. and Hony. As you reſpect your credit lets go.

Tent. Good Luce as you loue me let me haue them, it ſtands vpon my Credit, thou ſhalt haue any thing, take my purſſe.

Luce. I will not be croſt in my humour ſir.

Tent. You are a dam'd filthy punke, what an vnfortunate Rogue was I, that euer I came into this houſe.

Bird. Do not ſpurne any body in my houſe you were beſt.

Tent. Well, well.

Bird. Excellent Luce, the getting of theſe two Diamondes maie chaunce to ſaue the Gentlewomens credit; thou heardſt all.

Luce. O I, and by my troath pittye them, what a filthy Knaue was that betraied them.

Bird. One that put me into pittifull feare, maſter *Iuſtiniano* here hath laied lurking like a ſheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawne theſe gentlewomen to this misfortune: but Ile downe to Queene-hiue, and the Watermen which were wont to carrie you to Lambeth *Marſh*, ſhall carry mee thither: It may bee I may come before them; I thinke I ſhal pray more, what for feare of the water, and for my good ſucceſſe then I did this tweluemonth.

Scæna 2 <The Earls house> *Enter the Earle and three Seruingmen.*

Earl. Haue you perfum'd this Chamber?

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Ear. The banquet?

Omn. It ſtands ready.

Ear. Go, let muſicke
Charme with her excellent voice an awfull ſcilence
Through al this building, that her ſphæry ſoule
May (on the wings of Ayre) in thouſand formes
Inuiſibly flie, yet be inioy'd. Away.

1 *Ser.* Does my Lorde meane to Coniure that hee drawes this ſtrange Characters.

2 *Ser.* He does: but we ſhal ſee neither the Spirit that riſes, nor the Circle it riſes in.

3 *Ser.* Twould make our haire ſtand vp an end if wee ſhoulde, come fooles come, meddle not with his matters, Lords may do any thing. *Exeunt.*

Ear. This night ſhal my deſires be amply Crownd,
And al thoſe powers, that taſt of man in vs,
Shall now aſpire that point of happines,
Beyond which, ſenſual eies neuer looke, (ſweet pleaſure!)
Delicious pleaſure? Earths Supreameſt good,
The ſpring of blood, tho it dry vp our blood.
Rob me of that, (tho to be drunke with pleaſure,
As ranke exceſſe euen in beſt things is bad;
Turnes man into a beaſt) yet that being gone,
A horſe and this (the goodlieſt ſhape) al one.
We feed: weare rich attires: and ſtriue to cleaue
The ſtars with Marble Towers, fight battailes: Spend
Our blood to buy vs names: and in Iron hold
Will we eate roots, to impriſon fugitiue gold:
But to do thus, what Spell can vs excite,
This the ſtrong Magick of our appetite:
To feaſt which richly, life it ſelfe vndoes,
Whoo'd not die thus? to ſee, and then to chooſe
Why euen thoſe that ſtarue in Voluntary wants,
And to aduance the mind, keepe the fleſh poore,
The world Inioying them, they not the world,
Wud they do this, but that they are proud to ſucke
A ſweetnes from ſuch ſowrenes: let em ſo,
The torrent of my appetite ſhall flow
With happier ſtreame. A woman! Oh, the Spirit
And extract of Creation! This, this night,
The Sun ſhal enuy. What cold checks our blood?
Her bodie is the Chariot of my ſoule,
Her eies my bodies light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if poſſeſſe, I vndo her;
Turne her into a diuel, whom I adore,
By ſcorching her with the hot ſteeme of luſt.
Tis but a minutes pleaſure: and the ſinne

Scarce acted is repented. Shun it than :
O he that can Abſtaine, is more than man !
Tuſh. Reſolu'ſt thou to do ill : be not precize
Who writes of *Vertue* beſt, are ſlaues to vize, *Muſick*
The muſicke ſounds allarum to my blood,
Whats bad I follow, yet I ſee whats good.

Whilſt the ſong is heard. The Earle drawes a Curten, and ſets forth a Banquet : he then Exit, and Enters preſently with Parentheſis attird like his wife maskt : leads him to the table, places him in a chaire, and in dumbe ſignes, Courts him, til the ſong be done.

Ear. Fayre ! be not doubly maskt : with that and night,
Beautie (like gold) being vſ'd becomes more bright.

Par. Wil it pleaſe your Lordſhip to ſit, I ſhal receiue ſmal pleaſure if I ſee your Lordſhip ſtand.

Ear. Witch, hag, what art thou proud damnation ?

Par. A Marchants wife.

Ear. Fury who raizd thee vp, what com'ſt thou for ?

Par. For a banquet.

Ear. I am abuſ'd, deluded : Speake what art thou ?
Vds death ſpeake, or ile kil thee : in that habit
I lookt to find an Angel, but thy face,
Shewes th'art a Diuel.

Par. My face is as God made it my Lord : I am no diuel vnleſſe women be diuels, but men find em not ſo, for they daily hunte for them.

Ear. What art thou that doſt cozen me thus ?

Par. A Marchants wife I ſay : *Iuſtinianos* wife. She, whome that long burding piece of yours, I meane that Wicked mother Birdlyme caught for your honor. Why my Lord, has your Lordſhippe forgot how ye courted me laſt morning.

Ear. The diuel I did.

Par. Kiſt me laſt morning.

Ear. *Succubus,* not thee.

Par. Gaue me this Iewel laſt morning.

Ear. Not to thee *Harpy.*

Par. To me vpon mine honeſtie, ſwore you would build me a lodging by the *Thames* ſide with a water-gate to it: or els take mee a lodging in Cole-harbor.

Ear. I ſwore ſo.

Par. Or keep me in a Laborinth as *Harry* kept Roſamond wher the Minotaure my husband ſhould not enter.

Ear. I ſware ſo, but *Gipſie* not to thee?

Par. To me vppon my honour, hard was the ſiege, which you laid to the Chriſtal wals of my chaſtity, but I held out you know: but becauſe I cannot bee too ſtony harted, I yeelded my Lord, by this token my Lord (which token lies at my heart like lead) but by this token my Lord, that this night you ſhould commit that ſinne which we al know with me.

Ear. Thee?

Par. Do I looke vgly, that you put thee vppon me: did I giue you my hand to horne my head, thats to ſay my husband, and is it com to thee: is my face a filthyer face, now it is yours, then when it was his: or haue I two faces vnder one hoode. I confeſſe I haue laid mine eyes in brine, and that may chaunge the coppy. But my Lord I know what I am.

Ear. A Sorcereſſe, thou ſhalt witch mine eares no more,
If thou canſt pray, doot quickly for thou dieſt.

Par. I can praie but I will not die, thou lieſt:
My Lord there drops your Ladie; And now know,
Thou vnſeaſonable Lecher, I am her husband
Whom thou wouldſt make whore, read: ſhe ſpeakes there thus,
Vnleſſe I came to her, her hand ſhould free
Her Chaſtitie from blemiſh, proud I was
Of her braue mind, I came, and ſeeing what ſlauerie
Pouertie, and the frailtie of her Sex

Had, and was like to make her Subiect to,
I begd that ſhe would die, my ſuite was granted,
I poiſon'd her, thy luſt there ſtrikes her dead,
Hornes feard, plague worſe, than ſticking on the head.

Ear. Oh God thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe and me,
None liue to match this peece, thou art to bloudie,
Yet for her ſake, whom Ile embalme with teares,
This Act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy loſſe of ſuch a Iewel, thou ſhalt ſhare
My liuing with me, Come imbrace.

Par. My Lord.

Earl. Villaine, dambd mercileſſe ſlaue, Ile torture thee
To euery ynch of fleſh: what ho: helpe whoſe there?

Enter Servingmen.

Come hither: heres a murderer, bind him. How now,
What noiſe is this.

Enter the 1. *Seruingmen.*

1 *Ser.* My Lord there are three Cittizens face mee downe, that heres one maiſter *Parentheſis* a ſchoole-maiſter with your Lordſhip and deſire he may be forthcomming to em.

Par. That borrowed name is mine. Shift for your ſelues:
Away, ſhift for your ſelues; fly, I am taken.

Ear. Why ſhould they flye thou Skreech-owle.

Par. I wil tel thee,
Thoſe three are partners with me in the murder,
We four commixt the poiſon, ſhift for your ſelues.

Ear. Stops mouth, and drag him backe: intreat em enter.

Enter the three Cittizens.

O what a conflict feele I in my bloud,

I would I were leſſe great to be more good :
Y'are welcome, wherefore came you ! guard the dores :
When I behold that obiect, al my ſences
Reuolt from reaſon, he that offers flight,
Drops downe a Coarſe.

All 3. A Coarſe ?

1. *Ser.* I a coarſe, do you ſcorn to be worms meat more then ſhe ?

Par. See Gentlemen, the Italian that does ſcorne,
Beneath the Moone, no baſenes like the horne,
Has powr'd through all the veines of yon chaſt boſome,
Strong poiſon to preſerue it from that plague,
This fleſhly Lord : he doted on my wife,
He would haue wrought on her and plaid on me.
But to pare off theſe brims, I cut off her,
And guld him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,
That his ſtaind age and name might not be hid.
My Act (tho vild) the world ſhall crowne as iuſt,
I ſhall dye cleere, when he liues foyld with luſt :
But come : riſe Moll. Awake ſweete Moll, th'aſt played
The woman rarely, counterfetted well.

1. *Ser.* Sure ſh'as nine liues.

Par. See, *Lucrece* is not ſlaine,
Her eyes which luſt cald Suns, haue their firſt beames,
And all theſe frightments are but idle dreames :
Yet (afore *Ioue*) ſhe had her knife prepard
To let his bloud forth ere it ſhould run blacke ?
Do not theſe open cuts now, coole your back ?
Methinks they ſhould : when *Vice* ſees with broad eyes
Her vgly forme, ſhe does hirſelfe deſpiſe.

Ear. Mirror of dames, I looke vpon thee now,
As men long blind, (hauing recouered ſight)
Amazd: ſcarce able are to endure the light :

Mine owne ſhame ſtrikes me dumb : henceforth the booke
Ile read ſhall be thy mind, and not thy looke.

Hony. I would either wee were at Braineford to ſee our wiues, or our wiues heere to ſee this Pageant.

Ten. So would I, I ſtand vpon thornes.

Ear. The iewels which I gaue you : weare : your fortunes,
Ile raiſe on golden Pillars : fare you well,
Luſt in old age like burnt ſtraw, does euen choake
The kindlers, and conſumes, in ſtincking Smoake.
Exit.

Par. You may follow your Lord by the ſmoake, Badgers.

1. *Ser.* If fortune had fauord him, wee might haue followed you by the hornes.

Par. Fortune fauors fooles, your Lords a wiſe Lord : So : how now? ha? This is that makes me fat now, iſt not Rats-bane to you Gentlemen, as pap was to *Neſtor*, but I know the inuiſible ſins of your wiues hang at your eye-lides, and that makes you ſo heauy headed.

Tent. If I do take em napping I know what Ile do.

Honi. Ile nap ſome of them.

Tent. That villaine *Monopoly*, and that ſir *Gozlin* treads em all.

Wafer. Wud I might come to that treading.

Par. Ha ha, ſownd I : come Moll : the booke of the ſiedge of *Oſtend*, writ by one that dropt in the action, will neuer ſell ſo well, as a report of the ſiedge between this *Graue*, this wicked elder and thy ſelfe, an impreſſion of you two, wold away in a May-morning : was it euer heard that ſuch tyrings, were brought away from a Lord by any wench but thee Moll, without paying, vnleſſe the wench connycatcht him? go thy waies : if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the ten-penny-infidell ſhould neuer neede

keep ſo many geldings to ney ouer em : come ſhal this Weſterne voyage hold my harts ?

All 3. Yes, yes.

Par. Yes, yes : Sfoot you ſpeake as if you had no harts, & look as if you were going weſtward indeede : to ſee how plaine dealing women can pull downe men : Moll youle helpe vs to catch Smelts too ?

Miſt. Iuſt. If you be pleaſd.

Par. Neuer better ſince I wore a Smock.

Honi. I fear our oares haue giuen vs the bag.

Wafer. Good. Ide laugh at that.

Par. If they haue, would wheres might giue them the Bottle : come march whilſt the women double their files : Married men ſee, theres comfort ; the Moones vp : fore *Don Phœbus*, I doubt we ſhall haue a Froſt this night, her hornes are ſo ſharp : doe you not feele it bite.

Tent. I do, Ime ſure.

Par. But weele ſit vppon one anothers skirts ith Boate, and lye cloſe in ſtraw, like the hoary Courtier. Set on to Brainford now : where if you meete fraile wiues,
Nere ſweare gainſt hornes, in vaine dame Nature ſtriues. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus Scæna Prima.

A Tavern at Brainford.

Enter Monopoly, Whirlepoole, Lynſtock, and their wiues, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare, their Hats off.

Mono. Why Chamberlin ? will not theſe Fidlers be drawn forth ? are they not in tune yet ? Or are the Rogues a fraid ath Statute, and dare not trauell ſo far without a paſſe-port ?

Whir. What Chamberlin ?

Lynſt. Wheres mine hoſt ? what Chamberlin.

Enter Chamberlin.

Cham. Anon ſir, heere ſir, at hand ſir.

Mono. Wheres this noiſe? what a lowſie Townes this? Has Brainford no muſick int.

Cham. They are but rozining ſir, and theile ſcrape themſelues into your company preſently.

Mono. Plague a their Cats guts and their ſcraping: doſt not ſee women here, and can we thinkſt thou be without a noiſe then?

Cha. The troth is ſir, one of the poore inſtruments caught a ſore miſchance laſt night: his moſt baſe bridge fell downe, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

Whir When they come, lets haue em with apox.

Cham. Well ſir, you ſhall ſir.

Mo. Stay Chamberlin: wheres our knight ſir *Gozlin*? wheres ſir *Gozlin*.

Cham. Troth ſir, my maſter, and ſir *Gozlin* are guzling: they are dabling together fathom deepe: the Knight hath drunke ſo much Helth to the Gentleman yonder, on his knees, that hee has almoſt loſt the vſe of his legs.

Iud. O for loue, let none of em enter our roome, fie.

Mab. I wud not haue em caſt vp their accounts here, for more then they meane to be drunke this tweluemonth.

Cla. Good Chamberlin keepe them and their Helthes out of our company.

Cham. I warrant you, their Helthes ſhall not hurt you. *Exit.*

Mo. I, well ſaid: they're none of our giuing: let em keep their owne quarter: Nay I told you the man would ſoake him if hee were ten Knights: if he were a Knight of Gold theyd fetch him ouer.

Cla. Out vpon him?

Whirl. Theres a Liefetennant and a Captaine amongſt em too.

Mo. Nay, then looke to haue ſome body lie on the earth fort: Its ordinary for your Liefetennant to be drunke with your Captaine, and your Capten to caſt with your Knight.

Cla. Did you neuer hear how ſir *Fabian Scarcrow* (euen ſuch another) tooke me vp one night before my husband being in wine.

Mab. No indeede, how was it?

Cla. But I thinke I tooke him downe with a witneſſe.

Iud. How? Good *Tenterhooke.*

Cla. Nay Ile haue all your eares take part of it.

Omni. Come, on then.

Cla. He vſd to frequent me and my Husband diuerſe times; And at laſt comes he out one morning to my husband, and ſayes, maiſter *Tenterhooke* ſaies he, I muſt trouble you to lend mee 200. pound about a commodity which I am to deale in, and what was that commodity but his knighthood.

Omn. So.

Cla. Why you ſhall Maiſter *Scarcrow* ſaies my good man: So within a little while after, Maiſter *Fabian* was created Knight.

Mono. Created a Knight! thats no good heraldry: you muſt ſay dubd.

Cla. And why not Created pray.

Omn. I wel done, put him downe ats owne weapon.

Cla. Not Created, why al things haue their being by creation.

Lynſt. Yes by my faith iſt.

Cla. But to returne to my tale.

Whirl. I mary: marke now.

Cla. When he had climb'd vp this coſtly ladder of preferment, he disburſes the mony backe agen very honorably: comes home, and was by my husbande invited to ſupper: There ſupt with vs beſides, another Gentleman incident to the Court, one that hadde beſpoke me of my husband to help me into the banqueting houſe and ſee the reuelling: a young Gentleman, and that wagge (our ſchoolemaiſter) maiſter *Parentheſis*, for I remember he ſaid grace, methinks I ſee him yet, how he turn'd vp the white a'th eie, when he

came to the laſt Gaſpe, and that he was almoſt paſt Grace.

Mab. Nay he can doot.

Cla. All ſupper time, my New-minted knight, made Wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran downe his throat ſo faſt, that before my Chamber-maid had taken halfe vp, he was not ſcarce able to ſtand.

Mono. A generall fault at Cittizens tables.

Cla. And I thinking to play vpon him, askt him, Sir *Fabian Scarcrow* quoth I, what pretty Gentlewoman wil you raiſe vp now to ſtal her your Lady? but he like a foul-mouthd man, ſwore zounds Ile ſtal neuer a puncke in England. A Lady, theres two many already: O fie Sir *Fabian* (quoth I) will you cal her that ſhall bee your wife ſuch an odious name! and then he ſets out a throat & ſwore agen (like a ſtinking breathd knight as he was) that women were like horſes.

Iud. and Mab. O filthy knaue.

Cla. Theyde break ouer any hedge to change their paſture, tho it were worſe: Fie man fie, (ſaies the Gentlewoman.)

Mono. Very good.

Cla. And he briſtling vp his beard to raile at her too, I cut hym ouer the thumbs thus: why ſir *Fabian Scarcrow* did I incenſe my husband to lend you ſo much mony vpon your bare worde, and doe you backbite my friends, and me to our faces! I thought you had more perſeuerance; if you bore a Knightly and a degenerous mind you would ſcorne it: you had wont to be more deformable amongſt women: Fie, that youle be ſo humorſome: here was Nobodie ſo egregious towardes you ſir *Fabian*! and thus in good ſadnes, I gaue him the beſt wordes I coulde picke out to make him aſhamd of his doings.

Whirl. And how tooke he this Correction.

Cla. Verie heauily: for he ſlept preſentlie vpont: & in the morning was the ſorrieſt Knight, and I

warrant is ſo to this daie, that liues by bread in England.

Mono. To ſee what wine and women can do, the one makes a man not to haue a word to throw at a Dogge, the other makes a man to eat his owne words, tho they were neuer ſo filthy.

Whirl. I ſee theſe Fiddlers cannot build vp their bridge, that ſome Muſicke may come ouer vs.

Lynſt. No faith they are drunke too, what ſhals do therefore.

Mono. Sit vp at Cards al night?

Mab. Thats Seruingmans faſhion.

Whirl. Drinke burnt wine and Egs then?

Iud. Thats an exercife for your ſub-burbe wenches.

Cla. No no, lets ſet vpon our poſſet and ſo march to bed, for I begin to wax light with hauing my Natural ſleep puld out a mine eies.

Omn. Agreed: beet ſo, the ſacke poſſet and to bed.

Mono. What Chamberlain? I muſt take a pipe of Tobacco.

3. *Women.* Not here, not here, not here.

Mab. Ile rather loue a man that takes a purſe, then him that takes Tobacco.

Cla. By my little finger Ile breake al your pipes, and burne the Caſe and the box too, and you drawe out your ſtinking ſmoake afore me.

Mono. Prethee good miſtris *Tenterhooke*, Ile ha done in a trice.

Mab. Do you long to haue me ſwoune?

Mono. Ile vſe but halfe a pipe introth.

Cla. Do you long to ſee me lie at your feet!

Mono. Smell toot: tis perfum'd.

Cla. Oh God? Oh God? you anger me: you ſtir my bloud: you moue me; you make me ſpoile a good face with frowning at you: this was euer your faſhion, ſo to ſmoake my Husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye: hee was a moate

in it me thought a month after: pray ſpawle in another roome: fie, fie, fie.

Mo. Well, well, come, weele for once feed hir humor.

Iud. Get two roomes off at leaſt if you loue vs.

Mab. Three, three, maiſter *Lynſtocke* three.

Lin. Sfoote weele dance to Norwich, and take it there, if youle ſtay till we returne agen? Heeres a ſtir, youle ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a ſmoaky noſe.

Mo. Come lets ſatisfie our appetite.

Whi. And that wil be hard for vs, but weele do our beſt. *Exeunt.*

Cla. So; are they departed? What ſtring may wee three thinke that theſe three gallants harp vppon, by bringing vs to this ſinfull towne of Brainford? ha?

Iud. I know what ſtring they would harpe vppon, if they could put vs into the right tune.

Mab. I know what one of em buz'd in mine eare, till like a Theefe in a Candle, he made mine eares burne, but I ſwore to ſay nothing.

Cla. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night theile row weſtward in our husbands whirries, as wee hope to bee rowd to London to morrowe morning in a paire of oares. But wenches lets bee wiſe, and make Rookes of them that I warrant are now ſetting purſenets to cony-catch vs.

Both. Content.

Cla. They ſhall know that Cittizens wiues haue wit enough to out ſtrip twenty ſuch guls; tho we are merry, lets not be mad: be as wanton as new married wiues, as fantaſticke and light headed to the eye, as fether-makers, but as pure about the heart, as if we dwelt amongſt em in Black Fryers.

Mab. Weele eate and drinke with em.

Clar. Oh yes: eate with em as hungerly as ſouldiers: drinke as if we were Froes: talke as freely as Ieſtors, but doe as little as miſers. Who (like dry

Nurſes) haue great breaſtes but giue no milke. It were better we ſhould laugh at their popin-Iayes, then liue in feare of their prating tongues: tho we lye all night out of the Citty, they ſhall not find country wenches of vs: but ſince we haue brought em thus far into a fooles Paradice, leaue em int: the Ieſt ſhal be a ſtock to maintain vs and our pewfellowes in laughing at chriſtnings, cryings out, and vpſittings this 12. month: how ſay you wenches, haue I ſet the Sadle on the right horſe.

Boath. O twill be excellent.

Mab. But how ſhall we ſhift em off?

Cla. Not as ill debters do their Creditors (with good wordes) but as Lawyers do their Clyents when their ouerthrown, by ſome new knauiſh tricke: and thus it ſhall bee: one of vs muſt diſſemble to be ſuddenly very ſick.

Iud. Ile be ſhe.

Clar. Nay, tho we can all diſſemble well, yet Ile be ſhe: for men are ſo iealous, or rather enuious of one anothers happineſſe (Eſpecially in this out of towne goſſipings) that he who ſhall miſſe his hen, if hee be a right Cocke indeede, will watch the other from treading.

Mab. Thats certaine, I know that by my ſelfe.

Cla. And like *Eſops* Dog, vnleſſe himſelfe might eate hay, wil lie in the manger and ſtarue: but heele hinder the horſe from eating any: beſides it will be as good as a Welch hooke for you to keepe out the other at the Staues end: for you may boldly ſtand vppon this point, that vnleſſe euery mans heeles may bee tript vp, you ſcorne to play at football.

Iud. Thats certaine: peace I heare them ſpitting after their Tobacco.

Cla. A chaire, a chaire, one of you keepe as great a coyle and calling, and as if you ran for a midwife; tho'ther holde my head: whylſt I cut my lace.

Mab. Paſſion of me? maiſter *Monopoly*, maiſter *Linſtocke* and you be men, help to daw *miſtris Tenter-*

hooke: O quickly, quickly, ſhees ſicke and taken with an Agony.

Enter as ſhe cryes Monopolie, Whirlepoole, and Lynſtocke.

Omni. Sick? How? how now? whats the matter?

Monop. Sweet *Clare* call vp thy ſpirits.

Clare. O maiſter *Monopoly*, my ſpirits will not come at my calling, I am terrible and Ill: Sure, ſure, I'me ſtruck with ſome wicked planet, for it hit my very hart: Oh I feele my ſelfe worſe and worſe.

Mono. Some burnt Sack for her good wenches: or poſſit drink, poxe a this Rogue Chamberlin, one of you call him: how her pulſes beate: a draught of Cynamon water now for her, were better than two Tankerdes out of the Thames: how now? Ha.

Cla. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

Mono. I'me accurſt to ſpend mony in this Towne of iniquity: theres no good thing euer comes out of it: and it ſtands vppon ſuch muſty ground, by reaſon of the Riuer, that I cannot ſee how a tender woman can do well int. Sfoot? Sick now? caſt down now tis come to the puſh.

Cla. My mind miſgiues me that als not ſound at London.

Whirle. Poxe on em that be not ſounde, what need that touch you?

Cla. I feare youle neuer carry me thither.

Omni. Puh, puh, ſay not ſo.

Cla. Pray let my cloathes be vtterly vndone, and then lay mee in my bed.

Lynſt. Walke vp and downe a little.

Cla. O maiſter *Lynſtock*, tis no walking will ſerue my turne: haue me to bed good ſweete Miſtris *Honi-ſuckle*, I doubt that olde Hag *Gillian* of *Braineford* has bewitcht me.

Mono. Looke to her good wenches.

Mab. I ſo we will, and to you too: this was excellent. *Exeunt.*

Whirle. This is ſtrange.

Lynſt. Villanous ſpiteful luck: no matter, th,other two hold byas.

Whirle. Peace, marke how hees nipt: nothing greeues mee ſo much as that poore *Pyramus* here muſt haue a wall this night betweene him and his *Thisbe.*

Mono. No remedy truſty *Troylus*: and it greeues mee as much, that youle want your falſe *Creſſida* to night, for heeres no ſir *Pandarus* to vſher you into your Chamber.

Lynſt. Ile ſomon a parlee to one of the Wenches, and ſee how all goes.

Mono. No whiſpring with the common enimy by this Iron: he ſees the Diuell that ſees how all goes amongſt the women to night: Nay Sfoot? If I ſtand piping till you dance, damne me.

Lyn. Why youle let me call to em but at the key-hole.

Mono. Puh, good maiſter *Lynſtocke*, Ile not ſtand by whilſt you giue Fire at your Key-holes? Ile hold no Trencher till another ſeedes: no ſtirrup till another gets vp: be no doore-keeper. I ha not beene ſo often at Court, but I know what the back-ſide of the Hangings are made of. Ile truſt none vnder a peece of Tapiſtry, *viz.* a Couerlet.

Whirl. What will you ſay if the Wenches do this to gull us?

Mono. No matter, Ile not be doubly guld, by them and by you: goe, will you take the leaſe of the next chamber and doe as I do.

Both. And whats that?

Mono. Any villanie in your company, but nothing out on't will you ſit vp, or lie by'te.

Whirl. Nay lie ſure, for lying is moſt in faſhion.

Mono. Troth then; Ile haue you before mee.

Both. It ſhall be youres.

Mono. Yours ifaith: Ile play *Ianus* with two faces & looke a ſquinte both wayes for one night.

Lyn. Well Sir, you ſhall be our dore-keeper.

Mono. Since we muſt ſwim, lets leape into one flood,
Weele either be all naught, or els all good. *Exeunt.*

Enter a noyſe of Fidlers, following the Chamberlyn.

Cham. Come, come, come, follow mee, follow mee. I warrant you ha loſt more by not falling into a ſound laſt night, than euer you got at one Iob ſince it pleaſ'd to make you a noiſe: I can tell you, gold is no money with 'hem; follow me and fum as you goe; you ſhall put ſomething into their eares, whilſt I prouide to put ſomething into their bellies. Followe cloſe and fum ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gozlin *and* Bird-lime *puld along by him.*

Goz. What kin art thou to Long-*Meg* of Weſtminſter? th'art like her.

Bird. Some-what a like Sir at a bluſh, nothing a kin Sir, fauing in height of minde, and that ſhe was a goodly Woman.

Goz. Mary Anbree, do not you know me? had not I a ſight of this ſweete Phiſnomy at Reniſh-wine houſe! ha laſt day ith Stilliard ha! whither art bound Galley-foiſt? whether art bound? whence com'ſt thou female yeoman–a the gard?

Bird. From London Sir.

Goz. Doſt come to keepe the dore *Aſcapart.*

Bird. My reparations hether is to ſpeake with the Gentlewoman here that drunke with your worſhippe at the Dutch-houſe of meeting.

Goz. Drunke with mee, you lie, not drunke with me: but 'faith what wou'dſt with the Women? they are a bed: art not a mid-wife? one of hem told mee thou wert a night woman.

Muſick within : the Fidlers.

Bird. I ha brought ſome women a bed, in my time Sir.

Goz. I and ſome yong-men too, ha'ſt not *Pandora* ? howe now ! where's this noyſe.

Bird. Ile commit your worſhip.

Goz. To the Stockes ? art a Iuſtice ? ſhalt not commit mee : dance firſt 'faith, why ſcrapers, appeare vnder the wenches Comicall window, byth' Lord ! Vds Daggers ? cannot ſinne be ſet a ſhore once in a raigne vpon your Country quarters, but it muſt haue fidling ? what ſet of Villaines are you, you perpetuall Ragamuffins ?

Fid. The Towne Conſort Sir.

Goz. Conſort with a pox ? cannot the ſhaking of the ſheets be danc'd without your Town piping ? nay then let al hel rore.

Fid. I beſeech you Sir, put vp yours, and wee'le put vp ours.

Goz. Play you louzie *Hungarians* : ſee, looke the Mai-pole is ſet vp, weele dance about it : keepe this circle *Maquerelle.*

Bird. I am no Mackrell, and ile keepe no Circles.

Goz. Play, life of *Pharao* play, the Bawde ſhall teach mee a Scotch ligge.

Bird. Bawd ! I defie thee and thy ligges whatſoeuer thou art : were I in place where, Ide make thee proue thy wordes.

Goz. I wud proue 'hem Mother beſt be truſt : why doe not I know you Granam ? and that Suger-loafe ? ha ! doe I not *Magæra.*

Bird. I am none of your Megges, do not nick-name me ſo : I will not be nickt.

Goz. You will not : you will not : how many of my name (of the *Glowormes*) haue paid for your furr'd Gownes, thou Womans broker.

Bird. No Sir, I ſcorne to bee beholding to any

Glo-worme that liues vppon Earth for my furre: I can keepe my ſelfe warme without Glowormes.

Goz. Canſt ſing Wood-pecker? come ſing and wake 'hem.

Bird. Wud you ſhould well know it, I am no ſinging Woman.

Goz. Howle then! sfoote ſing, or howle, or Ile break your Eſtrich Egſhell there.

Bird. My Egge hurts not you, what doe you meane to floriſh ſo.

Goz. Sing Madge, Madge, ſing Owlet.

Bird. How can I ſing with ſuch a ſowre face—I am haunted with a caugh and cannot ſing.

Goz. One of your Inſtruments Mowntibankes, come, here clutch: clutch.

Bird. Alas, Sir, I'me an olde woman, and knowe not how to clutch an inſtrument.

Goz. Looke marke too and fro as I rub it: make a noyſe: its no matter: any hunts vp, to waken vice.

Bird. I ſhall neuer rub it in tune.

Goz. Will you ſcrape?

Bird. So you will let me go into the parties, I will ſawe, & make a noyſe.

Goz. Doe then: ſhatt into the parties, and part 'hem: ſhat my leane *Læna.*

Bird. If I muſt needes play the Foole in my olde dayes, let mee haue the biggeſt inſtrument, becauſe I can hold that beſt: I ſhall cough like a broken winded horſe, if I gape once to ſing once.

Goz. No matter cough out thy Lungs.

Bird. No Sir, tho Ime olde, and worme-eaten Ime not ſo rotten ———— *Coughes.*

A SONG.

Will your worſhip be ridde of me now.

Goz. Faine, as rich-mens heyres would bee of their gowtye dads: thats the hot-houſe, where your

parties are ſweating: amble: goe, tell the Hee parties I haue ſent 'hem a Maſte to their ſhippe.

Bird. Yes forſooth Ile do your errand. *Exit.*

Goz. Half muſty ſtill by thundring *Ioue*: with what wedge of villanie might I cleaue out an howre or two? Fidlers, come: ſtrike vp. march before mee, the Chamberlaine ſhall put a Crowne for you into his bill of *Items*: you ſhall ſing bawdie ſongs vnder euery window ith Towne: vp will the Clownes ſtart, downe come the Wenches, wee'le ſet the Men a fighting the Women a ſcolding, the Dogs a barking, you ſhall go on fidling, and I follow dancing *Lantæra*: curry your inſtruments: play and away. *Exit.*

Enter Tenter-hooke, Hony-ſuckle, Wafer, Parentheſis, *and his wife with* Ambuſh *and* Chamberlayn.

Hony. Serieant *Ambuſh*, as th'art an honeſt fellow, ſcowte in ſome backe roome, till the watch-word be giuen for ſallying forth.

Amb. Duns the Mouſe. *Exit.*

Tent.—A little low-woman faiſt thou,—in a Veluet-cappe-and one of 'him in a Beauer? brother *Honny-ſuckle*, and brother *Wafer*, hearke—they are they.

Waf. But art ſure theyr husbands are a bed with 'hem?

Cha. I thinke ſo Sir, I know not, I left 'hem together in one roome: and what diuiſion fell amongſt 'hem, the fates can deſcouer not I.

Tent. Leaue vs good Chamberlaine, wee are ſome of their friends: leaue vs good Chamberlaine: be merry a little: leaue vs honeſt Chamberlaine—*Exit.* Wee are abuzd, wee are bought and ſold in *Brainford* Market: neuer did the ſickneſſe of one belyed nurſe-child, ſticke ſo cold to the heartes of three Fathers: never were three innocent Cittizens ſo horribly, ſo abhominably wrung vnder the withers.

Both. What ſhall wee do? how ſhall we helpe our ſelues?

Hony. How ſhall we pull this thorne out off our foote before it rancle?

Tent. Yes, yes, yes, well enough; one of vs ſtay here to watch; doe you ſee: to watch: haue an eye, haue an eare. I and my brother *Wafer*, and Maiſt. *Iuſtiniano*, will ſet the towne in an inſurrection, bring hither the Conſtable, and his Billmen, breake open vpon 'hem, take 'hem in their wickedneſſe, and put 'hem to their purgation.

Both. Agreed.

Par. Ha, ha, purgation.

Tent. Wee'le haue 'hem before ſome Countrey Iuſtice of *Coram* (for we ſcorne to be bound to the Peace) and this Iuſtice ſhall draw his Sword in our defence, if we finde 'hem to be Malefactors wee'le ticle 'hem.

Hony. Agreed: doe not ſay, but doo't come.

Par. Are you mad? do you know what you doe? whether will you runne?

All 3. To ſet the Towne an an vprore.

Par. An vprore! will you make the Townef-men think, that *Londoners* neuer come hither but vpon Saint *Thomaſes* night? Say you ſhould rattle vp the Conſtable: thraſh all the Countrey together, hedge in the houſe with Flayles, Pike-ſtaues, and Pitch-forkes, take your wiues napping, theſe Weſterne Smelts nibling, and that like ſo many *Vulcans*, euery Smith ſhould diſcouer his *Venus* dancing with *Mars*, in a net? wud this plaſter cure the head-ake.

Tent. I, it wood.

All 3. Nay it ſhud.

Par. *Nego Nego*, no no, it ſhall bee prou'd vnto you, your heads would ake worſe: when women are proclaymed to bee light, they ſtriue to be more light, for who dare diſproue a Proclamation.

Tent. I but when light Wiues make heauy huſbands, let theſe husbands play mad *Hamlet*; and crie reuenge, come, and weele do ſo.

Miſt. Iuſt. Pray ſtay, be not ſo heady at my intreaty.

Par. My wife intreats you, and I intreat you to haue mercy on your ſelues, though you haue none ouer the women. Ile tell you a tale: this laſt Chriſtmas a Cittizen and his wife (as it might be one of you) were inuited to the Reuells one night at one of the Innes a Court: the husband (hauing buſineſſe) truſts his wife thither to take vp a roome for him before: ſhee did ſo: but before ſhee went; doubts a riſing, what blockes her husband would ſtumble at, to hinder his entrance. It was conſulted vpon, by what token, by what trick, by what banner, or brooch he ſhould bee knowne to bee hee when hee wrapt at the Gate:

All 3. Very good.

Par. The croud he was told would be greater, their clamors greater, and able to droune the throats of a ſhoule of fiſhwiues: he himſelfe therefore deuiſes an excellent watch-word, and the ſigne at which he would hang out himſelfe, ſhould be a horne: he would wind his horne, and that ſhould giue 'hem warning that he was come.

All. 3. So.

Par. The torchmen and whifflers had an *Item* to receaiue him: he comes, ringes out his horne with an allarum, enters with a ſhowte, all the houſe riſes (thinking ſome ſowgelder preſt in) his wife bluſht, the company Ieſted, the ſimple man like a begger going to the ſtocks laught, as not being ſencible of his own diſgrace & hereupon the punyes ſet downe this decre that no man ſhall hereafter come to laugh at their reuells (if his wife be entred berore him) vnles he cary his horne about him.

Waſ. Ile not trouble them.

Par. So if you trompet a broad and preach at the market croſſe, you wiues ſhame, tis your owne ſhame.

All. What ſhall we doe then!

Por. Take my councell, Ile aske no fee fort: bar out hoſt: baniſh mine hoſtes, beate away the Chamberlin, let the oſtlers walke, enter you the chambers peaceably, locke the dores gingerly, looke vpon your wiues wofully, but vpon the euill-doers, moſt wickedly.

Tent. What ſhall wee reap by this.

Par. An excellent harueſt, this, you ſhall heare the poore mouſe-trapt-guilty-gentlemen call for mercy; your wiues you ſhall ſee kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and bluſhing, and curſing *Brainford* and crying *pardona moy*, *pardona moy*, *pardona moy*, whilſt you haue the choiſe to ſtand either as Iudges to condemne 'hem, beadles to torment 'hem, or confeſſors to abſolue 'hem. And what a glory will it be for you 3. to kiſſe your wiues like forgetfull husbands, to exhort and forgiue the young men like pittifull fathers; then to call for oares, then to cry hay for London, then to make a Supper, then to drowne all in Sacke and Suger, then to goe to bed, and then to riſe and open ſhop, where you may aſke any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none ſhall perceiue whether the brims wring you.

Tent. Weele raiſe no townes.

Hony. No, no, lets knock firſt.

Wa. I thats beſt Ile ſomon a parle.— *knocks.*

Cla. Whoſe there? haue you ſtock-fiſh in hand that you beat ſo hard: who are you?

Tent. Thats my wife; let *Iuſtiniano* ſpeak for al they know our Tongues.

Cla. What a murren aile theſe colts, to keepe ſuch a kicking? *Monopoly.*

Par. Yes.

Cla. Is M. *Lynſtock* vp too, and the Captaine.

Par. Both are in the field: will you open your dore?

Cla. O you are proper Gamſters to bring falſe dice with you from London to cheat your ſelues. Iſt

poſſible that 3 ſhallowe women ſhould gul. 3. ſuch Gallants.

Tent. What meanes this.

Cla. Haue we defied you vpon the wals all night to open our gates to you ith morning. Our honeſt husbands they (ſilly men) lie praying in their beds now, that the waters vnder vs may not be rough, the tilt that couers vs may not be rent, & the ſtrawe about our feete may keepe our pritty legs warme. I warrant they walk vpon Queen-hiue (as *Leander* did for *Hero*) to watch for our landing, and ſhould we wrong ſuch kind hearts? wud we might euer be trobled with the tooth-ach then.

Tent. This thing that makes fooles of vs thus, is my wife. *Knockes.*

Mab. I, I knock your bellies full, we hugg one another a bed and lie laughing till we tickle againe to remember how wee ſent you a Bat-fowling.

Waſ. An Almond Parrat: that's my *Mabs* voice, I know by the ſound.

Par. Sfoote you ha ſpoild halfe already, & youle ſpoile al, if you dam not vp your mouths villanie! nothing but villany, Ime afraid they haue ſmelt your breaths at the key hole, & now they ſet you to catch Flounders, whilſt in the meane time, the concupiſcentious Malefactors make 'em ready & take London napping.

Al 3. Ile not be guld ſo.

Ten. Shew your ſelues to be men, and breake open dores.

Par. Breake open dores, and ſhew your ſelues to be beaſts: if you break open dores, your wiues may lay flat burglary to your charge.

Hony. Lay a pudding; burglarie.

Par. Will you then turne *Coridons* becauſe you are among clowns? ſhal it be ſaid you haue no braines being in *Brainford.*

M. Parentheſis we will enter and ſet vpon 'em.

Par. Well do ſo: but enter not ſo that all the countrey may crie ſhame of your doings: knocke 'hem downe, burſt open *Erebus*, and bring an old houſe ouer your heads if you do.

Waf. No matter, weele beare it of with head & ſhoulders. *kn.*

Mab. You cannot enter indeed la, gods my pittikin our 3 huf bands ſomon a parlee; let that long old woman either creepe vnder the bed or elſe ſtand vpright behind the painted cloth. *Exit.*

Waf. Doe you heare: you *Mabel*:

Mab. Lets neuer hide our heads now, for we are deſcouered.

Hony. But all this while, my *Hony-ſuckle* appeares not.

Par. Why then two of them haue pitcht their tents there & yours lies in Ambuſcado with your enemy there.

Hony. Stand vpon your gard there, whilſt I batter here. *knock.*

Mono. Who's there?

Par. Hold, Ile ſpeake in a ſmall voice like one of the women; here's a friend: are you vp? rize, rize; ſtir, ſtirre.

Mono. Vds foote, what Weaſell are you? are you going to catch Quailes, that you bring your pipes with you. Ile ſee what troubled Ghoſt it is that cannot ſleepe. *Lookes out.*

Tent. O Maiſt. *Monopoly* God ſaue you.

Mono. Amen, for the laſt time I ſawe you, the Diuell was at mine elbow in Buffe, what! 3 mery men, & 3. mery men, & 3. merry men be we too.

Hon. How do's my wife M. *Monop.*

Mono. Who? my ouerthwart neighbour: paſſing well: this is kindly don: Sir *Gozlin* is not far from you: wee'le ioyne our Armies preſently, here be rare fields to walke in-Captaine rize, Captain *Lynſtock* beſtir your ſtumps, for the *Phileſtins* are vpon vs.

Exit.

Tent. This *Monopoly* is an arrant knaue, a cogging knaue, for all hees a Courtier, if *Monopoly* bee ſufferd to ride vp and downe with other mens wiues, hee'le vn-do both Citty and Countrey.

Enter the three wiues.

Par. Mol, maske thy ſelfe, they ſhall not know thee.

All 3. How now ſweet hearts, what make you here.

Waf. Not that which you make here.

Tent. Mary you make Bulls of your husbands.

Cla. Buzzards do we not? out you yellow infirmities: do al flowers ſhew in your eyes like Columbines.

Waf. Wife what ſaies the Collier? is not thy Soule blacker then his coales? how does the child? howe does my fleſh and bloud wife?

Mab. Your fleſh and bloud is very well recouered now mouſe.

Waf. I know tis: the Collier has a ſack-full of newes to empty.

Tent. Clare Where be your two ringes with Diamonds?

Clare. At hand ſir, here with a wet finger.

Tent. I dreamt you had loſt hem—what a prophane varlet is this ſhoulder clapper, to lye thus vpon my wife & her ringes.

Enter Monopoly, Whyrlpoole *and* Lynſtock.

All 3. Saue you gentlemen;

Tent. Hony. Waf. And you and our wiues from you.

Mona. Your wiues haue ſaude themſelues for one.

Tent. Maiſt. *Monopoly*, tho I meet you in hie *Germany*, I hope you can vnderſtand broken Engliſh, haue you diſchargd your debt.

Mono. yes Sir : with a duble charge, your *Harpy* that ſet his ten commandements vpon my backe had 2. Dyamondes to ſaue him harmles.

Tent. of you Sir.

Mono. Me Sir, do you think there be no dyamond courtiers.

Enter Ambuſh.

Tent. Sargent *Ambuſh* iſſue forth, *Monopoly* Ile cut off your conuoy maiſt, Sargant *Ambuſh*, I charge you as you hope to receaue comfort from the ſmell of *Mace* ſpeake not like a Sargent, but deale honeſtly, of whome had you the dyamondes.

Amb. Of your wife Sir if Ime an honeſt man.

Cla. Of me you peuter-buttoned raſcall.

Mono. Sirra you that liue by nothing but the carion of poultry.

Cla. Schoole Maiſter harke heither.

Mono. Where are my Iems and pretious ſtones that were my bale.

Amb. Forth comming Sir tho your mony is not, your crediter has hem.

Par. Excellent ; peace, why M. *Tenterhooke*, if the dyamondes be of the reported value, Ile paie your mony receaue 'em, keepe 'hem till Maiſt. *Monopoly* be fatter ith purſe : for Maiſt. *Monopoly* I know you wil not be long empty Maſt. *Monopoly*.

Cla. Let him haue 'hem good *Tenterhooke*, where are they.

Tent. At home, I lockt 'hem vp.———

Enter Birdlime.

Bird. No indeed for-ſooth, I lockt 'hem vp, & thos are they your wife has, and thoſe are they your husband (like a bad liuer as he is) would haue giuen to a neice of mine, (that lies in my houſe to take phiſick) to haue committed fleſhly treaſon with her.

Tent. I at your houſe—you old—

Bird. You perdy, and that honeſt batchiler, neuer call me old for the matter.

Iud. Motherly woman hees my husband and no Batchelers buttons are at his doublett.

Bird. las, I ſpeake Innocently and that leane gentleman ſet in his ſtaffe there: But as Ime a ſinner, both I and the yong woman had an eye to the mayne chance, & tho they brought more a bout 'hem than capten *Candiſhis* voiage came to, they ſhould not, nor could not (vnles I had bin a naughty woman) haue entred the ſtraytes.

All 3. Haue we ſmelt you out foxes.

Cla. Doe you come after vs with hue and cry when you are the theeues your Selues.

Iud. Murder I ſee cannot be hid, but if this old *Sybill* of yours ſpeake oracles, for my part, Ile be like an Almanacke that threatens nothing but foule wether.

Tent. That bawd has bin dambd. 500 times, and is her word to be taken.

Par. To be dambd once is enough, for any one of her coate.

Bird. Why Sir, what is my coat that you ſitt thus vpon my Scirts.

Par. Thy Coat is an ancient Coat, one of the ſeauen deadly ſinnes, put thy coat firſt to making; but do you heare, you mother of Iniquity, you that can looſe and find your eares when you liſt go, faile with the reſt of your baudie-traffikers to the place of ſixe-penny Sinfulneſſe the ſubvrbes.

Bird. I ſcorne the Sinfulneſſe of any ſubvrbes in Chriſtendom tis wel knowne I haue vp-rizers, and downe-lyers within the Citty, night by night, like a prophane fellow as thou art.

Par. Right, I know thou haſt, Ile tell you Gentlefolkes, theres more reſort to this Fortune-teller, then of forlorne wiues married to old husbands, and of

Greene-ſickneſſe Wenches that can get no husbands to the houſe of a wife Woman. Shee has tricks to keepe a vaulting houſe vnder the Lawes noſe.

Bird. Thou doſt the Lawes noſe wrong to bely mee ſo.

Par. For either a cunning woman has a Chamber in her houſe or a Phiſition, or a picture maker, or an Attorney, becauſe all theſe are good Clokes for the raine. And then if the female party that's clienteed aboue-Staires, be yong, Shees a Squires daughter of lowe degree, that lies there for phiſicke, or comes vp to be placed with a Counteſſe: if of middle age, ſhees a Widow, and has ſutes at the terme or ſo.

Iud. O fie vpon her, burne the witch out of our company.

Cla. Lets hem her out off Brainford, if ſhee get not the faſter to London.

Mab. O no, for Gods ſake, rather hem her out off London and let her keepe in Brainford ſtill.

Bird. No you cannot hem me out of London; had I known this your rings ſhould ha bin poxt er-I wud ha toucht 'hem: I will take a paire of Oares, and leaue you. *Exit.*

Par. Let that ruine of intemperance bee rakt vp in duſt and aſhes, and now tell me, if you had rayſed the Towne, had not the tiles tumbled vpon your heads: for you ſee your Wiues are chaſt, theſe Gentlemen ciuill, all is but a merriment, all but a May-game; ſhe has her Diamonds, you ſhall haue your money, the child is recouered, the falſe Collier diſcouered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime; and therefore ſet the Hares-head againſt the Gooſe-giblets, put all inſtruments in tune, and euery husband play muſicke vpon the lips of his Wife whilſt I begin firſt.

Omni. Come wenches bee't ſo.

Cla. Miſt. *Iuſtiniano* iſt you were aſham'd all this while of ſhewing your face, is ſhe your wife Schoole-maiſter.

Par. Looke you, your Schoole-maiſter has bin in *France*, and loſt his hayre, no more *Parentheſis* now, but *Iuſtiniano*, I will now play the Merchant with you. Looke not ſtrange at her, nor at mee, the ſtory of vs both, ſhall bee as good, as an olde wiues tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter Chamberlain.

How now?

Cham. Alas Sir, the Knight yonder Sir *Gozlin* has almoſt his throat cut by Powlterers and Townefmen and raſcalls, & all the Noiſe that went with him poore fellowes haue their Fidle-caſes puld ouer their eares.

Omn. Is Sir *Gozlin* hurt?

Cham. Not much hurt Sir, but he bleedes like a Pig, for his crowne's crackt.

Iud. Then has he beene twiſe cut ith head ſince we landed, once with a Pottle-pot and now with old iron.

Par. Gentlemen haſten to his reſcue ſome, whilſt others call for Oares.

Omni. Away then to London.

Par. Farewell Brainford.

Gold that buyes health, can neuer be ill ſpent,
Nor howres laid out in harmeleſſe meryment.

Exeunt.

Finis Act. Quint.

SONG.

OAres, Oares, Oares, Oares:
To London hay, to London hay:
Hoiſt vp ſayles and lets away,
for the ſafeſt bay
For vs to land is London ſhores.

Oares, Oares, Oares, Oares :
Quickly ſhall wee get to Land,
If you, if you, if you,
Lend vs but halfe a hand.
O lend vs halfe a hand. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 5.

Ile joyne

My force to yours, to ſtop this violent torrent:

The old editions read "torment:" but ſee the enſuing ſpeech of the Duke for a juſtification of the very obvious correction made, which has the high authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 6.

you'le bleed three pottles of Aligant.

i.e., a red wine of Alicant, in the province of Valencia. Our early writers commonly ſpelt the word thus.

PAGE 10.

I ha read *Albertus Magnus* and *Ariſtotle's* Emblemes.

In Dodſley's Old Plays, and in Mr. Dyce's Edition of Middleton, the word "Emblemes" is altered to *Problems*. An abſurd book called *The Problems of Ariſtotle, with other Philoſophers and Phyſitions*, was publiſhed in 1595.

PAGE 11.

Coz that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wiues and their madcaps, that man 'em to the garden.

All the editions, except that of 1605, read "old dames" inſtead of *madcaps*.

PAGE 12.

if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.

"By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not; which muſt be tried by a jury of twelve men, and if they find him *purus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the cuſtody of his perſon, may be

granted by the ſovereign to ſome ſubject who has intereſt enough to obtain them. This power, though of late very rarely exerted, is ſtill alluded to in common ſpeech by that uſual expreſſion of *begging* a man for a fool."—BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, vol. I., p. 303.

PAGE 12.

Ah, 'tis neere ſpent.

All the old editions read "meere." The correction was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 12.

Softly, ſee Doctor: *what a coldiſh heate*
Spreads over all her body.

This reading is peculiar to the edition of 1605. The firſt edition and all the later editions have, "Softly ſweet Doctor."

PAGE 12.

threw an icie ruſt
On her exterior parts.

Mr. Dyce ſuggeſts "cruſt," inſtead of *ruſt*, as probably the true reading; but he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 13.

ſicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midſt *of feaſting,*
And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
Had touchd thy lips, a ſencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To ſee ſuch beautie alter.

So the excellent edition of 1605. The other editions inſtead of "midſt" read *deadſt*, a corruption perpetuated in Dodſley's Old Plays. The word, ſays Nares in his Gloſſary, "is but awkwardly applied to the height or meridian of feaſting, which ſurely has nothing *dead* in it." Perhaps the miſprint arofe from the compoſitor's eye having caught the word *death* in the next line but two.

In the laſt line of the above paſſage alſo, all the editions except that of 1605 read, "altered" inſtead of *alter*.

PAGE 14.

La you now, 'tis well good knaues.

So the edition of 1605. All the other editions, "'tis well *God knowes* !"

PAGE 14.

Doctor this place where ſhe ſo oft hath ſeene
His lively preſence, hurts *her does it not?*

Ed. 1605, "hnrts." Other editions, "haunts."

PAGE 16.

A ſpleene not ſo big as a taverne token.

"During the reign of Queen Elizabeth very little braſs or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victuallers and other tradeſmen were therefore permitted without any reſtriction, to coin ſmall money or *tokens*, as they were called, which were uſed for change. Theſe *tokens* were very ſmall pieces, and probably at firſt coined chiefly by tavern-keepers; from whence the expreſſion a *tavern-token* might have been originally derived."—REED. "That moſt of them would travel to the *tavern*, may be eaſily ſuppoſed, and hence, perhaps, the name. Their uſual value ſeems to have been a farthing." GIFFORD, note on Ben Jonſon's Works, I, 30.

PAGE 22.

Blurt *on your ſentences.*

An exclamation of contempt, equal to—a fig for.

PAGE 22.

I ha done you right on my thumb naile.

In Naſh's *Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1595, a marginal note explains the words "drinke *ſuper nagulum*" to be "a deuiſe of drinking new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turnd vp the bottome of the cup, to drop it on his naile and make a pearle with that is left, which if it ſhed and he cannot make ſtand on, by reaſon there's too much, he muſt drinke againe for his penance."

PAGE 23.

a woman's well holp't up with ſuch a meacocke; I had rather have a husband that would ſwaddle me thrice a day.

Meacock is a timorous, daſtardly creature. *Swaddle* is to ſtrap, to beat ſoundly.

PAGE 23.

goodman Abram.

A ſort of cant term: Bellafront applies it to Roger at page 26.

PAGE 25.

Where's my ruffe and poker.

This inſtrument, of which mention is frequently made in the Elizabethan writers, is ſometimes called a *poting* and at others a *poking* ſtick. It was uſed to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe ſays, that theſe *poking ſticks* were made of wood or bone until about 1574, when they began to be made of ſteel, that they might be uſed hot. The "chafing-diſh," mentioned in the text, was for the purpoſe of heating them.

PAGE 26.

Marry muffe *ſir, are you growne ſo dainty.*

An expreſſion of contempt which frequently occurs in our early writers. It is used again at page 32 of this play.

PAGE 26.

Sing pretty wantons warble.

The word "Sing" is probably a ſtage-direction, referring to the ballad Bellafront commences.

PAGE 27.

Goas my pittikins.

A corruption of *God's my pity*, an expreſſion of which Bellafront atterwards makes uſe in this ſcene (page 29). Shakeſpeare puts *ods-pittikins* into the mouth of Imogen (Cymbeline, act iv. ſc. 2.)

PAGE 27.

Here's another light Angell, Signior.

Roger alludes to the candle with which he has returned. Compare Dekker's Satiro-maſtix (vol. I, p. 193). "I markt, *by this Candle (which is none of God's Angels)*".

PAGE 28.

Hypocras.

A beverage compoſed generally of red wine, but ſometimes of white, with ſpices and ſugar,—ſtrained through a woollen bag.

PAGE 28.

danc'd the Canaries.

A quick and lively dance, frequently mentioned by our early writers. By the example in the opera *Diocleſian*, ſet to muſic by Purcell, the air appears to have been a very ſprightly movement of two repriſes or ſtrains, with eight bars in each. (See Hawkins's *Hiſtory of Muſic*, iv. 391).

PAGE 29.

this ſweet Oliuer *will eate Mutton till he be ready to burſt.*

"This epithet," remarks Gifford, "almoſt always accompanies the mention of this gentle rival of the mad Orlando in fame."

Ib.

ſet him beneath the ſalt.

This refers to the manner in which our anceſtors were ſeated at their meals. The tables being long, the ſalt-cellar—of a very large ſize—was commonly placed about the middle, and ſerved as a kind of a boundary to the different quality of the gueſts invited. Thoſe of diſtinction were ranked above; the ſpace below was aſſigned to the dependants or inferior relations of the maſter of the houſe.

Ib.

Roger comes in ſadly behinde them, with a pottle pot, and ſtands aloofe off.

"This expreſſion," ſays Mr. Dyce, "is twice uſed by Middleton in *Michaelmas Term*, and its repetition here is a ſlight confirmation, if any were needed, of the correctneſs of Henſlowe's ſtatement" (*i. e.*, that Middleton wrote part of the preſent play). But ſee Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (*ſuprà* p. 211) for a ſimilar ſtage-direction: "Titania and her maids *ſtanding alofe.*" See alſo *The Roaring Girle* [Vol. III., p. 208], a play certainly written by Dekker and Middleton in conjunction: "Laxton muffled *a loofe off.*" It was probably nothing more than a common phraſe of the time.

PAGE 29.

A Porter ranne a litle at me.

Spelt in the firſt two editions "litle:" which Mr. Dyce ſuggeſts is probably a miſprint for *tilt*, though he has not ventured to make the emendation in the text.

PAGE 32.

y'are beſt come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waſtcoat.

i. e., as Nares explains in his Gloſſary, in that alone, without a gown or upper dreſs. The lower women of Bellafront's claſs were generally ſo attired, and were hence called *waiſtcoateers*.

PAGE 33.

Baſtard wine.

Henderſon, in his Hiſtory of Wines, obſerves; "That this was a ſweetiſh wine, there can be no doubt; and that it came from ſome of the countries which border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain." He ſuppoſes it approached to the muſcadel wine in flavour, and was made from a *baſtard* ſpecies of muſcadine grape.

Ib.

RO. *Ile buie but one, ther's one alreadie here.*

He means Hippolito: *woodcock* was a cant term for a fooliſh fellow.

PAGE 39.

Fuſtigo enters, walking by.

It muſt be remembered that the ſhops in London (and of London only our author thought) were formerly "open," and reſembled booths or ſtalls at a fair.

PAGE 40.

And how, how iſt thou ſquall?

"This word," ſays Mr. Dyce, "which ſeems to be equivalent to wench, is by no means common: Middleton uſes it ſeveral times; and its occurrence here is another proof that he was concerned in the compoſition of the preſent drama."

PAGE 42.

the poſts of his gate are a painting too.

i. e., he will ſoon be ſheriff. At the door of that officer large poſts, on which it was cuſtomary to ſtick proclamations, were always ſet up.

Ib.

you Flat-cap, *where be theſe whites?*

The citizens of London, both maſters and journeymen, continued to weare flat round caps long after they had ceaſed to be faſhionable, and were hence in deriſion termed *flat-caps*.

PAGE 46.

the Fine impos'd
For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes.

A cruzado is a Portugueſe coin, ſtruck under Alphonſus V. about 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus ſent thither a bull for a cruſade againſt the infidels. It had its name from a croſs which it bears on one ſide, the arms of Portugal being on the other. It varied in value at different times.

PAGE 47.

I am with child *to vex him.*

i. e., I long greatly: compare Dekker's *Shomakers Holiday*.

PAGE 51.

You, goody Puncke, ſubaudi Cockatrice.

In Middleton's *Family of Love*, Mr. Dyce has pointed out, occurs the expreſſion—"Love, *ſubaudi* luſt,"—"another parallelliſm which ſhews the hand of Middleton in the preſent play."

PAGE 55.

Indeed thats harder to come by then ever was Oſtend.

The ſiege of this place is frequently alluded to in our old writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. Vide infra *Weſtward Hoe* (p. 284): "how long will you holde out thinke you, not ſo long as *Oſtend*."

PAGE 57.

mary-bones and Potato pies *keepe me for medling with her.*

Potatoes were formerly eſteemed a ſtrong provocative : ſee the long and *inſtructive* note of Collins (*i. e.*, Steevens) appended to *Troilus and Creſſida* :—Malone's Shakeſpeare (by Boſwell), viii 450.

Ib.

Fata ſi liceat mihi, &c.

From Seneca,—Œdipus, 882.

PAGE 62.

Twere a good Comedy of Errors *that ifaith.*

An alluſion probably to Shakeſpeare's play of that name.

PAGE 63.

Nay let me alone to play my maſters prize.

A quibble. In the art of fencing there were three degrees,—a *Maſter's*, a Provoſt's, and a Scholar's, for each of which *a prize was played* publicly.

PAGE 64.

this chaine and welted Gowne.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains the word *gard* as ſynonymous with *purfle*, or *welt*. A *welted gown* is therefore one ornamented with purfles or fringe. They are often mentioned in our old writers.

PAGE 72.

what ſaies the painted cloth?

Cloth or canvaſs painted in oil with a variety of devices, and verſes interſperſed : ſee Note on Dekker's Magnificent Entertainment (ſupra, Vol. I, p. 337).

PAGE 76.

he tooke bread and ſalt by this light, that he would neuer open his lips.

Bread and ſalt, according to ancient cuſtom, were eaten by thoſe who took oaths.

PAGE 78.

Enter Towne like a ſweeper.

Towne was the name of the actor who played this part: there were two performers ſo called,—John and Thomas Towne: ſee Collier's Hiſtory of Engliſh Dram. Poet. I, 318, 351.

PAGE 83.

heigh, come aloft Iacke.

The exclamation of a maſter to an ape that had been taught to tumble and play tricks.

Ib.

This was her ſchoole-maiſter, and taught her to play vpon the Virginals, and ſtill his Jacks leapt vp, up.

The virginals was an inſtrument of the ſpinnet kind: for a correct deſcription of it ſee Nares' Gloſſary. In a note on the Second Part of this drama Steevens cites from Lord Bacon: "In a *virginal* as ſoon as ever the *jack* falleth and toucheth the ſtring, the ſound ceaſeth."

Ib.

Here's an almond for Parrat.

A proverbial expreſſion by no means uncommon. It occurs in Skelton, and is the title of a pamphlet by Naſh. See alſo Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* (Vol. I, p. 89), and the note thereupon p. 328.

Ib.

a rope for Parrat.

Another proverbial expreſſion. Taylor, the water poet, has an epigram beginning—

"Why doth the Parrat cry a Rope, a Rope?
Becauſe hee's cag'd in priſon out of hope."

PAGE 85.

Wee'll run at barley-breake firſt, and you ſhall be in hell.

Barley-break, or the laſt couple in hell, was a game played by ſix people, three of each ſex, who were coupled by lot.

See Gifford's Maſſinger I, 104 (ed. 1813).

PAGE 87.

O brave Arthur of Bradley.

An allufion to the old ballad of that name, which is printed in 'An Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in pills,' 1661.

PAGE 97.

S. Patricke *you know keepes Purgatory.*

Saint Patrick's Purgatory was a cavern in the ſouthern part of the county of Donegall, much frequented by pilgrims.

Ib.

Footmen to Noblemen and others.

When this play was written many Engliſh "noblemen and others" had Iriſh running footmen in their ſervice. So in *Cupid's Whirligig* (1616), "Come thou haſt ſuch a running wit, 'tis like *an Yriſh foote boy.*" In Brathwait's *Strappado for the Diuell* (1615),

"For ſee thoſe thin breech *Iriſh lackies* runne,".

and in Dekker's *Engliſh Villanies ſix ſeveral times preſt to death* (1632), "The Deuils *foote-man* was very nimble of his heeles, for *no wild Iriſhman could outrunne him.*"

Ib.

fight more deſperately then ſixteene Dunkerkes.

i.e., privateers of Dunkirk. So Shirley,—"was ta'en at ſea by Dunkirks." *Works* II, 428.

Ib.

our Country Bona Robaes.

See Note in Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. I, p. 344.

PAGE 99.

What ſtockings haue you put on this morning, Madam? if they be not yellow, change them.

Lodovico means, it is time for you to be jealous: "Since Citizens wiues fitted their husbands with *yellow hoſe*, is not within

the memory of man." Dekker's *Owles Almanacke*, 1618. The word "yellows" was frequently uſed for jealouſy.

PAGE 103.

I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes.

A ſuppoſed receipt for reſtoring youth.

Ib.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore, &c.

"The turn of this," ſays Charles Lamb, "is the ſame with Iago's definition of a deſerving woman: 'She that was ever fair and never proud,' &c. The matter is ſuperior."

PAGE 109.

It's rather a long pike ſtaff againſt ſo many bucklers without pikes.

The ancient *bucklers* had a prominent ſpike, and ſometimes a *piſtol* in the centre of them.

Ib.

The Souldier has his Murren.

i.e., *murrion* or *morion*, a head-piece or cap of ſteel. Tennyſon uſes the word

"ſhone
Their morions, waſh'd with morning, as they came."

PAGE 110.

How would this long Cowne with this ſteeple *ſhow*?

Of ſuch hats Stubbes ſpeaks in the *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1585. 'Sometimes they uſe them ſharp on the croune, pearking up like the ſpere or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heads, ſome more, ſome leſs, as pleaſe the phantaſies of their unconſtant mindes.'

PAGE 112.

the diſeaſe call'd the Mother.

i.e., hyſterical paſſion.

PAGE 113.

I ſhould ha made a wry mouth *at the world* like a Playſe.

The wry mouth of the plaice was a favourite alluſion with our old writers: ſee, for example, Naſh's *Lenten Stuff* (1599): "None

won the day in this but the herring, whom all their clamorous ſuffrages ſaluted with Vive le Roy, God ſave the King,—ſave only the *playſe* and the butt, that *made wry mouths at him*, and for their mocking have *wry mouths* ever ſince."

PAGE 113.

Oh when ſhall I bizle, bizle?

Or, as it is ſometimes ſpelt, *bezzle*. He means to ſay, When ſhall I have an opportunity to drink to exceſs?

PAGE 127.

She praies you to ring him by this token, and ſo you ſhall be ſure his noſe will not be rooting other mens paſtures.

To prevent ſwine from doing miſchief, it is uſual to put rings through their noſtrils.

PAGE 128.

That Iriſh Shackatory *beates the buſh for him.*

i.e., hound. So in *The Wandering Jew*—'for Time, though he be an old man, is an excellent footman: no *ſhackatory* comes neere him, if hee once get the ſtart, hee's gone, and you gone too.'

PAGE 131.

a ſhag-haired Cur?

Shakeſpeare beſtows the ſame epithet on a kern of Ireland in the Second Part of King Henry VI., act iii., ſc. 1.

Ib.

ſo ſhall not *thy diſgrace.*

Old edition "ſhall thy diſgrace;" but ſee Infelice's repetition of the paſſage in the next page.

Ib.

As for your Iriſh Lubrican.

Compare Drayton's *Nimphidia:*

"By the Mandrake's dreadfull groanes,
By the Lubrican's ſad moanes."

Ib.

didſt thou baite Hookes.

Old ed. "Hawkes." The emendation was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 131.

Two wooes *in that Skreech-owles language?*

A play on the word which expreſſes the note of the owl, as in Tennyſon :—

"Not a whit of thy tu-whoo,
Thee to woo to thy tu-whit."

Ib.

then the wild Iriſh Dart was throwne.

An alluſion to the darts carried by the Iriſh running footmen.

Ib.

but at length thus *was charm'd.*

Old ed. "this." The correction is made on the authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 132.

a Country where no venom proſpers.

Saint Patrick, according to the legend, having purged Ireland from all venomous creatures.

PAGE 134.

ſhall I walke in a Plimouth Cloake.

"That is," ſays Ray in his *Proverbs* (1742, p. 238), "a *cane* or *ſtaff*; whereof this is the occaſion. Many a man of good extraction, coming home from far voyages, may chance to land here, and, being out of ſorts, is unable for the preſent time and place to recruit himſelf with clothes. Here (if not friendly provided) they make the next wood their draper's ſhop, where a ſtaff cut out ſerves them for a covering. For we uſe when we walk in *cuerpo* to carry a ſtaff in our hands, but none when in a cloak."

PAGE 143.

Ile make a wild Cataine *of forty ſuch.*

i.e., forty ſuch ſhallow knights, &c., would go to the compoſition of a *dexterous thief*. See the Merry Wives of Windſor, act ii., ſc. 1. "I will not believe ſuch a Cataian." A *Cataian* came to ſignify a ſharper, becauſe the people of *Cataia* (China) were famous for their thieving.

PAGE 145.

I ha ſuffred your tongue, like a bard Cater tra, *to runne all this while.*

Properly, *barred*, &c., a ſort of falſe dice frequently mentioned by our early writers. See note in Chapman's Dramatic Works (Vol. I, p. 342). The following paſſage from *The Art of Juggling, or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. (4to, 1612), will ſufficiently explain the terms uſed in the text: 'Firſt you muſt know a langret, which is a die that ſimple men have ſeldom heard of, but often ſeene to their coſt; and this is a well-favoured *die*, and ſeemeth good and ſquare, yet it is forged longer upon the *cater and trea* than any other way: and therefore it is called a langret. Such be alſo call'd *bard cater treas*, becauſe commonly the longer end will of his owne ſway drawe downewards, and turne vp to the eie fice fincke deuce or ace. The principal uſe of them is at Novum, for ſo longe a paire of *bard cater treas* be walking on the bourd, ſo long can ye not caſt five nor nine, unles it be by great chance, that the roughnes of the table, or ſome other ſtoppe, force them to ſtay, and run againſt their kinde: for without *cater or trea* ye know that five or nine can never come."

PAGE 151.

Harlotta *was a Dame of ſo diuine*
And rauiſhing touch, that ſhe was Concubine
To an Engliſh King:

Arlotta (from whence the word *harlot* is thus fancifully derived) was not the concubine of an Engliſh monarch, but miſtreſs to Robert Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror.

PAGE 154.

when in the ſtreet
A faire yong modeſt Damſell did I meete, &c.

"This ſimple picture of Honour and Shame," ſays Charles Lamb, "contraſted without violence, and expreſſed without immodeſty, is worth all the *ſtrong lines* againſt the Harlot's profeſſion, with which both parts of this play are offenſively crowded."

PAGE 160.

two diſhes of ſtew'd prunes.

A diſh very common in brothels.

PAGE 160.

Here's Ordnance able to ſacke a Citty.

So Falſtaff, on a ſimilar occaſion, in the Firſt Part of Henry IV., ſays, "There's that will *ſack a city*."

Ib.

a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter ſa meene, *a pottle of* Charnico, *and a pottle of* Leattica.

"Peter ſa meene" is one of the ſeveral diſguiſes under which the word *Pedro-Ximenes* is found in our early writers. (See *inter alia* Heywood's Fair Maid of the Weſt, Part I.) The Pedro-Ximenes receives its name from a grape which is ſaid to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to Ximen, or Ximenes), and is one of the richeſt and moſt delicate of the Malaga wines, reſembling very much the Malmſey of Poxarate. A wine called *Charnico*, or *Charneco*, is mentioned by Shakeſpeare. According to Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood which bear the name of *Charneca*; the one ſituated about a league and a half above the town of Liſbon, the other near the coaſt, between Collares and Carcavellos. We ſhall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in queſtion to the laſt-named territory.

Leatica (in the old edition miſprinted "Ziattica") is a not uncommon form (ſee *Philocothoniſta*, 1635, p. 48) of the word *Aleatico*, or red muſcadine, which is produced in the higheſt perfection at Montepulciano, between Siena and the Roman ſtate; at Monte Catini, &c., and of which the name (it is obviouſly derived from ἡλιαζω) in ſome meaſure expreſſes the rich quality. It has a brilliant purple colour, and a luſcious aromatic flavour.

PAGE 163.

Enter Conſtable and Bilmen.

i.e., watchmen, who carried *bills* (a ſort of pikes with hooked points), which were anciently the weapons of the Engliſh foot-ſoldiers.

Ib.

If't Shroue-tueſday that theſe Ghoſts walke.

On Shrove Tueſday it appears that an official ſearch was made by the peace-officers for brothel-keepers and women of ill-

fame, who were either forthwith carted, or confined during the ſeaſon of Lent. Demoliſhing houſes of bad fame was alſo one of the amuſements of the apprentices on Shrove Tueſday. Sensuality ſays, in *Microcoſmus*, "But now welcome a cart, or a *Shrove Tueſday's* tragedy."

PAGE 165.

Your Puritanicall Honeſt Whore *ſits* in a blue gowne.

A blue gown was the habit in which a ſtrumpet did penance. See Richard Brome's *Northern Laſſe*, 1633 (Works, vol. iii). "All the good you intended me was a lockram coif, a *blue gown*, a wheel," &c. The *wheel*, as well as the *blue gown*, are mentioned in subſequent ſcenes of this comedy.

PAGE 166.

there ſhe beates chalke, or grindes in the Mill.

To beat chalk, grind in mills, raiſe ſand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments aſſigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See *Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for ſetting roges and idle perſons to worke, and for releefe of the poore. Printed by Hugh Singleton.*

Ib.

Your Bridewell? *that the name?*

We have here a curious ſpecimen of the licence which our early writers uſed to allow themſelves of introducing facts and circumſtances peculiar to one country into another. Everything here ſaid of Bridewell is applicable to the Houſe of Correction which goes by that name in London. Changing the names of the duke and his ſon to thoſe of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the Engliſh Bridewell. The ſituation of the place is alſo the ſame. In the time of Henry VIII. princes were lodged there; part of it having been built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles V., whoſe nobles reſided in it. In 1528 Cardinal Campeius had his firſt audience there; and after Henry's death, Edward VI., in the ſeventh year of his reign (1552), gave to the citizens of London this his palace for the purpoſes above mentioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a-year, with all the

bedding and furniture of that hofpital. There is alſo the like anachroniſm in the Firſt Part of this play, concerning Bethlem Hofpital.

PAGE 177.

—— is my Judge, ſir.

Probably "God is my Judge," a blank being left in the old copy to avoid the *prophanationem nominis Dei*, as Baſtard terms it in his *Epigrams*.

PAGE 191.

PROLOGUE.

The charmes of ſilence through this Square be throwne,
That an vn-vſde attention (like a Jewell)
May hang at euery eare.

The Fortune theatre in Golden or Golding Lane, in the pariſh of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where this play was performed, was a ſquare building, both in its external frame, and alſo in the inſide.

PAGE 216.

Doctor Parry.

See Froude's Hiſtory of England, vol. xii. pp. 63—68.

PAGE 217.

Ed. Campion.

See Froude's Hiſtory of England.

PAGE 245.

Shee takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done.

The external furniture of a playhouſe in Dekker's time conſiſted merely of the ſign, which was expoſed on ſome obvious part of the building, and the flag which was hoiſted at the top of it to give diſtant notice of the performances. When the performance was concluded, the flag was removed.

PAGE 254.

her magnificent, incomparable, and invincible Armada.

The Invincible Armada—the famous Spaniſh Armament, so called—conſiſted of 130 ſhips of war, beſides tranſports, &c., 2650 great guns, 20,000 ſoldiers, 11,000 ſailors, and 2,000 volun-

teers, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and 180 priests and monks. It arrived in the Channel July 19, 1588, and was defeated the next day by Drake and Howard. Ten fire-ſhips having been ſent into the enemy's fleet, they cut their cables, put to ſea, and endeavoured to return to their rendezvous between Calais and Gravelines. The Engliſh fell upon them, took many ſhips, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from the 21ſt July to the 28th, obliging the ſhattered fleet to bear away for Scotland and Ireland, where a ſtorm diſperſed them, and the remainder of the armament returned by the North Sea to Spain. The Spaniards loſt fifteen capital ſhips in the engagement, and 5,000 men; ſeventeen ſhips were loſt or taken on the coaſt of Ireland, and upwards of 5,000 men were drowned, killed, or taken priſoners. Some afterwards reached home in the moſt ſhattered condition, under the Vice-Admiral Recalde; others were ſhipwrecked among the rocks and ſhallows; and of thoſe which reached the ſhore many of the crews were barbarouſly murdered, from an apprehenſion that in a country where there so many diſaffected Catholics it would have been dangerous to ſhow mercy to ſo great a number of the enemy.

PAGE 269.

Launces 253. *Horſemen* 769.
Footemen 22000. *The mouing Army, which attends on you,*
Is thus made up: of horſmen & of foote, Launcers 481.
Light horſe-men 1421. *Footemen* 34050.

This ludicrouſly bald array of figures ſhows that Dekker was deſtitute of that admirable fertility of deſcription which enabled Homer to make even a catalogue of ſhips poetical.

PAGE 281.

you ſhall tell him that I keepe a Hot-houſe in Gunpowder Ally.

A *hot-houſe* meant properly a bagnio; but it alſo meant a brothel; for brothels were often kept under the pretence of their being *hot-houſes*.—"He, ſir! a tapſter, ſir! parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe was, as they ſay, plucked down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes *a hothouſe*, which, I think, is a very ill houſe too."—Shakespeare's *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act ii. ſc. i.

PAGE 281.

ſhee hath red in the Italian Courtyer.

Thomas Hoby's tranſlation of Caſtiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 4to in 1561.

PAGE 286.

which commonly make the ſhop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam.

Our old writers have frequent alluſions to the roguery of tradeſmen in darkening their ſhops, that cuſtomers might be unable to detect the badneſs of their goods. So Brome: "What ſhould the city do with honeſty? . . . . Why are your wares gummed, *your ſhops dark*," &c.—*The City Wit*, act i. ſc. 1. And Middleton:

"though your ſhop-wares you vent
With your deceiving lights," &c.
Any thing for a Quiet Life, act ii. ſc. 2.

Ib.

like an Antient *that dares not floriſh at the oath taking of the Pretor.*

ancient, i. e., flag, ſtandard. So afterwards, act ii. ſc. 1 "I'm as limber as *an ancient that has flouriſhed* in the rain," &c.

the pretor, i. e., the Lord Mayor.

PAGE 292.

But ſirra, *we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent ſecret.*

"*Sirrah* Iras, go."
Shakeſpeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. ſc. 2.
"*Julia.* Why, Ile tell thee, *ſirrah.*
Dorigene. No, *ſirrah*, you ſhannot tell me."
The Two Merry Milke Maids, 1620.

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, Erinta ſays to Gianetta, "But harke, *ſirra*, tell me one thing, if it fall out, &c.

A female was ſometimes addreſſed "*ſirrah*," long after our author's days: in Etherege's *Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, old Bellair ſays to Harriet, "Adod, *ſirrah*, I like thy wit well," act ii. ſc. 1.

In the north of Scotland perſons in the lower ranks of life frequently uſe the word "*Sirs*," when ſpeaking to two or three women.

PAGE 293.

In France when I riſe, &c.

Riſe, or *ris*, was formerly often uſed for *roſe*.

PAGE 296.

ſo long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility.

A corrupt form of *ſcurrility*, ſometimes found in our old writers.

PAGE 297.

Clyents that ſue in forma paper.

Our early dramatiſts took a pleaſure in making their character miſcall terms of law: ſo Rowley; "I, by my troth, he is now but a Knight under *Forma Papris*." *When you ſee mee you know mee*, 1632.

Ib.

How often haue I told you, you muſt get a patch.

"Even as *blacke patches are worne*, ſome for pride, *ſome to ſtay the Rhewme*, and ſome to hide the ſcab, &c."—*Jacke Drums Entertainment*, 1616.

"For when they did but happen for to fee
Thoſe that with Rhume a little troubled be
Weare on their faces a round maſtick patch,
Their fondneſs I perceiv'd ſometime to catch
That for a Faſhion."

Wither's *Abuſes Stript and Whipt*, B. ii, Sat. i., p. p. 171, ed. 1615.

PAGE 298.

Jee what golden-winged Bee from Hybla, flies humming, with Crura thymo plena.

"At feſſæ multa referunt ſe nocte minores,
Crura thymo plenæ."—Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 181.

Ib.

breake not vp the wilde fowle.

To *break up* was an old term for carving. So in Shakeſpeare's *Love's Labour's Loſt*, act iv. ſc. 1, "*Break up* this capon," i. e. Open this letter.

PAGE 300.

at the Rheneſh wine-houſe ith Stillyard.

"Next to this lane on the Eaſt [Coſin Lane, Dowgate Ward] is the Stele houſe, or *Stele yarde* (as they terme it), a place for Marchantes of Almaine," &c. Stow's *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 184.

"Stilliard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Eaſterling Merchants, otherwiſe the Merchants of the Haunſe and Almaine, are wont to have their abode. It is ſo called Stilliard, of a broad place or court wherein ſteele was much ſould, q. *Steelyard*, upon which that houſe is now founded.' Minſhew's *Guide into Tongues*, 1617.

"They [the Hans Town Merchants] were permitted to ſell Rheniſh wine by retail."—Malcolm's *London*, vol. i. p. 48.

Compare with the paſſage in the text :—

"Men when they are idle, and know not what to do, faith one, Let us go *to the ſtillyarde and drinke Rheniſh wine*," &c.—Naſh's *Pierce Pennileſſe*, ed. 1595.

"Who would let a Cit (whoſe teeth are rotten out with ſweet meates his mother brings him from goſhippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promiſe of a dry neat's tongue and *a pottle of Rheniſh at the ſtillyard*, when ſhe may comamnd a blade to toſs and tumble her?"—Nabbes's *Bride*, 1640.

The Steelyard, Stelyard, or Stilliard (in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate) appears to have been ſo called from its being the place where the King's steelyard, or beam, was erected for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London.—In the preſent paſſage the old ed. has "Stillyard," but twice afterwards it has "*Stilliard.*"

PAGE 300.

You muſt to the pawne to buy Lawne.

So in the curious poetical dialogue, '*Tis Merry when Goſſips meet*, 1609, the Wife ſays :—

"In truth (kind couſſe) my comming's from the *Pawn*,
But I proteſt I loſt my labour there :
A Gentleman promiſt to give me *lawne*,
And did not meet me, which he well ſhall heare."

Stanza 2nd.

The *Pawn* (*Bahn*, Germ., a path or walk; *Baan*, Dutch, a pathway) was a corridor, which formed a kind of Bazaar, in the Royal Exchange (Greſham's).

PAGE 302.

Searcht the middle Ile in Pawles, and with three Elizabeth twelue-pences preſt three knaues.

Perſons of every deſcription, with a ſtrange want of reverence for the ſanctity of the ſpot, uſed daily to frequent the body of old St. Paul's. There the young gallant gratified his vanity by ſtrutting about in the moſt faſhionable attire; there the politician diſcuſſed the lateſt news; there he who could not afford to dine loitered during the dinner hour; *there the ſervant out of place came to be engaged;* there the pickpocket found the beſt opportunities for the exerciſe of his talents, &c.

PAGE 307.

like old Ieronimo: *goe by, go by.*

An alluſion to a paſſage in Kyd's *Spaniſh Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed by a hoſt of poets:—

"*Hieronimo.* Juſtice, O, juſtice to Hieronimo!
Lorenzo. Back! ſee'ſt thou not the king is buſie?
Hieronimo. O, is he ſo?
King. Who is he that interrupts our buſineſs?
Hieronimo. Not I.—Hieronimo, beware; *goe by, goe by.*"

PAGE 312.

being gone Weſtward for ſmelts.

A proverbial expreſſion. In 1603 appeared a ſtory-book (which ſuggeſted to Shakeſpeare ſome of the circumſtances in *Cymbeline*) entitled *Weſtward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Weſtern Wenches*, &c.

Ib.

I ſee I'me borne ſtill to draw Dun out ath mire for you.

Gifford thus ſatisfactorily deſcribes a game, the alluſion to which in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. ſc. 4, had completely puzzled all Shakeſpeare's commentators. "*Dun is in the mire* is a Chriſtmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midſt of the room: this is *Dun* (the cart-

horſe), and a cry is raiſed that he is *ſtuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themſelves unable to do it, and call for more aſſiſtance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of courſe; and the merriment ariſes from the awkward and affected efforts of the ruſtics to lift the log, and from ſundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."—Note on Ben Jonſon's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 283.

PAGE 312.

Feare not me, for a veny or *two.*

Veny, or *venue*, a technical term for a hit or thruſt :—

" 1 *Law.* Women, look to't, the fencer gives you *a veney*.
2 *Law.* Believe it, he *hits* home."

Swetnam, The Woman Hater, 1620.

(See Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. III, p. 360.)

PAGE 313.

AMB. *I hold my life*,&c.

The old ed. prefixes to this ſpeech "*Amb*," which in early plays often ſtands for "*Both*:" but here it would ſeem to be a miſtake for "Mab."

PAGE 316.

Implentur, &c.

"Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque *ferinæ*." Virgil, *Æneid*. i. 215.

PAGE 318.

Where didſt buy this buffe? Let me not liue, but Ile giue thee a good ſuite of durance.

So, in Shakeſpeare's *Firſt Part of Henry IV.*, act i. ſc. 2, the Prince ſays to Falſtaff with a pun, "And is not a *buff* jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of *durance?*"—*Durance* was a ſtrong and laſting kind of ſtuff: Mr. Halliwell (*Shakeſpeare Society Papers*, vol. iii. 35) cites from *The Book of Rates*, ed. 1675, p. 35,—

		£	s.	d.
" Durance or Duretty.	with thred, the yard	00	06	08
	with ſilk, the yard	00	10	00."

PAGE 318.

you ſhal haue my ſword and hangers *to paie him.*

hangers—i.e., fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle in which the ſmall ſword or dagger was ſuſpended :—

"Mens ſwords in *hangers* hang, faſt by their ſide."

Taylor the Water Poet's *Vertue of a Jayle and Neceſſitie of Hanging*, *Works*, 1630, p. 133.

PAGE 319.

Buy any ſmall Coale.

This was the common cry of colliers : ſo in one of the rareſt of plays, *A Knacke to know an honeſt man*, 1596 :

"*Enter* LELIO, *like a colliar.*

Le. Will you buy any coles, fine ſmall coles?"

Ib.

BOY. *Collier : how came the* gooſe *to be put vpon you, ha?*

IUST. *Ile tell thee, the Tearme lying at* Wincheſter, &c.

Reſpecting the meaning and origin of the expreſſion "Winchester gooſe," ſee Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, vol. i., pp. 342, 343.

PAGE 326.

come ſhalls go to Noddy?

A game on the cards, which appears, from paſſages in our old writers, to have been played in more ways than one.

PAGE 327.

this Sacke taſtes of Horſe fleſh.

So Glapthorne ; "This coller ſpoyles my drinking, or elſe *this ſack has horſe-fleſh in't*, it rides upon my ſtomacke."

The Hollander, 1640.

The ſtatute 12 Car. ii. c. 25, ſect. 11, which forbids the adulteration of wines, mentions, among other ingredients uſed for that purpoſe, "nor any ſort of *fleſh* whatſoever."

PAGE 332.

O Lorde I ſir as melancholike, &c.

Was the performer to conclude this ſpeech with any ſimile that he thought proper? Our old dramatiſts ſometimes truſted to the player's powers of extemporiſing : ſo Greene ;

"Faire Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy;
Pyrrhus ſhall not, &c.
Souns, Orgalio, why ſuffereſt thou this old trot to come ſo nigh me?"

Orlando Furioſo, Dram. Works, i. 43, ed. Dyce.

And Heywood;

"Jockie is led to whipping over the ſtage, *ſpeaking ſome words, but of no importance.*"

Edward the Fourth, Part Sec. ed. 1619.

PAGE 335.

Whats bad I follow, yet I ſee whats good.

"Video meliora proboque, deteriora ſequor." Ovid, *Met.* vii. 20.

PAGE 336.

or els take me a lodging in Cole harbour.

Or *Coal-harbour*—a corruption of Cold-harbour, or Coldharborough, was an old building in Dowgate Ward. Stow (*Survey*, p. 188, ed. 1598,) tells us, "The laſt deceaſed Earle [of Shrewſbury] tooke it down, and in place thereof builded a great number of ſmall tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all ſorts."—Debtors and perſons not of the moſt reſpectable character uſed to take refuge there. Middleton calls it "the devil's ſanctuary." *A Trick to catch the old one,—Works*, ii. 55, ed. Dyce.

PAGE 339.

if all the great Turks *Concubins were but like thee, the* tenpenny *infidell ſhould neuer*, &c.

So Dekker, in *Satiromaſtix*,

"Wilt fight, *Turke-a-tenpence?*"

PAGE 345.

Sfoote weele dance to Norwich.

An alluſion to a feat of Kempe, the actor, of which he publiſhed an account, called *Kemps Nine Daies Wonder, performed in a daunce from London to Norwich*, 1600, 4to. It has been reprinted by the Camden Society from the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

PAGE 345.

as fantaſticke and light-headed to the eye, as fether-makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongſt 'em in Black Fryers.

Blackfriars was famed for the reſidence of Puritans, ſome of whom, moſt inconſiſtently with their religious opinions, followed the trade of feather-making.

PAGE 347.

I doubt that olde Hag Gillian of Braineford *has bewitcht me.*

Gillian, Julian, or Joan of Brentford was a reputed witch of ſome celebrity.

Iyl of breyntfords teſtament. Newly compiled, n. d., 4to, conſiſting of eight leaves, is among the rareſt of black-letter tracts; it was written by Robert, and printed by William, Copland. In this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of Gillian's being addicted to witchcraft: the following are a few lines from it:—

"At Brentford on the weſt of London
Nygh to a place yt called is Syon
There dwelt a widow of a homly ſort
Honeſt in ſubſtaunce and full of ſport
Daily ſhe cowd wt paſtim and Jeſtes
Among her neyghbours and her geſtes
She kept an Inne of ryght good lodgyng
For all eſtates that thyder was comyng."

The reader who has any curioſity to know what Gillian bequeathed to her friends, may gratify it by turning to Naſh's *Summers laſt will and teſtament*, 1600.

It appears from Henſlowe's *Diary* that ſhe was a character in a play written by Thomas Dowton [or Downton] and Samuel Redly [Rowley ?], produced in February, 1598-9, and mentioned there under the title of "*Fryer Fox and gyllen of Branforde.*"

In the 4to. of Shakeſpeare's *Merry Wives of Windſor*, 1602, when Miſtreſs Page ſays that Falſtaff

"might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And ſo eſcape."

Miſtreſs Ford anſwers,

"Thats wel remembred, my maids aunt,
Gillian of Brainford, hath a gowne aboue."

PAGE 349.

Long-Meg of Weſtminſter.

An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers. She was the heroine of a play, named after her, and acted firſt in 1594, as we learn from Henſlowe's *Diary*. She alſo figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year. In 1635 appeared a tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Weſtminſter, containing the mad merry prankes ſhe played in her lifetime, &c.*

Ib.

Mary Ambree

Was as famous as the lady laſt mentioned. *The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie laſs Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part moſt gallantly*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 240, ed. 1812.

PAGE 353.

play mad Hamlet; and crie Reuenge!

One of the numerous paſſages in contemporary writers which atteſt the popularity of Shakeſpeare's *Hamlet*.

See Dekker's *Satiromaſtix* (vol. i. page 229), "My name's Hamlet reuenge."

PAGE 354.

The torchmen and whifflers *had an Item to receiue him.*

Reſpecting the meaning and derivation of this word, ſee Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 342.

PAGE 357.

3 *mery men*, & 3. *mery men*, *&c.*

A fragment of an old ſong. See Dyce's edition of Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 208, ſec. ed.; and the notes of the commentators on Shakeſpeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii. ſc. 3.

Ib.

Who my ouerthwart *neighbour*:

Generally uſed for croſs, contradictious—but here it ſeems merely to mean oppoſite, as in the *The Merry Devill of Edmonton*, 1626: "Body of Saint George, this is mine *overthwart neighbour* hath done this."

PAGE 360.

tho they brought more about 'hem than Captaine Candiſhis *voiage came to.*

The name of Thomas Cavendiſh (—who, ſailing from Plymouth in 1586, with three inſignificant veſſels, plundered the coaſt of New Spain and Peru, captured off California, a Spaniſh admiral of ſeven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1588—) is frequently abbreviated by our old writers: so Brome;

"*Ca'ndiſh* and Hawkins, Furbiſher, all our voyagers,
Went ſhort of Mandevile."

The Antipodes, 1640 (Dramatic Works, vol. iii.)

This contraction is ſcarcely yet out of uſe;

"When Chatſworth taſtes no *Ca'ndiſh* bounties,
Let fame forget this coſtly counteſs."

Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his *Letters to Montagu*, p. 207.

PAGE 361.

ſet the Hares-head againſt the Gooſe-giblets.

A proverbial expreſſion, ſignifying to balance things, to ſet one againſt another: compare Field's *Amends for Ladies*, ed. 1639; and Middleton's *A Trick to catch the old one*,—*Works*, ii. 78, ed. Dyce. Sometimes it occurs with a ſlight variation: "ſet the Hare *Pye* againſt the Gooſe giblets." Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633. "Ide ſet mine olde debts againſt my new driblets, and the hare's *foot* againſt the gooſe giblets." Dekker's *Shoomakers Holiday*, 1600, *ſuprà*, vol. i.)

PAGE 362.

Looke you, your Schoole-maiſter has bin in France, and loſt his hayre.

Here we muſt ſuppoſe Juſtiniano to pull off the falſe hair which aſſiſted his diſguiſe: he alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French diſeaſe.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

THE ELLIS LLWYD JONES HALL.